Liberty

FEB. 5, 1944
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Book: TO ALL HANDS

Thrilling SEA-ACTION STORY

JUNGLE FIGHTING—YANKEE STYLE

by IRA WOLFERT

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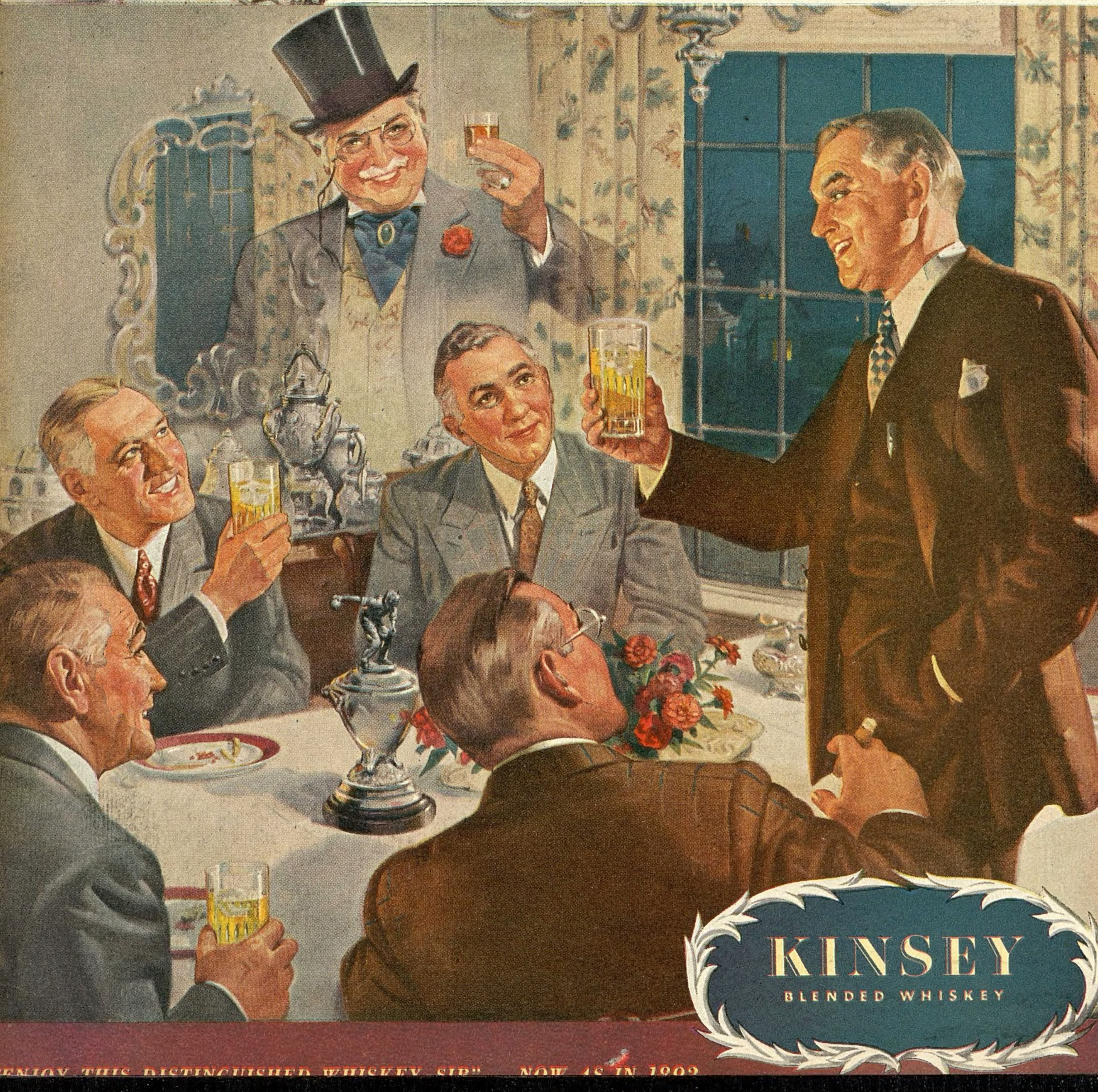
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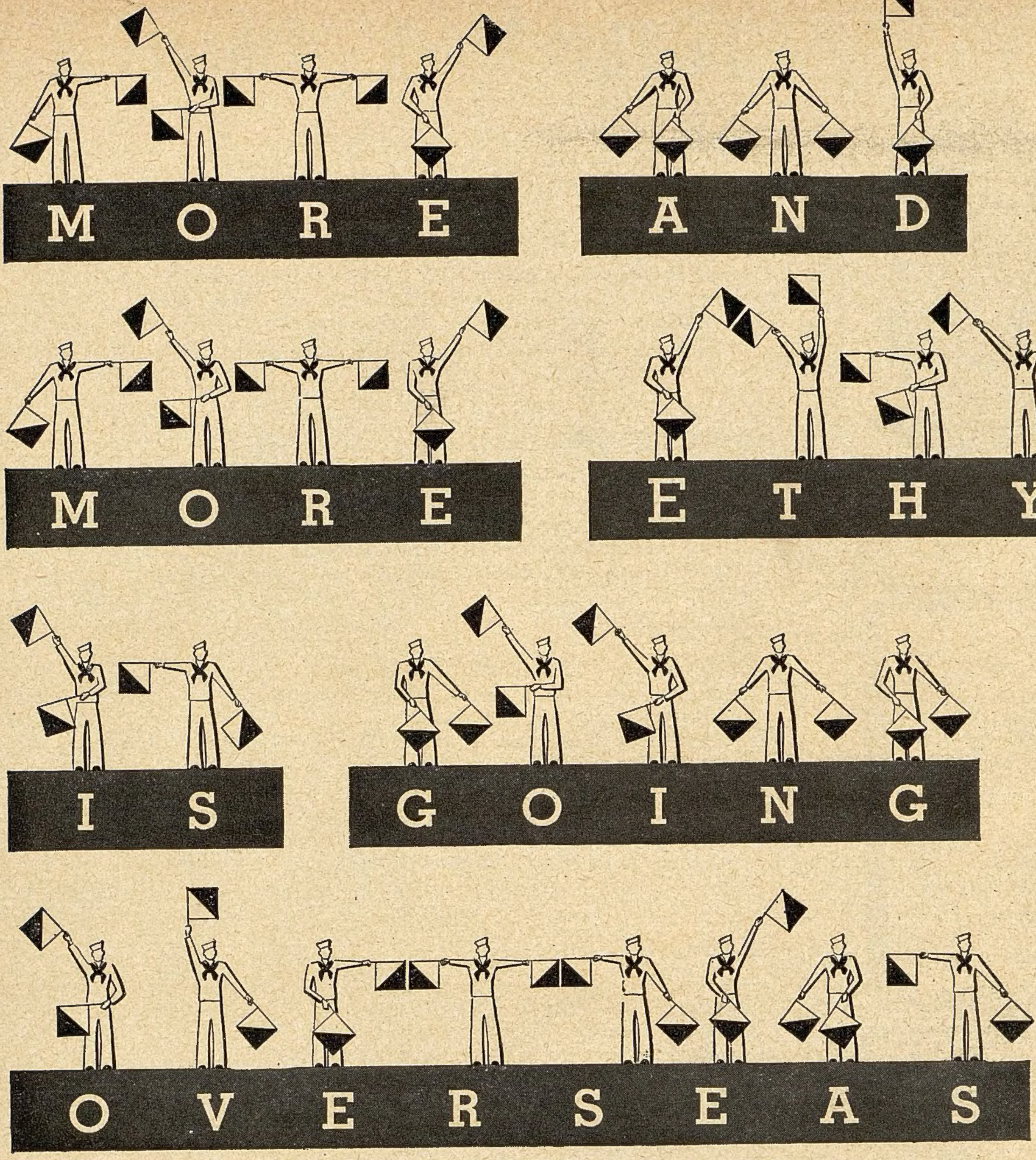

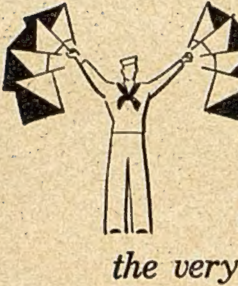

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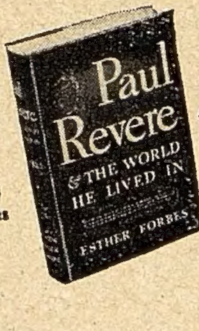

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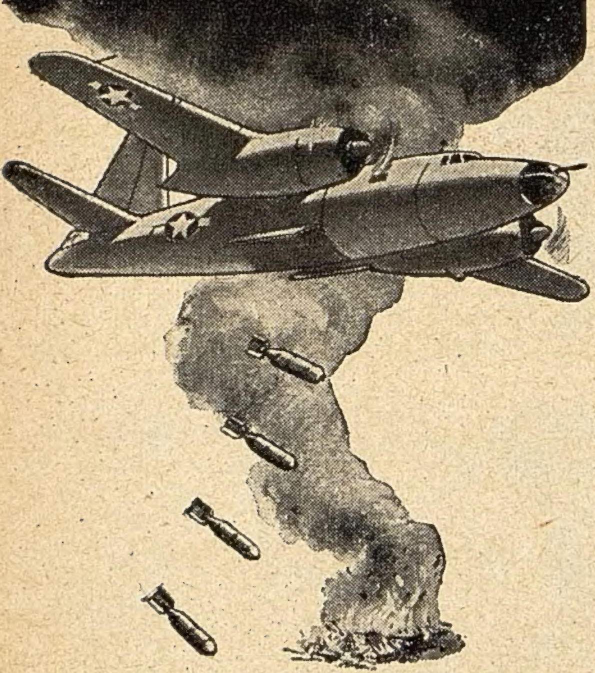

save Lives

Have you noticed that America is fighting this war a new way? Before sending large numbers of soldiers into battle, we are blasting the enemy with bombs and shells—vastly reducing his ability to fight. We are crushing Axis resistance under a weight of steel.

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

RIDING WITH ROOSEVELT

ARLINGTON, WASH.—Just a line to say that I have been thinking the same thing as Roland D. Barze says in December 18 Vox Pop for quite some time now. The world knows and trusts Mr. Roosevelt. It might be bad policy to change now.

A pat on the back to the cartoonist who drew the illustration with Mr. Barze's letter. I sure got a laugh out of it.—*Mrs. Paul Wesson.*

DELPHI, IND.—To Roland D. Barze: So you want to postpone the next Presidential election, do you? You'd like to keep F. D. R. and that nitwit Wallace in there for the duration, would you? Well, listen, Roland. You forgot to mention how long that duration would be.

Anyway, thanks for the little cartoon by F. C. What I meant to say in the first place is this. Maybe you haven't three sons overseas, sons going through the hell of war, while a handful of stooges fill their pockets with the glory there is in war. I think it is high time we gave the other fellow a chance to see what he can do with the war, to say nothing about what he can do with the taxpayers' money.—*C. B. Sturgeon.*

CHEERING THE WOUNDED

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I believe Liberty readers would be interested in knowing how to dispose of their old copies of the Book Condensations.

I have just sent out fifty-two Book Condensations, from the last fifty-two issues of Liberty, to Billings General Hospital, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, for the pleasure of the many servicemen who are now convalescing from wounds and sickness experienced in overseas engagements.

I believe, if you will pass on this suggestion, those who have not already thought of doing as I have done may be very glad of the opportunity to do a good deed for the boys back from the front and needing a lot of ways to keep them in good spirits.—*A. F. Overstreet.*

THE ARMY AND THE NAVY WANT WAR

CAMP SHELBY, MISS.—I read a few of the letters in January 1 Vox Pop concerning war stories and pictures.

What is the matter with the American people? They complain they are hearing too much of war and want to forget it. *Do the boys in New Guinea, Marshall Islands, or Italy ever get a chance to forget? No!* Maybe if some people had the war stuck in front of them all the time they would wake up to the fact a war is on, and that if they want things normal again they must go to work and get it over with.

Give us more and more war stories Pound it in our heads so we will never forget it, and then pound it in some more.—*Pfc. Paul F. Duggan.*

FLEET POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Referring to the letters pro and con on war stories in Liberty. Let's have more war stories and pictures to remind the people at home of the truth and of how lucky they are to be making a lot of money and be able to be home with their loved ones without death waiting for them every second of the day and night.—*A. H. Keller, Y1c, U. S. N.*

ALAS, ALACK!

"Oh, Farmer, dear Farmer, talk nice
to your cow."*
That line is deplorably late.

The milker's gone forth to join in a row,
And the cow to a packing-house
fate.
—*Clyde E. Moore, Tulelake, Calif.*

---

* From A. Rosenquist's verse in December 25 Vox Pop.

JUST A TOUCH OF CAMOUFLAGE

MARYHILL, WASH.—In the story More Blessed (December 25 Liberty) the author made a mistake in that he had the men use alcohol from the radiator of the bomber for fuel in their lamps. This could not be so, because, if the bomber were American—as it would have been coming from Labrador and going to England (and in the illustration it was pictured as a Flying Fortress)—the motor would have been air-cooled.—*Richard Goss.*

LETTERS FOR PRISONERS OF WAR

DETROIT, MICH.—Being an ardent reader of Liberty, I never miss an

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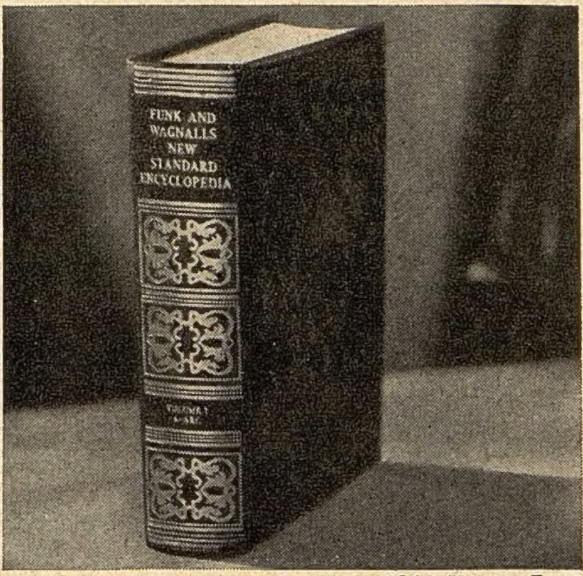

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Editor-in-Chief now, in charge of revisions, is William Hendelson, well-known encyclopedist, aided by a large company of recognized experts.

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article or an advertisement, and that bond-selling advertisement on page 61 of the January 1 issue, suggesting letters to American prisoners of war, was wonderful.

I truly try to believe that the majority of us are doing our utmost in buying war bonds, but what about the prisoner of war? How about writing to him, the boy who hasn't any one to write to him, to give him hope in his long hours —by sending him cheerful, "newsy" letters?

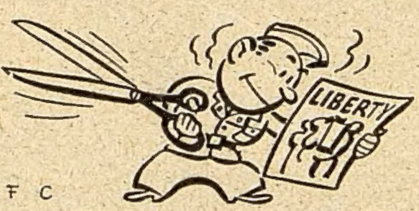
Is it at all possible to obtain a list of names of some of the boys to whom cards or letters could be sent?

I have ample time available for correspondence, if I thought it would help some boy's morale.—*(Mrs.) Helen Sherwood.*

The War Bond advertisement referred to—prepared by the U. S. Treasury—was speaking figuratively. Unfortunately, the sending of mail to P. O. W., save by their relatives or friends, is not permitted.

TO MAKE MAIL CALL REALLY RATE

NORTHFIELD, VT.—Orchids to Lieutenant Davis Newton Lott, U. S. N. R., for his super article on How to Write to a Serviceman (January 1 Liberty).



Just about every fellow in my squadron has read the article, and we are going to clip it out and send it to our loved ones.—*A/S C. A. Anthony, 56th College Training Detachment (Aircrew), Norwich University.*

LINE UP BEHIND F. D. R. TO WIN THE WAR

CENTER, COLO.—One would think, after reading Americans in Quest of a Foreign Policy (November 6 Liberty), that our President is a dictator and a traitor. I say "Phooey!" to Clare Boothe Luce. Disclosing important decisions at this stage of the game might have a disastrous result.—*E. Fields.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Having reference to the letter of James H. Holloway of Raleigh, North Carolina (December 25 Vox Pop), claiming our present leaders are incompetent, I heartily disagree. There has never been a time in the history of this country when so many people in subjection throughout the world were fervently praying for the safekeeping of the President of the United States, and if Mr. Holloway was able to lay aside his partisanship, he surely gave thanks January 1, designated as a Day of Prayer, in recognition of the high degree of service being rendered by the present incumbent of the White House.—*R. B. Shilling.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Can Mr. Holloway suggest any Americans other than our President and Cordell Hull who could have come away from Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran with a decent-sized stack of chips? Mr. Holloway, student of world affairs, should know that Messrs. Churchill and Stalin are some shakes as poker players—and not penny ante, either.—*James H. Morrow, Captain, Air Corps.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

AFTER GRADUATION at Vassar in the late '20s, Gretta Palmer made a beeline for New York, where she got herself a job on the New Yorker, then starting its meteoric course. Next the Sunday World and the Scripps-Howard World-Telegram had her nailed to a desk. But in 1935 she broke away from regular hours and regular pay and became a free lance. There is nothing she likes better than being a roving reporter of the American scene. Her article on Havana, in this issue, a follow-up of one in December 11 Liberty, shows her skill in observation and in getting under the surface. But Gretta has turned her hand to many subjects, from fashions to medical research. Ask her what she really likes, and she will tell you that she is a push-over for crazy hats (we've seen some of them!) and dachshunds, Chinese wall paintings and—yes—statistics.

YOU HAVE MET Ira Wolfert before in our pages and in this column, and his vivid Jungle Fighting—Yankee Style (see page 13) will again give you the thrill he knows how to impart. Recently, too, he has blossomed out as a novelist with Tucker's People, which the critics have hailed as worth special attention.

THOUGH HE LOVES Virginia, John D. Weaver has selected Los Angeles, of all places in the world, as the best spot to do a little quiet writing. His wife, who was Harriett Sherwood, agrees with him. They met on the Kansas City Star, where she used to do book reviews. Now she confines herself to reviewing his in manuscript before they reach the professional critics in print, which gives the boy a good head start.

HIS FATHER a congressman, politics was in James Aswell's blood, and in his native Louisiana he is proud to have played an important part in the reform movement which ousted the Huey Long regime. He is also well known as a columnist.

THE EDITORS.

NEXT WEEK

✓ WHY FINLAND KEEPS FIGHTING

By Walter Taub

The Finns are kept in the war by deception and false hope. Here's the inside story, cabled by a correspondent from near-by neutral Sweden.

✓ SEVEN AT TABLE

By Thyra Samter Winslow

The Fraynes' guests were too sophisticated to put much stock in superstition, but a shocking tragedy made them wonder. Was it suicide or murder?

✓ MAKE THE HOME SAFE FOR CHILDREN

By Pauline Ford

Accidents in the home take their greatest toll of children. Thoughtfulness and caution can cut down our most shocking casualty list.

✓ TIN-CAN SAILORS

By Joseph Driscoll

The highest compliment you can pay any one in the U. S. Navy is to call him "an old destroyer man." An account of one of the most exciting assignments in the service.

✓ ARE NAZI NERVES AS GOOD AS NAZI GUNS?

By William van Narvig

How is the morale of the Nazis' Western Defense Army, which our invasion forces will meet when we open the second front?

✓ THE VOICE

By Earl Wilson

An up-to-the-minute report on the fabulous career of Frank Sinatra—written by a man who isn't afraid to admit he thinks the Swooner is terrific.

✓ A SURGEON'S WORLD

By Max Thorek, M. D.

Liberty's Book Condensation

The absorbing autobiography of an immigrant who made good in American medicine—his aspirations, his struggles, and his final realization of an ideal.

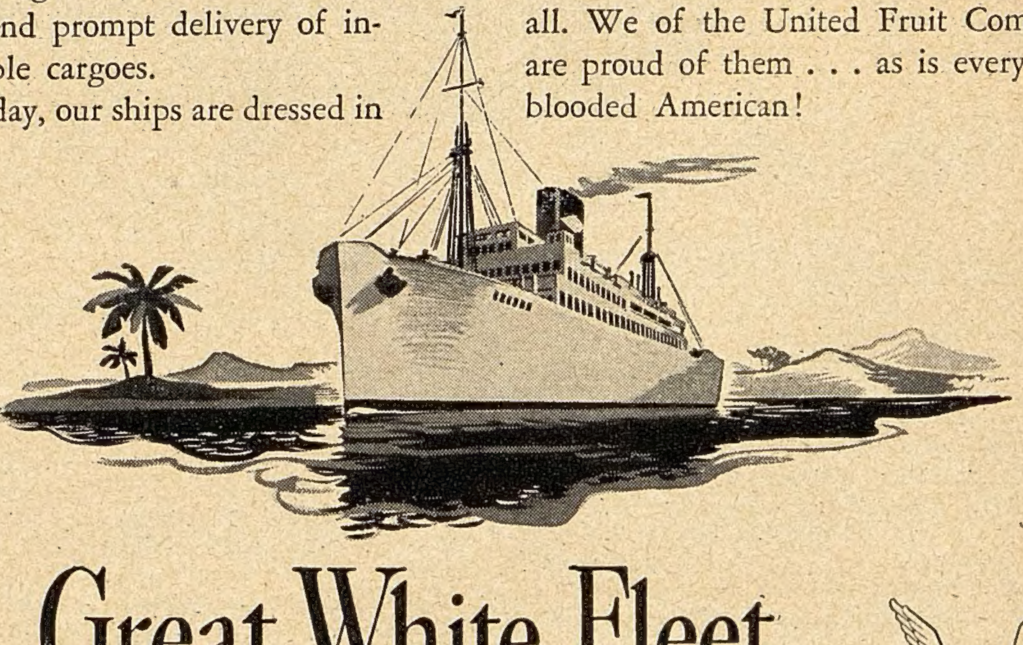
The men who man the ships

DAY in, day out, the men of the Merchant Marine play their grim game of tag with death. Quietly . . . determinedly . . . without fanfare, they keep coming back for more . . . keep the ships sailing . . . keep the vital supplies of war flowing to all parts of the world, wherever they're needed, when *they're needed.*

For more than forty years ships of the Great White Fleet have been manned by staffs who combined the highest traditions of seamanship with a specialized knowledge of Caribbean waters . . . knowledge that resulted in the efficient care and prompt delivery of invaluable cargoes.

Today, our ships are dressed in wartime gray . . . their passenger accommodations and refrigerated holds contributing to the successful prosecution of the war. And the men who served aboard them in times of peace still tread their decks . . . giving to the stern business of war the same full measure of experience and devotion to duty that they formerly gave to Inter-American trade.

Travelers and merchants of the Americas look forward to the day when the Great White Fleet may once more ply a peaceful Caribbean. Meanwhile, all honor to the men of the Merchant Marine—heroes all. We of the United Fruit Company are proud of them . . . as is every red-blooded American!

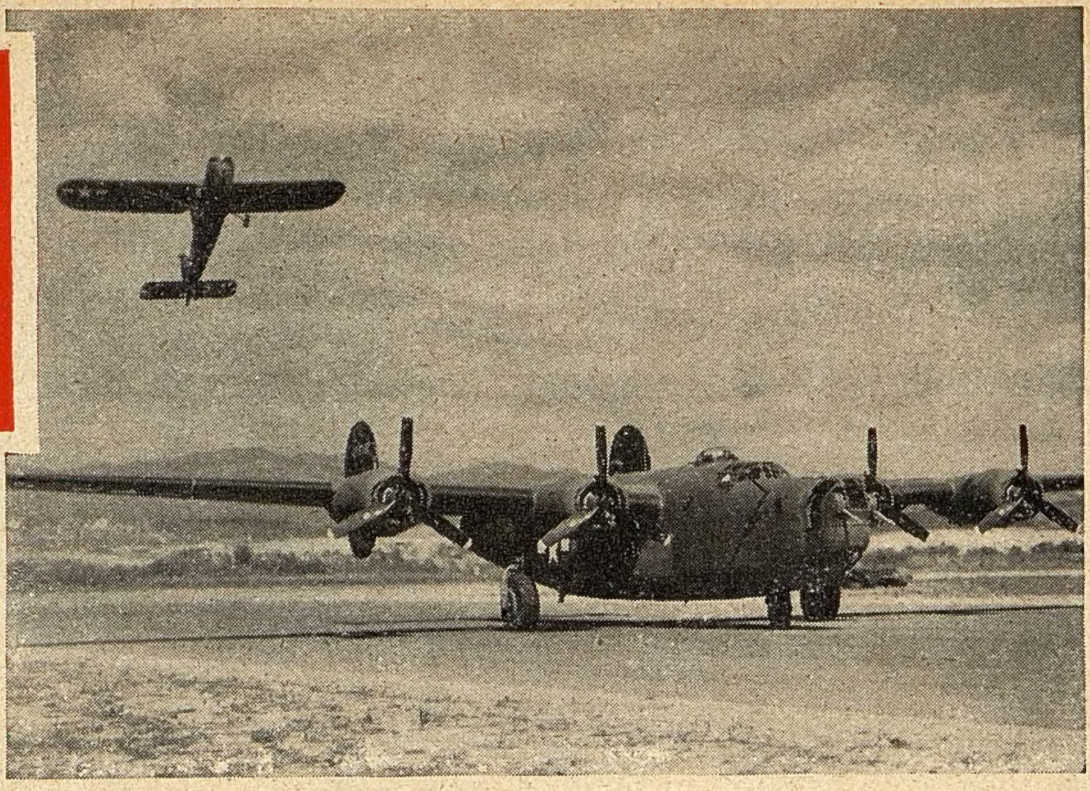


Great White Fleet
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA ★ PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps . . . regularly

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Hovering over the most powerful bomber, the Liberator B-24, the Stinson Sentinel, known as the "flying jeep," demonstrates its high maneuverability.

Stainless-Steel Planes

The first stainless-steel cargo plane has been tested by the Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia, which has a contract to build 800 of them. A few small stainless-steel planes were built some years ago by Fleetwings, but the Budd plane is the first large type built in this country of this metal. The only other material used is plywood for the floors and doors.

Details of the Budd plane are not yet available, but it will carry at least four tons of cargo at its longest range and considerably heavier loads on shorter flights. It is powered with two Pratt & Whitney engines.

Originally designed for use in South America at the behest of the Defense Supplies Corporation, stainless steel was decided upon because of impending aluminum shortages at the start of the war. A group of air-line engineers drew up the specifications at the invitation of Reed Chambers, World War I ace and aviation insurance man who was on leave to the Defense Supplies Corporation in Washington. Six hundred of the planes are to go to the Navy and 200 to the Army. It is one of the few airplanes now being built that were designed specifically for cargo.

Not So Fast!

So that your hopes will not be too high for a private helicopter right after the war, one of the leading aeronautical engineers, Grover Loening, has this to say about the new aerial vehicle:

The helicopter has a "great future," but for the next several years it will be limited to usage by professional aviators and professional aviation companies and will not be a vehicle to be placed in the hands of the public.

Seventy to eighty different designs are now being worked on by as many companies and individuals. He predicts ten or twelve of these will presently be successful and three or four are now "flying well."

Now requiring the co-ordination of five controls, the helicopter will be hard to fly for "many years" until automatic pilot mechanics are developed to replace manual control.

He estimates it will be five to ten years before the helicopter can be flown by the public. "All this talk that the helicopter is to be flown by every one from grandma to the tired business man right after the war . . . is being so hurtfully overdone that we must call a halt to it," he said.

Man of Strategy

It is difficult for Americans sitting at home to comprehend and appreciate the tremendously important air warfare that has been conducted against Japan from China since Major General C. L. Chennault organized his small volunteer squadron of airmen several years ago. Our Army has taken over now, but the numbers of pilots and airplanes still remain small, although not as small as in the volunteer days.

One of the really great books to come out of the war brings the Chinese front much closer to understanding. It is God Is My Co-Pilot, by Colonel Robert L. Scott,* who tells the story of his own fascinating career as an airman and climaxes the story with his experiences as commander of a fighter force serving under General Chennault. There are many important war books, but few will give you as genuine a picture of flying as this book by "Scottie."

One also gains a better impression of the great Chennault, a genius of air warfare whose name is revered by Chinese and our airmen alike. Shelved by our Army some years ago, Chennault has "come back" to the top. He is king in China and the ideas he fought for so stubbornly have been proved correct many times over. A mere handful of fighter planes, and later a sprinkling of bombers were able to sting the Japs effectively when there was no other Allied opposition available. It's a real American story and Robert Scott is one of America's finest airmen.

"Ghost" Ship

Here's a rather weird but true story of how an abandoned Flying Fortress cost the Nazis a lot of useless effort and ammunition as it flew like a ghost over Germany. As related by Staff Sergeant Clifford Pucket, nineteen, of Bokchito, Oklahoma, ball turret gunner on another Fortress, the following happened to a sister ship called We'll Never Know.

Just after laying its cargo of bombs on an important German factory, We'll Never Know lost two engines. It was so crippled that the pilot could not have made a crash landing or flown it back to a friendly base. As the plane dropped out of formation, ten chutes billowed out. Then, on automatic control, the empty Fortress flew on.

"About a mile out of formation, German pilots, eager for a kill and unaware that the Fortress was a 'ghost' plane, kept swarming in, one after another," Sergeant Pucket said. "When last seen We'll Never Know was chugging bravely along on its own, ignoring the fighters and steadfastly refusing to go down."

Sergeant Pucket was flying in a Fort carrying the somewhat expressive name of Betty Boop, the Pistol Packin' Mama.

Odds and Ends

Vega Aircraft Corporation, builders of the Hudson bomber and other planes, has been absorbed into the parent company, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, and the Vega corporate name goes into aviation history.

The Army has been returning the transport planes borrowed from the air lines a year and a half ago. About a third have already gone back into air-line service to relieve the air-mail, express, and passenger bottlenecks.

Frankfort Sailplane Corporation of Joliet, Illinois, is experimenting with gliders by placing two six-horsepower engines on the otherwise motorless planes to assist in take-off, much as an auxiliary engine aids a sailboat when needed.

The Aero Club of New England, organized January 2, 1902, by eleven prominent Bostonians to indulge in the sport of ballooning, claims to be the oldest aeronautical club in the world.

One of the leading aerial outfits in the South Pacific war zone is the Hellhawks, Marine fighter squadron which has shot down 102 Jap planes. The three top-ranking pilots are First Lieutenant Wilbur J. Thomas, El Dorado, Kansas; First Lieutenant Edward O. Shaw, Spokane, Washington; and Captain James M. Cupp, Fairfield, Iowa.

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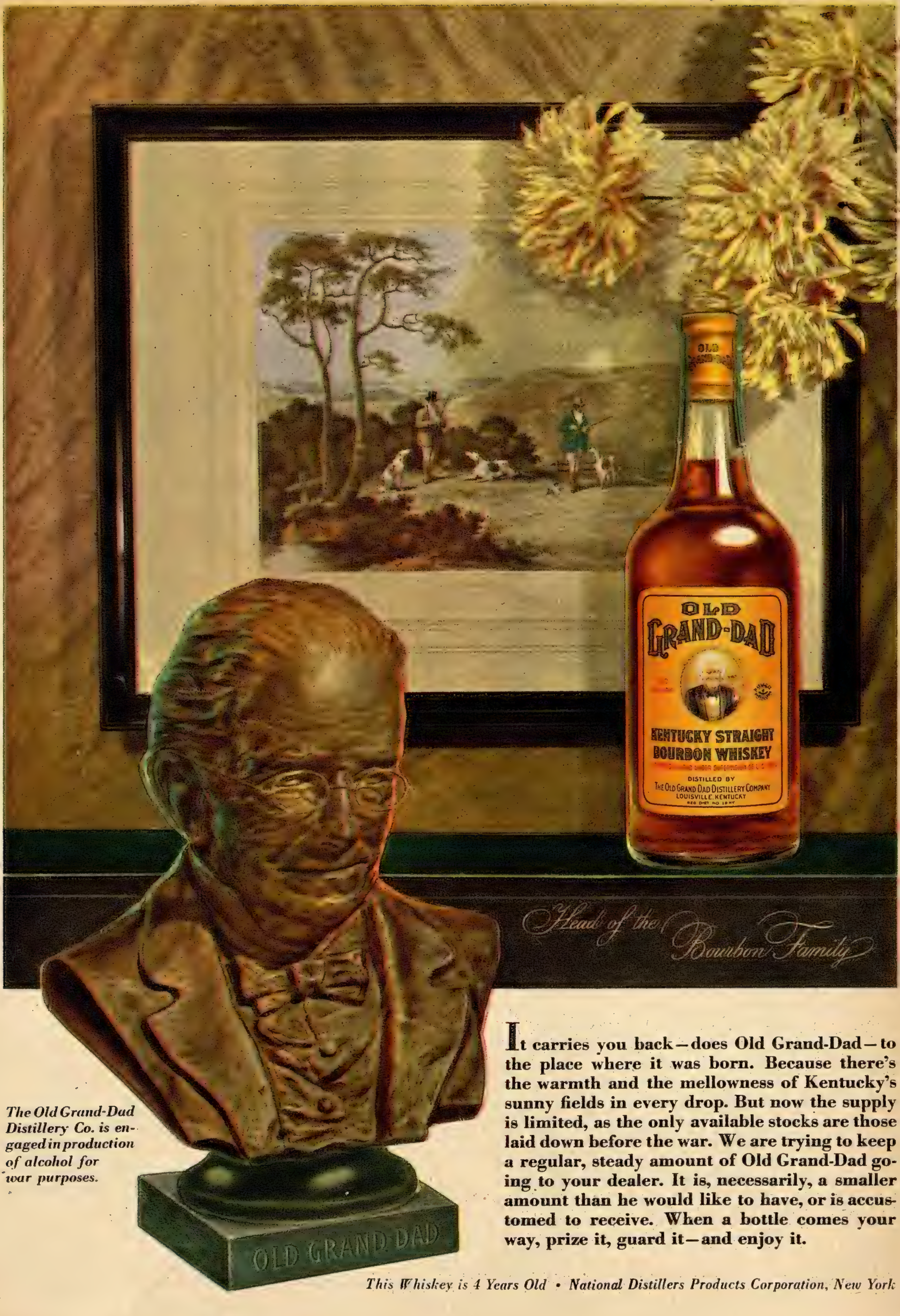
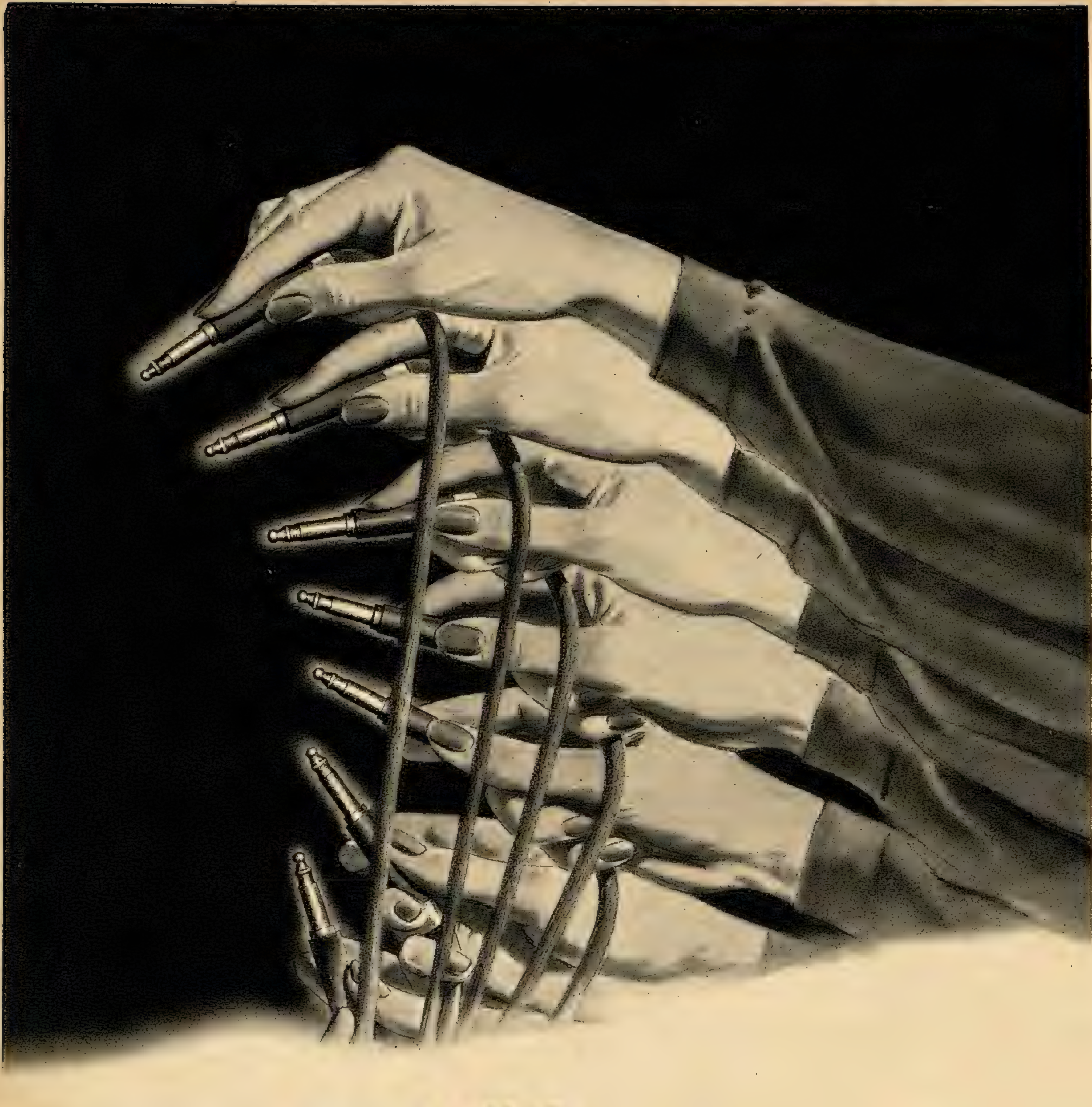
* Liberty's Book Condensation in the November 6, 1943, issue.


OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Head of the Bourbon Family
OLD GRAND DAD

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

It carries you back—does Old Grand-Dad—to the place where it was born. Because there's the warmth and the mellowness of Kentucky's sunny fields in every drop. But now the supply is limited, as the only available stocks are those laid down before the war. We are trying to keep a regular, steady amount of Old Grand-Dad going to your dealer. It is, necessarily, a smaller amount than he would like to have, or is accustomed to receive. When a bottle comes your way, prize it, guard it—and enjoy it.

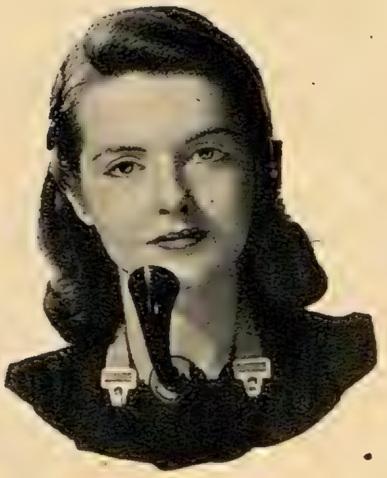
This Whiskey is 4 Years Old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



The Hurry Calls of War

War needs Long Distance more and more every day—*and night!* More calls are in a hurry than ever before. When you must talk over crowded circuits, the Long Distance operator will say—"Please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help everybody get better service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



JUNGLE FIGHTING —YANKEE STYLE

The Jap-men are specially trained as jungle fighters. But our boys catch on fast and are showing them tricks not in their "rule book"

BY IRA WOLFERT

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

Jungle-suited marines on Bougainville Island on the hunt for Jap snipers.

THE jungle is a half-lit, dense, and deathly quiet underworld. Some of our men going into it for the first time are frightened by many things there, even by the air, which is green-colored and has the thick smell of stagnant water.

I have seen thousands of the boys who are fighting the war for us make their first entrance into enemy-held jungles on different Pacific islands. They were all frightened. Marines were frightened and so was the Army. I have watched men of the Navy coast along jungle shores. They would lean over the rail and stare at the jungle, and you could see they felt glad they were fighting their kind of war, in an open world of waters. And aviators with whom I have flown over jungle were glad, too, that they were fighting their kind of war, in the open world of air.

The jungle stretches for thousands of miles between where our men are now and where they will be when the war in the Pacific ends. Over every inch of these thousands of miles are gloom and green dankness, plant life—nations of it strangling and smothering each other—and silence.

Silence is an empty thing and you can fill it with what you like. The silence of the jungle is like an enemy holding his breath. How implacable it is! What an echo it has, and how it mounts and how it lasts! It is the silence of a shut-off cry.

It's an underworld—not for man. The natives do not live in it. They stick to their clearings, and the majority of them locate their clearings along the shore and live off the water. There are snakes and lizards as big as dogs; strange, many-legged, warm-bodied, poisonous worms; rabbit-sized, bony, white-toothed, red-eyed rats; yellow-bellied spiders that look like leprous fists; butterflies as dark as shadows, flitting and flickering in the thin green light; and bats. And a whole gruel of insects, setting up a buzz, crawl and seethe along the earth and in the foliage.

In the winter of 1941-42 the Jap became recognized as the master of this underworld. He had conquered it and was its king, or so we thought. Then a strange thing took place. I watched it happen in the months following October, 1942. These frightened boys of ours, fresh from training, fresh from the cities and the manicured countrysides of America, going into hostile jungle for the first time, firing their first murderous shots, met these lords of the underworld at their own game and beat them at it from the start. I saw it happen on Guadalcanal, on Vanguna and Rendova Islands and on New Georgia. And it happened elsewhere—on New Guinea and Vella Lavella.

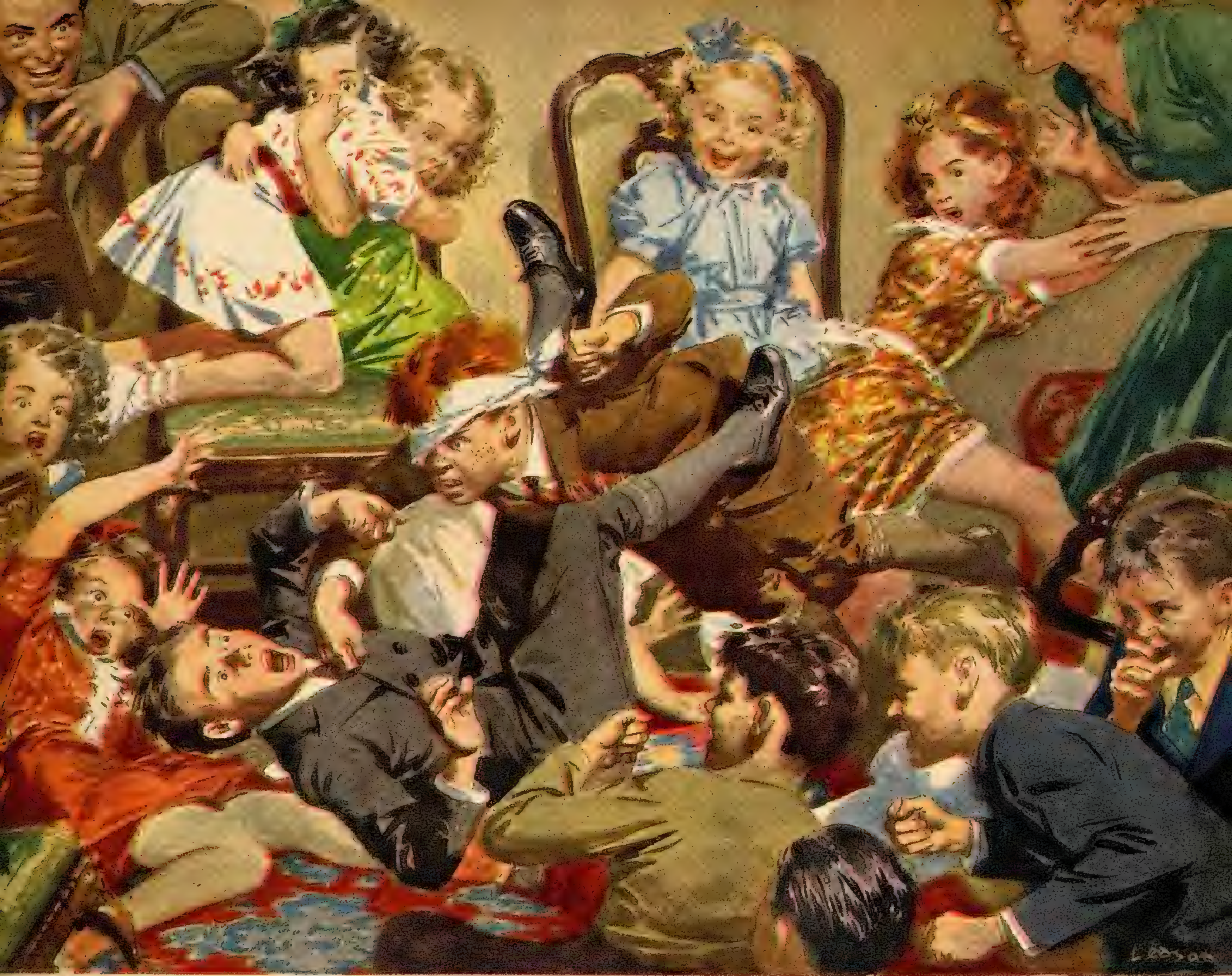
Yes, a strange thing. We are better in the jungle than the Jap is. We live better there and suffer less disease, and our green troops kill more of the Jap's veterans than his veterans kill of our green troops.

The training we give our men is part of the reason. On the way out from the fight for Wickham Anchorage in the Central Solomons—where Yank troops, firing their first shots at the enemy, obliterated overnight a well armed and alerted force of Imperial Marines, inflicting casualties at a rate better than eight to one—I asked a wounded captain how great a part training had played in the victory.

"Well," he said, "this outfit was national guard. It's had two years of training, about eight months of it training in jungle fighting. I figure we learned about half of what we needed to know in the two years of training. The other half we learned in the first minute of combat."

The Jap has certain qualities of temperament that fit him naturally for fighting in the jungle. We lack them. Anybody can outwait our soldiers. When

(*Continued on page 55*)



Irving's suddenly on the floor, completely surrounded. A couple excitable chicks hop on chairs.

THE BRUMMELL PLAN

BY JOHN D. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

I BREEZE home one night a bit late, and unfortunately there's a splotch of blue chalk on my coat sleeve, which leads Kate to suspect I've been playing snooker with some of the Herald boys instead of interviewing the new president of the Retail Merchants Association, as I've innocently led her to suspect.

"Rocky Ford," she says, "no wonder."

"No wonder what?" I says.

"No wonder Herbert comes home with a black eye."

"Kate," I says, "I don't get it. Granted I may have had a pool cue in my hands in recent hours. O. K. But what makes you think I poked it in Herbert's orb?"

"I didn't say you struck Herbert," Kate says. "I only meant you're setting him a bad example. He's growing up to be a regular little roughneck. Goodness only knows what his father will think."

Rocky Ford and his wife Kate decide their problem nephew needs exposure to some civilizing influences, with results not quite in line with their expectations

Herbert is the freckled tyke Kate and I have adopted for the duration. His father is Kate's brother, a widower, and when he joined the Navy we inherited Herbert. The kid goes around in a Superman sweat shirt and cowboy pants, organizes all the moppets of the neighborhood into the Meadow Park Commandos, and spends half his time parked by the radio listening to Dusty Dalton and the other network cowboys, G-men, and Flyin' Fools. He fancies himself a pretty tough article, but I remember I went through the Nick Carter-Jesse James period myself, and for the same reason. When your mother's gone and your dad's stuck in an office all day, you get lonely.

"Herbert," I says, dropping in on the blacked-out warrior, "how'd it happen?"

"That Irv Jenkins," the kid says with a sneer.

"What'd he do?"

"Aw, he kept handing me that creamed spinach about the P-38 landing too hot and all the time pulling loose from its tail."

"Just couldn't see the P-38, huh?"

"Rocky," the kid says, "tonight he can't see anything."

Kate comes in to tidy up the facial damage a bit more, then she shoos me out so Herbert can shut the other eye and get some sleep. Kate's not her usual walkie-talkie self; just mopes about the premises in a cloud of thought, like a puzzled Quiz Kid, and finally she pops up with an idea, which, as usual, she doesn't spring on the head of the house till I'm comfortably curled up in bed and the clockwork of my brain is slowly and gently running down.

"Rocky," the little woman says, "it's time he was learning something about the social graces."

I've got that fine old sinking-in-feathers feeling.

"I don't want him to grow up like you," Kate says, "and disgrace me every time there's a choice of forks."

I cut loose from my moorings and slowly drift off, a peaceful state which is rudely blasted by a sharp jab of Kate's elbow. I wake up gasping.

"You haven't heard a thing I've said," Kate snaps.

"Every word, honey," I says. "You were talking about Grace."

"I was talking about Herbert," Kate snaps. "We can't let him grow up like a weed. We've got to cultivate him."

"Herbert's a tough vegetable," I says. "He's going to take some fancy spadework."

"Next Saturday's his birthday," Kate says. "Maybe it might be a good idea to have a party for him."

"I'd halfway promised to take him and some of his Commandos to the triple-horror show at the Rockland."

"That's just why I want to have a party," Kate says. "To get him away from those hoodlums. There's plenty of nice boys for him to play with, and girls too."

"Girls?" I says. "Did you say *girls?*"

"Herbert's beginning to notice them," Kate says. "Yesterday he walked home from school with little Helen O'Meara, and she gave him eight box tops for that series of plane models he's collecting."

"For eight box tops," I says, "Herbert would walk home with Boris Karloff."

"GIRLS have such a refining influence on boys Herbert's age," Kate says. "They'll help give him some polish."

"Kate," I says, "you don't need polish—you need sandpaper."

The whole thing slips my mind until I breeze home a couple hours early on Thursday, before Kate gets back from her Red Cross work, and I find Herbert pacing the living room like a lion cub whose midday feeding's been delayed.

"Rocky," the kid says, "you gotta do something about Aunt Kate."

"Herbert," I says, "I've been trying to do something about your Aunt Kate for ten years."

"Break it to her gently I ain't clowning around in this fancy get-up."

The kid holds up a new brown herringbone suit of junior executive cut.

"Herbert," I says, "you are in the process of being polished."

"Polished," the kid snorts. "I'm being sabotaged!"

I touch lightly on the problem at dinner.

"Kate," I says, "Herbert seems to feel his new suit is maybe a bit too much on the Beau Brummell side."

"It's a lovely suit," Kate says. "Well tailored and all wool."

"Next Christmas," says Herbert, "all you'll have to do is spray me with silver and stand me in the corner."

After dinner Herbert and I walk down to the drugstore to pick up the six-star sports final, because I have two bucks riding on a neat parlay which I haven't bothered mentioning to Kate.

"Herbert," I says, "maybe your aunt's got a point, at that. She thinks it's time you learned to handle the parlor pastimes—balance a dish of ice cream on one knee and a glass of fruit punch on the other. Lucius Beebe stuff."

"I don't get it," the kid says.

He hitches his cowboy pants, sticks a fresh plug of charcoal gum in his jaw, glances out over the prairie, and aims his cap pistol at a coyote disguised as Mrs. Lerner's cocker spaniel.

"Look at Gene Autry," I says. "He's always sparking some new schoolmarm, and he wouldn't get to first base if he didn't have a smooth line of small talk and a way with table silver."

"I eat as good as Autry," Herbert says.

"Sure," I says, "you eat fine. Only there's more to it than that. You've got to be quick on the draw—know just what to do if you suddenly spill bean soup on the parson's wife or if a couple salad forks pop out of your pocket when you're telling your hostess good night."

"Aw, that's for dudes."

"Autry's no dude," I says, "and he sure knows how to handle his women."

"Dames is just another way of saying trouble," says Herbert, quoting Dusty Dalton.

"Herbert," I says, "never underrate the opposite sex."

The kid kicks at a stone, sends it bouncing down the pavement. His face looks lower than four spades and a heart.

"Aunt Kate's just trying to help you," I says. "This broad-A treatment is her way of teaching you a few parlor tricks."

"I know, Rocky," the kid says. "Only—"

When we get to the drugstore and I read the bad news about my parlay, I feel like Herbert looks.

"Pardner," I says, "we need a drink."

We step up to the counter and order a couple chocolate malts.

"Straight," says Herbert.

Then he grins, and the way he looks up at me, I say to myself, Rocky Ford, you couldn't be *that* good.

KATE'S waiting for us when we get home.

"Herbert," she says, "how do you like these?"

She's got a stack of birthday party cards which have pink roses all intertwined with *Won't You Please Come to My Party,* printed like chalk scrawled on a blackboard. It is, as Herbert's expression suggests, a bit nauseating.

"And here's the list of guests," Kate says.

Herbert glances at the names and makes a brief comment.

"Stinkers," he says.

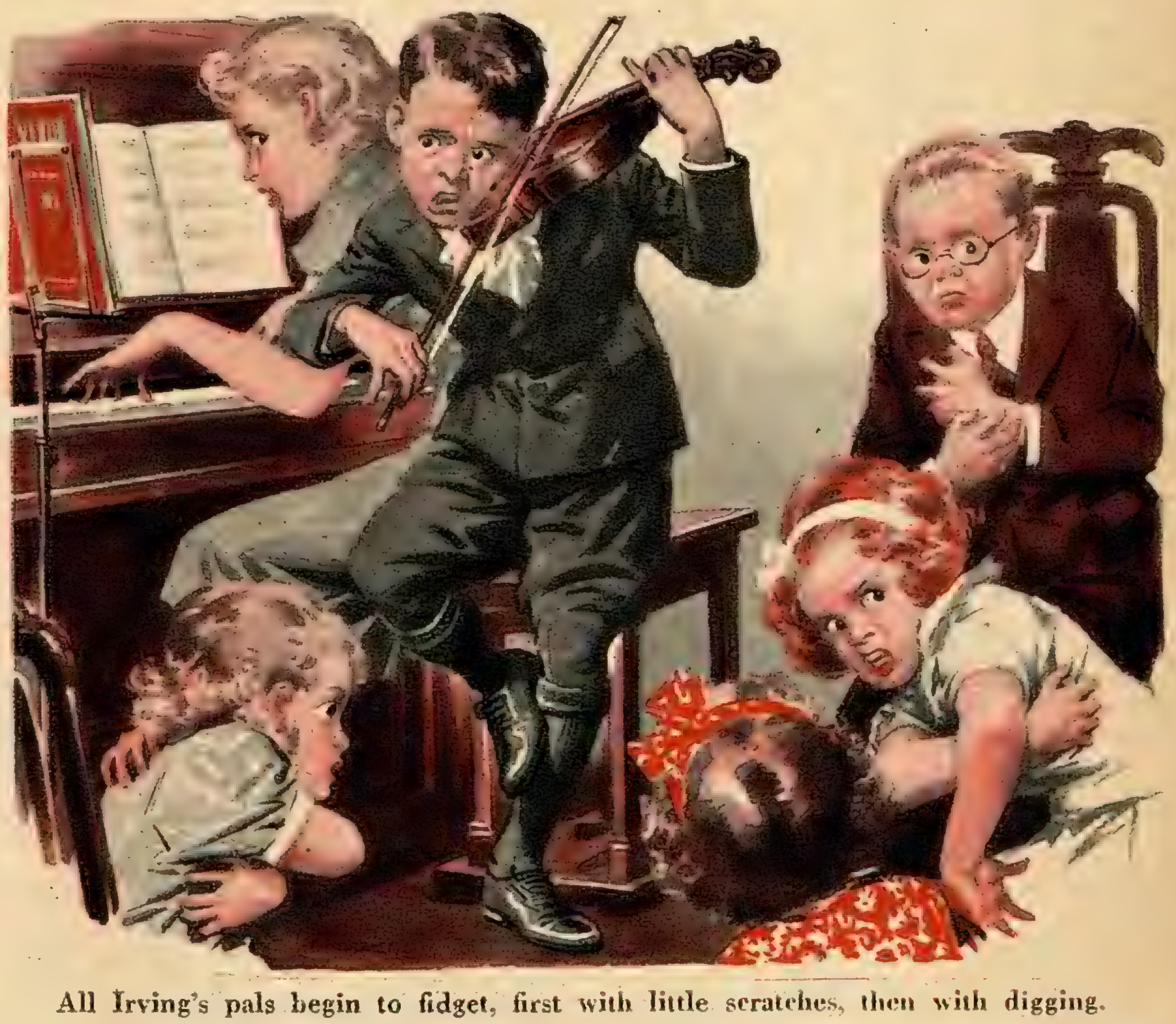
Kate's polish job, it appears, is getting smeared. But that doesn't hold Kate back. When Herbert refuses to sign the invitations, she breezily forges the kid's name, and when Herbert says he positively will not wear the new brown suit, Kate smiles amiably and says, "You'll look awfully funny running around in your underwear."

Friday night Herbert and I are fighting a tank battle all over the living-room rug, and the phone rings. I answer it, and a sugary little girl's voice says, "May I speak to Herbert, please?"

"Herbert," I says, "they want the wolf man."

The kid swaggers over to the phone, then his face drops ten stories. I'm standing right by the phone and I can hear the little chick saying, "Mother told me to tell you I'd *love* to come to your party, Herbert, and to thank you for inviting me."

(Continued on page 64)



All Irving's pals begin to fidget, first with little scratches, then with digging.

ALASKA, THE LAND UP OVER

BY JEAN POTTER

Cross-roads of the world! That's the future of Alaska in the air age. Here's what war has done to open up our most northern territory

FOUR years ago there was not one field in Alaska long enough for the landings and take-offs of large bombers. Today a vast network of airways crisscrosses the northland. Suddenly, hastily, Alaska has been equipped for the Aviation Age.

The skies roar with military traffic. Lend-lease planes are flying through Alaska directly to the Soviet Union. Pilots heading their ships across the wilderness come down to smooth landings on brand-new airports. Thundering through fog and blizzard, they hear in their headphones the steady monotone chirp of radio beams. Soaring above the jagged peaks and smoking volcanoes of the Territory, they call communications stations far below them for weather reports.

Just as suddenly, our nation has discovered its largest Territory. Americans, buying five times as many globes as they bought before the war, are learning in new terms what Christopher Columbus proved four and a half centuries ago: that the world is round. They understand for the first time the meaning of Alaska—that long neglected realm which Billy Mitchell once called "the most central place in the world of aircraft . . . the most important strategic place in the world."

The shortest flights between the Northern Hemisphere's large continents are those which strike through the north. Alaska is our Land Up Over—to Asia. The old Mid-Pacific Clipper route, circling the earth's wide rim, is the long way around. For a plane flying from Chicago to Shanghai, the direct Great Circle route lies "over the top," across Canada, Alaska, and Siberia. The trip cuts distance and time almost in half.

The shortest and best way through Alaska on a Chicago-Shanghai flight is not out over the Aleutians, as is commonly supposed, but inland through Fairbanks to Nome, hop-off point for the Siberian side. This inland track, avoiding the treacherous weather of the island chain, strikes almost entirely overland. Up north at Bering Strait, America and Asia nearly touch.

Travelers flying this strange, distance-shrinking part of the world are struck with awe. The Soviet Far East and Alaska, with their snow-streaked mountains and vast tundra plains, look so much alike that it is impossible to distinguish between them. Most round-the-world aviators have followed the northerly track. Post and Gatty in 1931, Post in 1933, and Howard Hughes in 1938 all hopped across Bering Strait and refueled at Fairbanks or other Alaskan towns en route from Asia to the States.

This route, assuming reciprocal arrangements with the Russians, is likely to be the main line of postwar traffic between America and Asia. Pan American Airways has operated an Alaskan business for eleven years in the hope of one day extending service across the Strait to the Orient.

Joe Crosson, today manager of Pan American's Alaskan Division, was one of the first American flyers to cross the Strait. Big and sturdy, with that combination of shyness and frankness characteristic of pilots everywhere, Crosson is only forty-two—youngest division manager in the company's far-flung system. Today he wears a tailored business suit and manages the northern operation from his desk at Seattle headquarters. But he has spent most of his working years in breeches and a leather jacket as one of the most skillful flyers of the American Arctic.

Crosson helped pioneer Alaskan winter mail routes in the early '30s, ski-landing his ship on snow runways marked off with flares or small spruce trees. He developed Pan American's operation within Alaska, and under his management the company in 1940 inaugurated the first scheduled air service between the Territory and the States. Clippers making the initial flights up the coast later were replaced by Lodestars and Electras, which took an overland route through Canada. This service brought the Territory close—only five and a half hours from Seattle, less than twenty-four hours from Chicago and New York.

But until recently even the Pan American operation was strictly frontier. Fields were few and far between. Radio beams were nonexistent. Although the planes, equipped with transoceanic-type direction finders, topped clouds for short distances, most flights were contact, performed only in favorable weather. Few men appreciate the new airways more than Joe Crosson, for he remembers the days when Alaskan pilots were known as "the best in the world—because they had to be."

Even before the war, Alaska was the most aviation-minded land under the American flag, flying per capita twenty-two times as many passengers and one thousand times as much freight as the States. Credit for this record belongs to the pioneer pilots. Few of their names are nationally known—but many should be. Receiving almost no help from the federal government or from U. S. business interests, they risked not only their lives but the money in their pockets to develop northern flight.

(*Continued on page 59*)

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTO

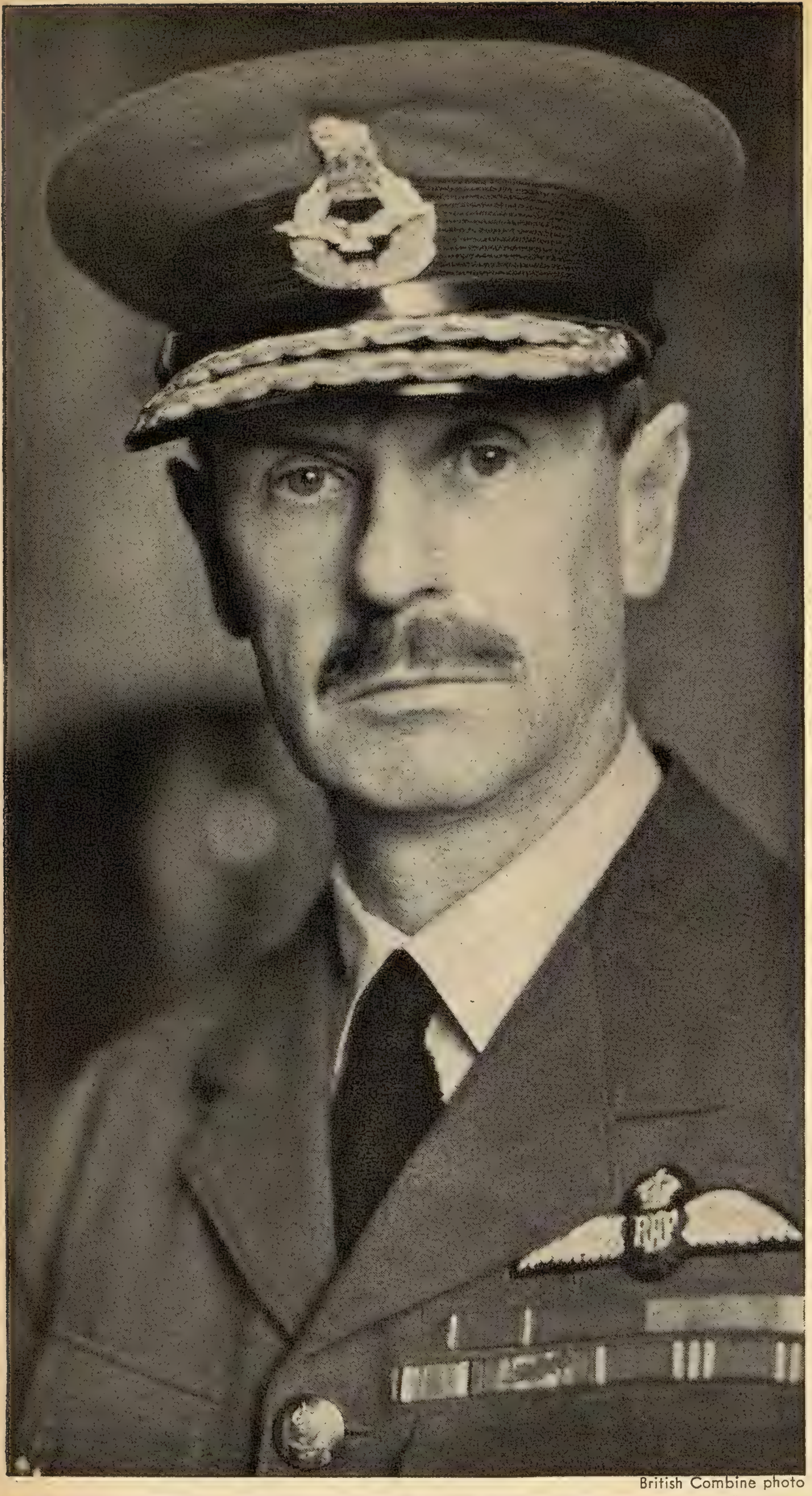
One of the Navy's long-range flying boats based in Alaska.

Fairbanks at high noon—a sample of the kind of tricky weather Alaska flyers have to contend with.

Joe Crosson, Pan American's Alaskan manager, was one of the pioneers of aviation in the Arctic.

PHOTOS FROM PAN-AMERICAN

Now, service on the overland route through Canada brings Alaska within twenty-four hours of New York.



British Combine photo

Lord Dowding, former chief of the R. A. F., who now lectures on spiritualism.

Many in England believe the war dead live on. Led by a former chief of the R. A. F., a great revival of spiritualism is sweeping the country

SPIRITUALISM

"I AM a pilot. . . . I was killed in the Battle of Britain. . . . I was flying a Spitfire, the most wonderful plane in the world. . . . One day in October we went up, and I was shot down. . . . I remember the shot. . . . One minute we were flying along, and the next thing the plane and I—I don't know exactly how to describe it—we shook ourselves free from the wreckage and continued on flying. It was the strangest thing that had ever happened. There was color and light and beauty such as I had never experienced. . . .

"Suddenly I heard a voice. I thought it was my station calling to me on the intercom. It said: 'My son, you have gained freedom. Your soul is traversing the magnetic paths.' . . . This was absolute double Dutch to me. . . . I didn't know what was going on. I replied through the intercom and asked for landing instructions. . . .

"Then I heard another voice. It was that of my old squadron leader, whom I had seen shot down a few days before. He said: 'Get off it, chum. You and I are flying together. We don't want to land just yet. Keep on flying until you're sleepy and then I'll take over.' I flew along, and it seemed to me that my squadron leader was there in the plane with me, right at my shoulder. . . ."

THAT message was quoted to the British public by Lord Dowding, the man who for seventy-five days in 1940 held the fate of England, and possibly the world, in his lean, wiry fingers. He was Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, then commander in chief, Fighter Command, Royal Air Force, G. C. B., G. C. V. O., C. M. G.

Dowding is the man who fought the Battle of Britain—fought it from a cavernous crypt where sealed locks, reinforced concrete, and air filters stood as bars to bombs and gas. He is the man who gave England the eight-gun fighter, that flying gun platform against which Göring's Luftwaffe dashed itself in vain as against a rock. He is the man who stood firm day after day as his force was beaten back from the green fields that lean over the Dover Cliffs; as the Luftwaffe muscled inward—to Canterbury, to Croydon, to the City that is the heart of London. He watched his men go down. He watched his planes dwindle until there were only six Hurricanes in the reserve and the effective fighter strength had been slashed to two thirds of what it was at the battle's start.

And he watched the tide roll back.

Today Dowding stands on a platform in Kingsway Hall, London, and talks on The Standard of Living After Dying. Seats sell for two shillings sixpence—one shilling in the balcony—and there is a queue a block long and four abreast at the doors.

Dowding, in a word, is the apostle of an amazing boom in spiritualism in England.

In the last war spiritualism, fed by the mass casualties of Ypres and Mons and Passchendaele, swept England, and Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the spiritualist leaders, left many converts in their wake. Newspaper

BOOMS IN ENGLAND

BY H. E. SALISBURY

estimates place the number of spiritualists in England today at something like three million, probably a gross exaggeration, since Church of England communicants in recent years have averaged only slightly more than two million on a typical Easter.

But there is no doubt that a spiritualist boom is on. Almost anywhere you go in London, but particularly in the working-class areas and the suburbs, you see posters advertising spiritualist papers and meetings: Do the War Dead Come Back? Survival Proofs. The War Dead Live On.

There are at least five nationally circulated spiritualist weeklies, led by Psychic News. In London alone there are more than seventy-five spiritualist churches and centers, each holding from five to twenty services and séances a week. And the number is growing by leaps and bounds. There are private mediums and teachers by the hundred. There are three spiritualist members of Parliament: Dr. Sydney Peters, T. J. Brooks, and Sir Ernest Bennett.

And the movement isn't confined to civilians. Thousands of spiritualist books and papers are mailed to the troops each week. Psychic News alone has distributed 15,000 pamphlets and books and nearly 150,000 newspapers to the forces, the bulk of them to canteens and Army libraries. The extent of the interest in the forces is suggested by a survey of questions asked most frequently of chaplains in the Royal Navy, R. A. F., and Army. The Navy and the Army are interested in a variety of subjects, but in the R. A. F. the big question is: "Is there life after death?" The men have asked: "Do we rise from the dead? How?" "Is spiritualism true?" "Is there a heaven and hell?" "When will the end of the world come?"

IT was Dowding who really put spiritualism on the map. The sensational London newspaper, the Sunday Pictorial, started the boom. The Pictorial had used spiritualism before to attract reader interest, and it sponsored several mass meetings at Albert Hall before the war. But it really hit the jackpot with a series of articles by Dowding which ran for a month under the title Did They Really Die? The accompanying ballyhoo explained: "Today begins one of the most remarkable documents this newspaper has ever published. Sir Hugh Dowding publicly declares, 'I am sure that our war dead live on. . . . I have read messages from them.'"

Dowding, spiritualism, and the Battle of Britain are interwoven to an extent that is a little hard to grasp at first glance.

There is a quite understandable feeling in England that there was something miraculous or supernatural about England's deliverance. Many people believe God himself intervened to save Britain. Against that background there is the fact of air war itself—a curious, chancy business in which the victims seldom see their attacker and the attacker even more seldom sees his victim. It is difficult for the mind to relate the explosion of the bomb on the ground to the irregular drone of the motor overhead. It is a form of death with which the men who drop the bombs are unfamiliar. They are in another world, the world of air. Even fighter pilots do not really see the victims die when they shoot down a bomber in flames. Many airmen have never seen a dead body.

Small wonder there is a tinge of the supernatural even in ordinary everyday conversation of airmen. "Gremlins" are one manifestation. The refusal to accept the fact of death is another. No airman is ever shot down in combat. He just "isn't around any more" or "didn't come back from the show over Frankfurt." Airmen are most ingenuous at conjuring up reasons to explain why one of their fellows was not killed, even when the odds are 100 to 1 that he was. And there are unnumbered miraculous escapes to feed such beliefs. Often enough, no one really knows what happens to a flyer.

Listen to Dowding again, quoting another message:

"I've left my body after an awful time of misery shut into a burning plane. We couldn't escape, but as the plane fell to pieces and crashed we saw the most glorious vision of rays of all colors. At first I thought it was the German searchlights. We could see people walking about in the air. I didn't quite know what we were doing, so I got out and found that I could stand too on this glistening platform of color. It sounds mad writing all this. The queer thing was that I had no desire to look down and feel the height and pull of the earth. I had been released."

It should be noted that Dowding was a spiritualist before the Battle of Britain, or at least was deeply interested in spiritualism. The Battle of Britain crystallized his leanings into convictions, and his beliefs apparently led to his rather mysterious retirement from the Royal Air Force. He was removed from Fighter Command shortly after the battle and sent to America on a purchasing mission. About a year later he was retired without explanation. He returned to the R. A. F. for a few months on a personnel mission, but left finally in June, 1942.

The first sign that something might be amiss was the famous Air Ministry pamphlet, The Battle of Britain, which told the story of Fighter Command's victory without once mentioning the name of its chief architect. Later it became known that Dowding had written a book called Twelve Legions of Angels, which passed censorship but was withdrawn before publication at the request of "a highly placed official." Some months later the story trickled out that Dowding's book "implied that Providence had much to do with our victory in the Battle of Britain." Dowding himself, sometime later, said: "I say with absolute conviction that I can trace the intervention of God, not only in the battle itself but in the events that led up to it. If it had not been for this intervention, the battle would have been joined under conditions which, humanly speaking, would have rendered victory impossible."

Today Dowding, a lean, serious-looking, mustached man of nearly sixty-two, devotes practically his entire time to the cause of spiritualism—writing, speaking, and handling an ever-growing correspondence from his quiet red-brick home in Wimbledon.

Two or three times a week he speaks to spiritualist gatherings, where the women usually outnumber the men three or four to one. There are the mothers of boys lost in the skies over England or Germany; girls whose sweethearts were reported missing in action after El Alamein; women of thirty whose faces show the strain and worry of the months since their husbands were lost on the Murmansk convoy route. The men are usually middle-aged—fathers of youngsters lost from Burma to Stavanger. And he gets thousands of communications from friends and relatives of the dead.

DOWDING lays no claims to psychic sense and calls himself "a fair sample of a practical Englishman." His messages, he says, come through a medium, Mrs. Hill, the daughter of a Colonel Gascoigne who died some years ago. Gascoigne, a veteran of Khartoum and a friend of Cecil Rhodes, is the control through whom, Dowding says, he has gained most of his knowledge of the world beyond.

This spirit world in which Dowding believes is a rather practical place. He tells his listeners:

"These boys are not in heaven. That is an idea based on a Victorian concept of heaven which is only slightly more attractive than hell. Their existence is governed by the laws of cause and effect. You do not come up for judgment in the next world. You are your own judge and you find your own level. There is no compulsion on the other side to work and try to help those of us on this side.

"Colonel Gascoigne's letters to his daughter are filled with references about how they are continually passing from one front to another, sorting out souls who are interested in helping their parents. But there are many who settle down on the other side and cast no backward glance. Even some very progressive and good spirits take very little interest in the earth life, once they have left it."

Of those spirits who are still interested in mundane affairs, many seem to be engaged in missions to aid the Allied cause. Just after the attack on Sicily was launched, says Dowding, Colonel Gascoigne reported this message:

"It has been most interesting to watch our attack. We were able to prepare your weather, and your men think it is O. K. We were able to get precision and accuracy into the bombs you dropped on German headquarters. But when your people get the blood lust, we cannot work. The Black Forces feed on this."

The "Black Forces" apparently are opposed to the good spiritualist forces and seem, explains Dowding, to be particularly active on the eastern front.

Some spirits, Dowding relates, fly with R. A. F. planes. One in particular, he says, "is working on the Berlin roof." This spirit goes with a bomber called Felix the Cat, piloted by "Tommy and

(*Continued on page 52*)

THE CROSSING

A telegram brought news which shattered all her dreams, until a chance encounter restored her courage and eased the ache in her heart

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY ALICE MEANS REEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTS

STANDING there on the crowded street corner in the swirling purple dusk, waiting for the lights to change, her eyes were suddenly suffused with tears. She hadn't cried before, even though she'd had the telegram clutched in her pocket for three hours. It was something about the dusk, something about the city smells, the fragrance of freesias from the corner flower stand, the little spring breeze that eddied down the street, that made it seem as if Jim were at her side, cupping her elbow in his big brown hand and laughing down at her—that brought the tears now.

The lights must have changed, as she stood there on the curb, but she couldn't see them. She couldn't see anything.

And then something rammed her from behind with terrific force, and the breath was knocked out of her, and she would have fallen if a hand hadn't reached out and grabbed her shoulder just in time.

And then a man's voice said, "I'm terribly sorry. I wasn't looking where I was going!" And then his hand was firmly under her elbow, and they were being swept across the street by the people milling around them.

Safe on the other corner, he guided her out of the stream of hurrying people, over to the doorway of a hamburger joint, where the lights were bright.

He said, "I certainly knocked the wind out of you!"

She wiped her eyes and looked up and saw that he was an army sergeant, almost as tall as Jim.

He said, "You're crying. I really must have hurt you." And there was such pain in his voice that she tried to pull herself together. She couldn't say, "I'm crying because my husband has just been killed on the other side of the world." You didn't say that to a soldier who was probably hurrying happily to meet a girl.

She said, "Oh, no, I'm not crying. The lights are so bright—they hurt my eyes for a minute." The look of pain was still in his eyes, and she said, "Please don't look so sad about it. I'm all right, really."

Some one opened the door of the hamburger shop, and the smell of hot coffee came drifting out into the spring night. The sergeant said, "You'd better come in and have a cup of coffee. You look white and shaky."

She let him lead her in, and they sat down in a vacant booth. She refused food, so he ordered just two cups of coffee from the waitress.

Some one put a coin in the juke box, and the strains of Pistol Packin' Mamma filled the greasy-smelling place. She thought, Oh, Jim, letting myself practically be picked up—today! She glanced across the table at the tall sergeant. But he wasn't making any effort to entertain her. His eyes were downcast. She took the telegram out of her suit pocket and spread it in her lap. She read it again, praying it wouldn't say what she knew it had said. But it did. Every time she read it, it said the same thing—"Your husband, James Moore . . . killed in action. . . ."

THE waitress slapped the coffee down in front of them, slopping it a little in the thick saucers as she did so.

"Lay that pistol down, babe, lay that pistol down," yelped the juke box, and a sailor whose chest was bright with service ribbons left a group of his buddies, got out in the middle of the floor, and began to do the Lindy, effortlessly, with a dead-pan face.

She didn't even remember when she'd left the apartment. She just knew suddenly that she couldn't sit there any longer, with so many things Jim had sent her from overseas, or that they had bought together before he left, to make the shabby little furnished apartment look more like a home. "I'll feel better if I know you've got the place fixed up a little, honey," Jim had said.

The restaurant door banged open and a noisy group of soldiers came boiling in. A gust of spring wind came in with them, blowing dust and papers before it.

The telegram blew off her lap. She leaned down over the end of the small booth table for it, and she saw the sergeant's arm reaching down too. But her fingers found the telegram and she spread it in her lap again, and she meant her eyes to travel once more over the words she knew by heart now.

But they weren't the words she knew by heart: "Regret to inform you that your wife and new-born son died today. . . ."

She looked up swiftly at the sergeant. His pain-filled eyes were on her, and he reached across the table and handed her the telegram he had picked up and had been smoothing in his lap.

"I read it," he said, his voice hushed by shock. "I thought it was mine. I'm sorry. I—"

She took it and handed his telegram back to him, wordlessly.

They both started to speak. And then they both stopped. All the phrases that spring to one's lips in the presence of bereavement were automatically stilled. You couldn't say, as people so often say, "But she had such a happy life—your wife had." You couldn't say, "Time will heal." You couldn't say any of the things people said, trying to be comforting. Because you knew how it was with him. You knew how his heart stopped, and then began to thud painfully. You knew that he wasn't conscious of the noise and the smells and the people milling around. You knew that nothing worse could ever happen to him. Or to you.

You both drank your coffee, even though it was too hot—glad that it scalded your throats, glad of any other pain. You knew that you had to get out, had to take life up again where you had dropped it when your eyes had read the words of the telegram for the first time.

The restaurant was filling up with people now. The waitress stood by your table, pushing up her back hair, saying, "Anything else, folks?"

You both said no, and he paid the check, and you walked out of the hot, crowded place into the spring night again.

You stood out on the sidewalk once more, and you looked up at the sergeant's lean drawn face and said, "I wish I could do something . . ."

"I know. I wish I could, too."

"Will you be all right?"

"I've got to be. I'm sailing almost any time now."

"Take care of yourself. She would have wanted you to take care of yourself."

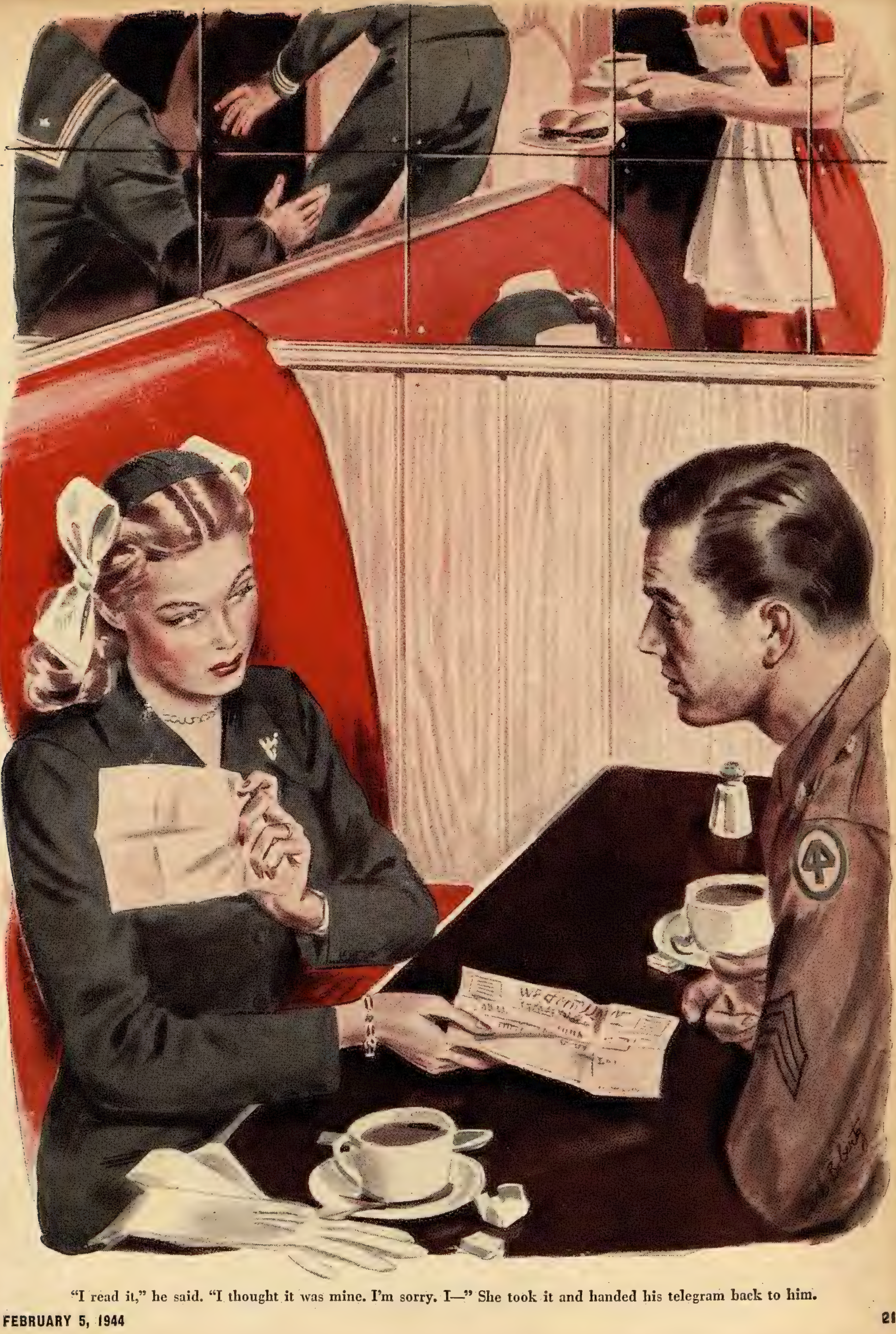
"And you do the same."

THEY didn't shake hands. They didn't touch each other. Only their glances touched and held for a moment, there in the glaring light outside the hamburger joint. For just a moment, while their glances held, they were closer than either of them would ever be to any one ever again. Because they knew what each was thinking—knew what each was going through. They didn't know each other's names. They hadn't noticed those on the telegrams, in the shock of what they had seen there.

Finally he saluted, a little jerky salute, and strode off down the darkening street.

She stood under the glaring lights for a minute, watching his back. And then she turned and began walking back to the apartment, to pick up the threads of her life where she'd dropped them when the telegram came.

THE END



"I read it," he said. "I thought it was mine. I'm sorry. I—" She took it and handed his telegram back to him.

LITTLE WHEELS KEEP

There's lots more to railroading than just running trains. A vast and complex machinery operates off-stage. Come behind the scenes and watch

BY ALFRED TOOMBS

CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN

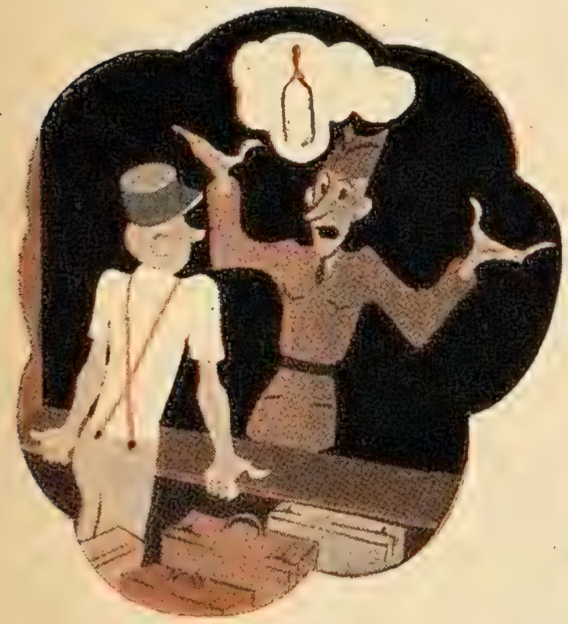
AN information clerk in a big railroad terminal answers his phone. A woman wants the schedule for a train that afternoon, and the clerk reels it off. Then there's a pause.

"Could you tell me the color of the upholstery on that train?" she asks. "I want to be sure to wear a dress that goes with it."

In the baggage room of a West Coast terminal a soldier pleads with a clerk: "But the stuff for the baby's formula is in that trunk and we've got to have it. We can't get any more here."

The clerk disappears. A message goes out over railroad wires and soon there comes an answer. The trunk has been located in another station and will come in on the next train—in time for the baby's meal.

And in the War Department's Pentagon Building, in Washington, an order is placed on the desk of a representative of the Association of American Railroads. Within a short time messages are flashing across the East directing the assembling, within seventy-two hours, of several hundred passenger and freight cars to move an armored division into a staging area—preliminary to going overseas.



"The baby's formula is in that trunk."

Drama, excitement, humor and pathos—all these are elements in the story of railroad operations today. It's a story that few of the millions who travel by rail know anything about. The average passenger sees nothing of the vast and complex machinery which runs the railroads, the hundreds of employees behind the scenes who work the clock around to keep the wheels rolling.

This machinery starts turning long before the passenger ever gets on a train. In every big terminal, row on row of information clerks, reservations clerks, ticket sellers, and baggage handlers labor at herculean tasks which are quite separate from the actual job of moving trains. It's their job just to get people aboard. Most of the information and reservations clerks work out of sight of the public. They are sent to school before being put on the job, and spend days learning how to read a railroad timetable, upside down and backwards. They are taught to expect anything—and it's just as well.

Just for example, take the man who called up an Eastern railroad late last fall to make reservations on a Maine train.

"Why, that train doesn't run again until next summer!" said the clerk.

"I know," came the reply; "but I want to reserve two seats now for the first trip it makes."

Or the soldier who, getting off a train in New York, asked information: "What town is this?"

But most questions have their basis in the complexities of railroad operation. A politician wants to make a swing through the state, stopping at twenty towns in ten days. He asks information to map out his itinerary. Many citizens want to find out about taking their dogs on trips. Others seek enlightenment on the regulations governing transportation of explosives, or on the rate of exchange of Canadian money.

Ticket sellers, who are usually graduates of the information desks, run into similar complexities. A man showed up at a ticket window in Washington recently who spoke no word of English. He wanted a ticket for somewhere, so the ticket seller scouted around the station rounding up soldiers until he found one who recognized the tongue as Swedish and the destination as Duluth.

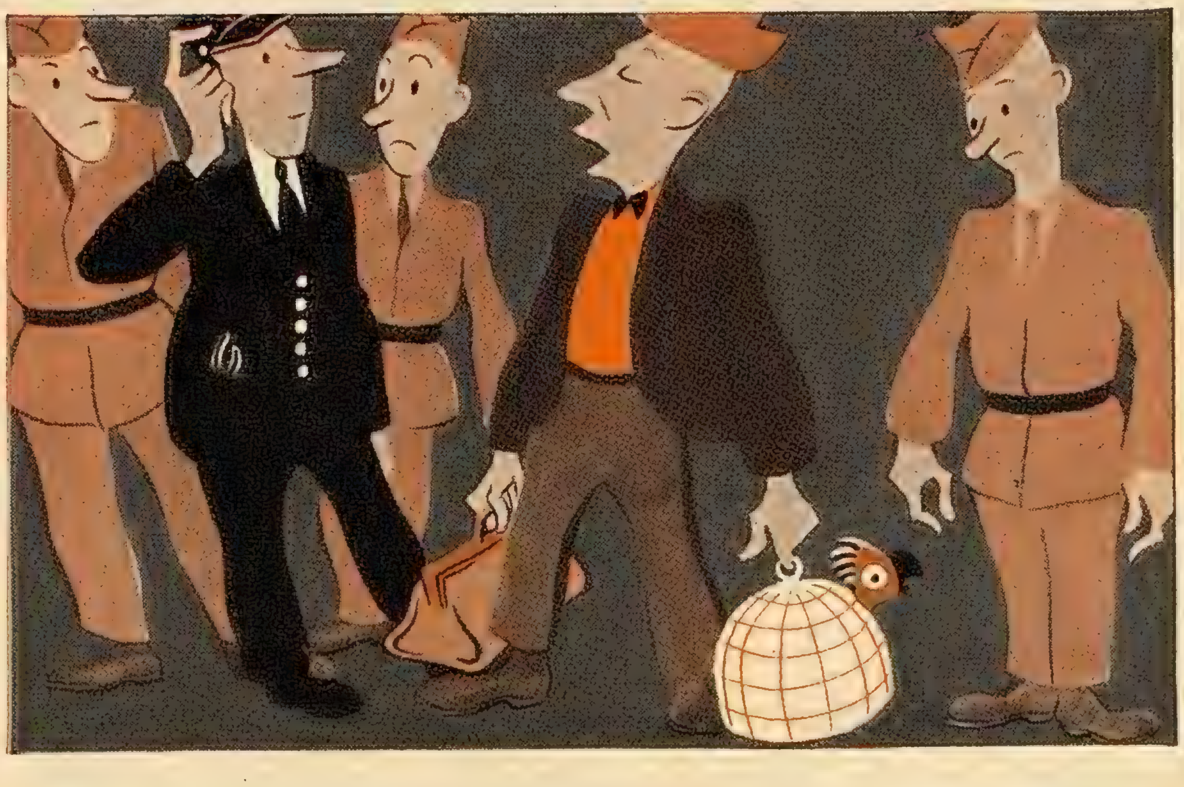
The ticket sellers have to check with reservations before giving out Pullman space, for reservations clerks keep track of every berth or chair on every Pullman a month in advance. As space is sold or reserved, they make a note on a diagram which shows the make-up of each train. The public has become reservation-conscious lately, and also more conscientious about canceling reservations they aren't going to use. But occasionally some one will call up to cancel space on a train that has already left. Chances are he has bought a ticket and just missed the train. The reservations clerk will wire ahead, and if the seat is sold up the line, the original ticket holder can get a refund.

But in the public's headlong rush to get from one place to another a lot of things do get lost. In the past year the railroads have been asked to hunt for everything from a misplaced bobby pin to a lost battalion of soldiers. The bobby pin wasn't found, but the troops were—sitting patiently in day coaches on a siding near a Virginia camp, wondering what kind of war this is anyway.

But the number one headache, both for the railroads and for the passengers, is lost baggage. A sailor appeared in the baggagemaster's office in the Washington, D. C., Union Station recently in search of a missing suitcase. It couldn't be found, and a clerk suggested that he call around the following day.

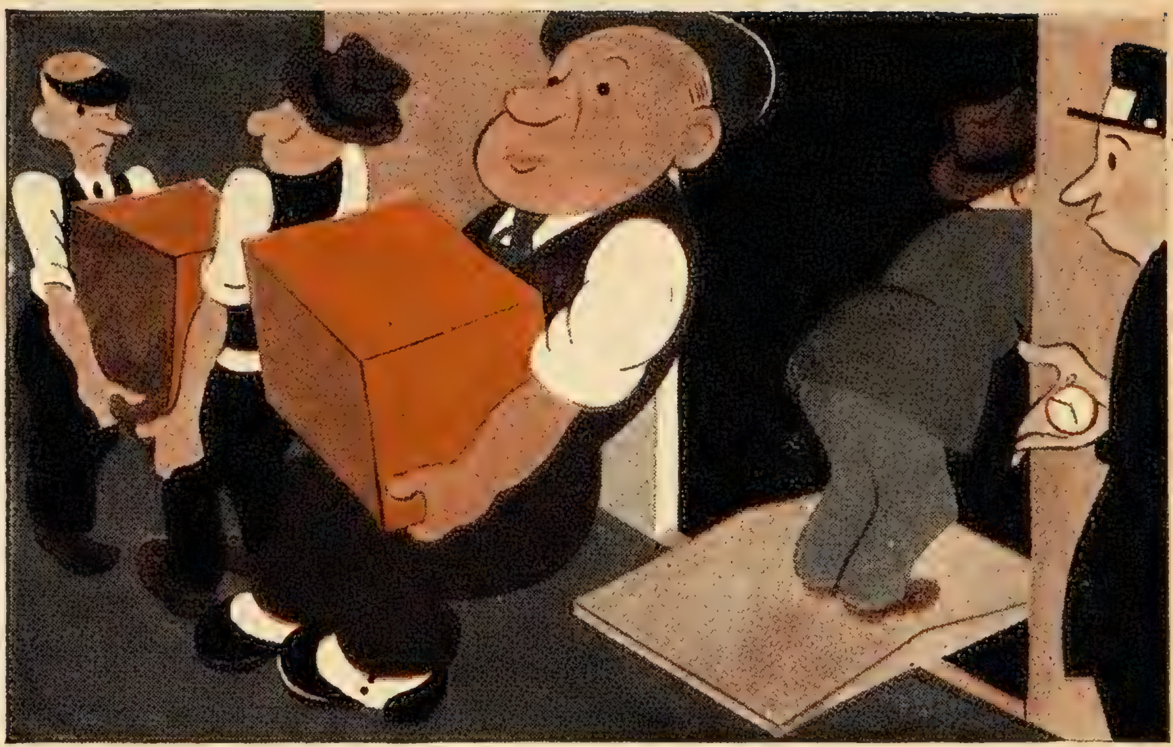
"But I'm supposed to get married in two hours!" he protested. "And the ring's in my suitcase."

Further search revealed no clues and



The ticket seller finally found a soldier who recognized the tongue as Swedish.

THE BIG ONES ROLLING



On Saturday the packer had his entire office force out unloading his cars.

the sailor began to get frantic. A girl clerk slipped a diamond-studded wedding band off her finger and handed it to him.

"Use this," she said, "and come back in a couple of days. We'll find your bag."

Her sublime faith—both in human nature and in the ability of the baggage department to find lost articles—was justified. The sailor and his pretty little bride called around in two days to return her ring, and she had located their suitcase.

"When does the 5 o'clock train leave?"

Tracing stray baggage has become a full-time job on the railroads. As each piece of baggage is loaded on a train, the baggagemaster makes a record of the number and the type of article. When a traveler calls at the terminal for something that hasn't shown up, the baggage tracers go back over the route to find the place where it was last reported. Often they have to turn detective to get property back to its owner. The tags may be torn off a trunk supposed to be shipped twenty miles, and it may land in a baggage room on the other side of the continent. If there are no clues to ownership on the outside, the tracers will open the trunk. Sometimes they find the owner's name and address. One trunk thus opened was packed with a trousseau—and invitations to a wedding scheduled to take place a week before. It took plenty of nerve to write the bride and tell her the things had been found.

Sometimes identity will be established merely through initials on a tailor's label or through laundry marks. Perhaps the prescription number on a bottle of medicine will lead to discovery of the trunk's owner. One traveler was about to collect $2,500 on a claim when the tracers in a distant station notified him they had found his trunk. They had located him through serial numbers on some blank checks found inside. Tracers spent a year trying to catch up with the soldier owner of a barracks bag. They found him in North Africa. He said he'd call around for it when he got home.

Every now and then the railroads will lose a passenger. A farmer wandered around the station at Washington, D. C., recently, trying to find some one who could tell him how to get to an address he had written on a piece of paper—until it was discovered that he had boarded a train in St. Louis with a round-trip ticket to the town of Washington, Pennsylvania.

Usually, however, it's the other way around—the passenger loses the ticket. If there's any way to identify it, the railroad will be glad to have a try at finding it. A man and his wife bought round-trip tickets from a Southern city recently. The man lost his return ticket. He informed the railroad, giving the number of his wife's ticket. A year later no trace of the ticket bearing the next number to the wife's had been found and the ticket itself had expired. So the man got a refund.

Sometimes passengers may wonder whether a train has been lost. "They must be running these trains on a calendar instead of a watch," some one gibes. But overdue trains—and trains as crowded as suburban buses—have come to be accepted by the public as realities of the times, and a look behind the scenes explains why such things happen.

There are more than 17,500 serviceable coaches on American rails. In ordinary times these would be more than adequate to handle passenger traffic. But traffic is four times normal, and the railroads can't exactly count on using all those coaches when they want to. The Army runs as many as 2,300 special trains every month, carrying from 1,500,000 to 1,750,000 soldiers in organized movements.

The Military Transportation Section of the Association of American Railroads is directly responsible for these troop movements. The Army or Navy wants a certain number of servicemen moved from one place to another on a certain day. It tells the railroads' representative and the equipment needed is on hand according to orders. Just forty-eight hours before a holiday week-end the Army requested coaches to transport 4,000 troops on a "must" move from a Midwest camp to the East. Many extra coaches were being conditioned for the big rush of civilian travel. But the Association issued a freeze order halting use of every available coach within 500 miles of the camp. A lot of civilians stood up that week-end—but the troop trains went through.

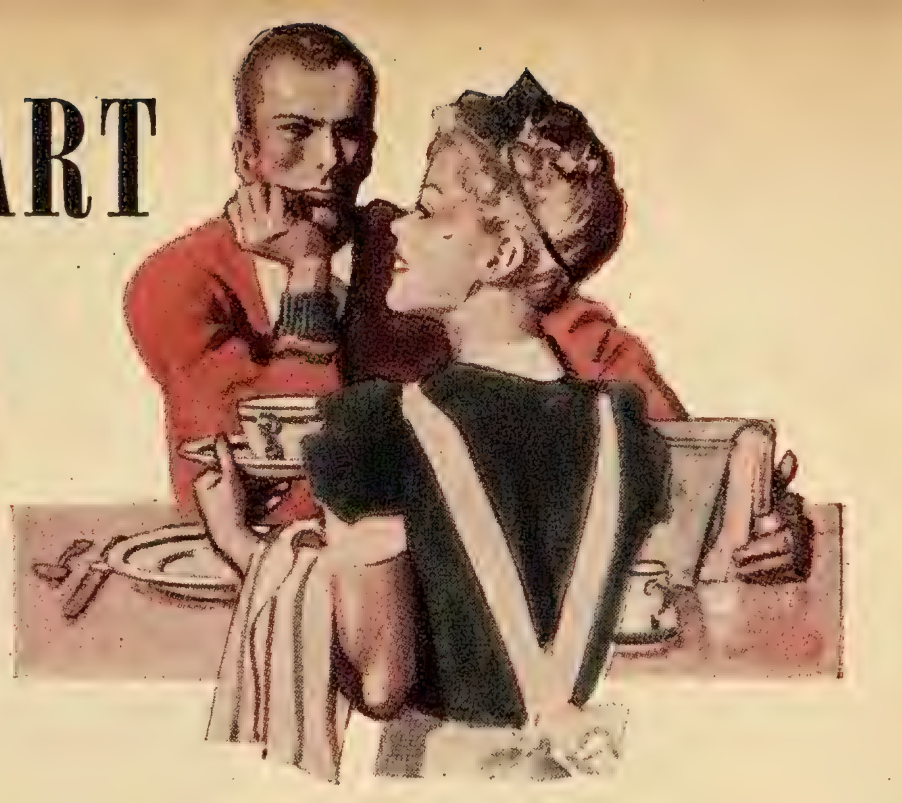
Not long ago the Army had seven divisions rolling across the country in one co-ordinated movement involving more than 100,000 men and all their equipment. It takes 300 coaches to move a single division, plus fifty baggage cars and fifty kitchen cars. Thousands of freight cars were involved, for it takes 1,700 of them to move an armored division's equipment. In this case all of the train movements were so synchronized that, as fast as the men and material were unloaded at one destination, the same coaches and freight cars were immediately reloaded with other troops and their supplies bound for another camp or port.

The Military Transportation Section also organizes prisoner-of-war trains, which were shipping in and out of the East at a great rate following the fall of the Axis in North Africa. These trains have to operate right on the button, because prisoners, once in port, must be unloaded and moved out quickly. There are no dock facilities for overnight Axis guests. Convoys show up ahead of schedule sometimes and the POW trains must be put together hurriedly and rushed to the port. These trains are specially prepared, with windows that will open only a few inches and with kitchen equipment in the baggage cars. Food is passed to the prisoners in their seats. The trains are heavily guarded both while in motion and while stopped. One POW train was derailed not long ago, but not a single prisoner escaped.

Experts at the Association know where to find every coach in the country. Other experts keep tabs on the freight cars—and there are two million of these. These cars belong to different railroads, but they are freely used by all to meet the nation's traffic needs. The owner of a freight car will load it

(*Continued on page 58*)

STEADFAST HEART



Every American will cheer this story of a man of foreign ancestry who dispels cruel suspicion in flaming action to win his girl and the homage of his townsfolk

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

PAUL SCHMIDT, professor of history in the Riverton High School, looked down the long, scarred counter of the hotel coffee shop to where the glow and the shine was. She was blonder and her uniform and cap were bluer and she was altogether younger and fresher than ever.

She was serving the redheaded sergeant, the same sergeant—the one she had introduced to him once as "Sergeant Unhh." Paul did not want to meet him again. He would wait it out at his end of the counter.

After a while, miraculously, the sergeant finished his demitasse, leaned over and whispered in Rita's ear, grinned, and left. She came up behind the counter toward Paul. He felt himself coloring, as always. He was too old for that; too old for Rita—too old and in too much trouble.

He sat on his stool, clutching the book in his hands, uncomfortable, smelling violets and fresh crackling laundry until she had her hands on the counter and was smiling at him, not the way at all nineteen smiles at thirty-six.

"Hello, Booksy," she said.

"Hello, young lady," he said primly.

They were alone together in the big room. It was the dead complacent hour of two on Sunday. Riverton had come to its weekly full stop, with the streets empty and the inhabitants drowsing over their radios on full stomachs amid a litter of funny papers. Paul had the familiar sense of things beginning; of a ghostly starting gong in his heart. He did not feel old against Rita. He was, in fact, good to look on, with his wide shoulders, his scholar's unlined face and high forehead, his thick close-cropped hair—the crew cut was, he realized, a mistake; it made him look "German"—and he was sure that there was still time to fill his life with all the things he had missed, God and Rita willing.

This emotion, which always came, passed quickly. He must, of course, get out, get away from her fast. He could not involve her in the maelstrom of hate and suspicion into which he had blundered. But she looked past him at the doorway into the lobby whence the sergeant had departed. She sighed.

"I love that kid," she murmured.

That was all wrong. He stiffened with a sense of shock. In the silence he could hear the roar of bomber flights overhead. The noise was nearly perpetual, day and night, what with the training base on the edge of town, so that he seldom heard it consciously; but he heard it now, a cascading buzz of malevolent propellers. The sound put an exclamation point to the statement she had just made. He didn't want her to be in love with anybody—yet. He wanted to go away first, leave her with a heart as whole as his had been until a month ago. He wanted the gesture of renunciation.

She seemed unaware that she had said anything notable. She was looking at him now, her eyes quizzical and troubled.

"Booksy," she said, "they're talking about you."

"I know. Do you think I'm a Nazi, Rita?"

"Of course you're not. I'm sorry that this has started, though. These little towns can chew you up. Be careful, Booksy."

Be careful?

Paul tried to think back. He tried to remember exactly how the absurd and menacing cycle had begun. There had been his annual lecture on History and Raw Materials, which had produced some drowsiness but little else among the students over the past twelve years—until this fall.

Good Lord, did he have to preface his remarks with a statement that he hated Hitler and everything Nazi, like any other citizen of good will? Why should he—any more than a professor of mathematics before illustrating a problem on the blackboard? Why, he wasn't even of German ancestry. He was Dutch.

Maybe the first indiscretion had been committed by his great-grandmother years ago, when she had resisted her husband's suggestion, on their Pennsylvania farm, that the name become Smith. After that the matter didn't come up again, even during the first big war; and now the Schmidts of Paul's tribe no more considered themselves German, or anything except American, than the Dutch Roosevelts did.

But that innocent lecture and a student's question had set the vortex spinning. He had been making the point about how any nation of industrial workers and craftsmen tends to expand outward toward new sources of raw materials, when Willie Brailey's hand had shot up. "Then, professor, you believe in Lebensraum, don't you?" And he had said, testily, because he wanted to complete his talk and the bell was about to ring, "Of course I believe in living space for all nations, Willie."

By nightfall the rumor was percolating that "a German history teacher" at Riverton High had openly defended Hitler in class. Two days later a drunk rang him up at home in the small hours and cursed him for a spy. Old students, hypnotized by the snowballing legend, confessed that now they came to think of it, Professor Schmidt had been pro-Nazi all along and had tried to indoctrinate them with the plague. Even Paul's amateur photography fitted into the grotesque jigsaw puzzle: of course, it was plain as day—hadn't he been seen photographing troops on maneuver from the roof of the Riverton Hotel?

HE was stunned and helpless against the sinister progression. What should he do? Write a letter to the Banner protesting his patriotism and setting forth that he considered, had always considered, the political philosophy of Hitler's Germany an obscene fraud, in which need for raw materials had been used as one peg of an alibi for global terror? He couldn't do that. He couldn't admit that his loyalty was in question.

Then he had to fail Irma Blount, a jived-up little thing who had scarcely troubled to learn to read. She was the niece of Mrs. H. J. Spivens who was two hundred and forty pounds of solid malice. Behind her pale spectacled pig eyes ran the elemental webs of small-town envy, hatred, hypocrisy, and ignorance. Her late husband had been forced between suns to leave a neighboring town where he was a petty official, in a sordid affair involving public funds and a girl thirty years his junior. Riverton knew this and Mrs. Spivens had made it her business to know enough about Riverton to carry on a continuous defensive blackmail. Where knowledge was incomplete, she improvised, and the case of Professor Schmidt was ideal for her talents. She wired her congressman that an obvious fifth columnist was operating openly in the local high school and had failed her niece because the girl had stood her ground on democracy being a better system than Nazism.

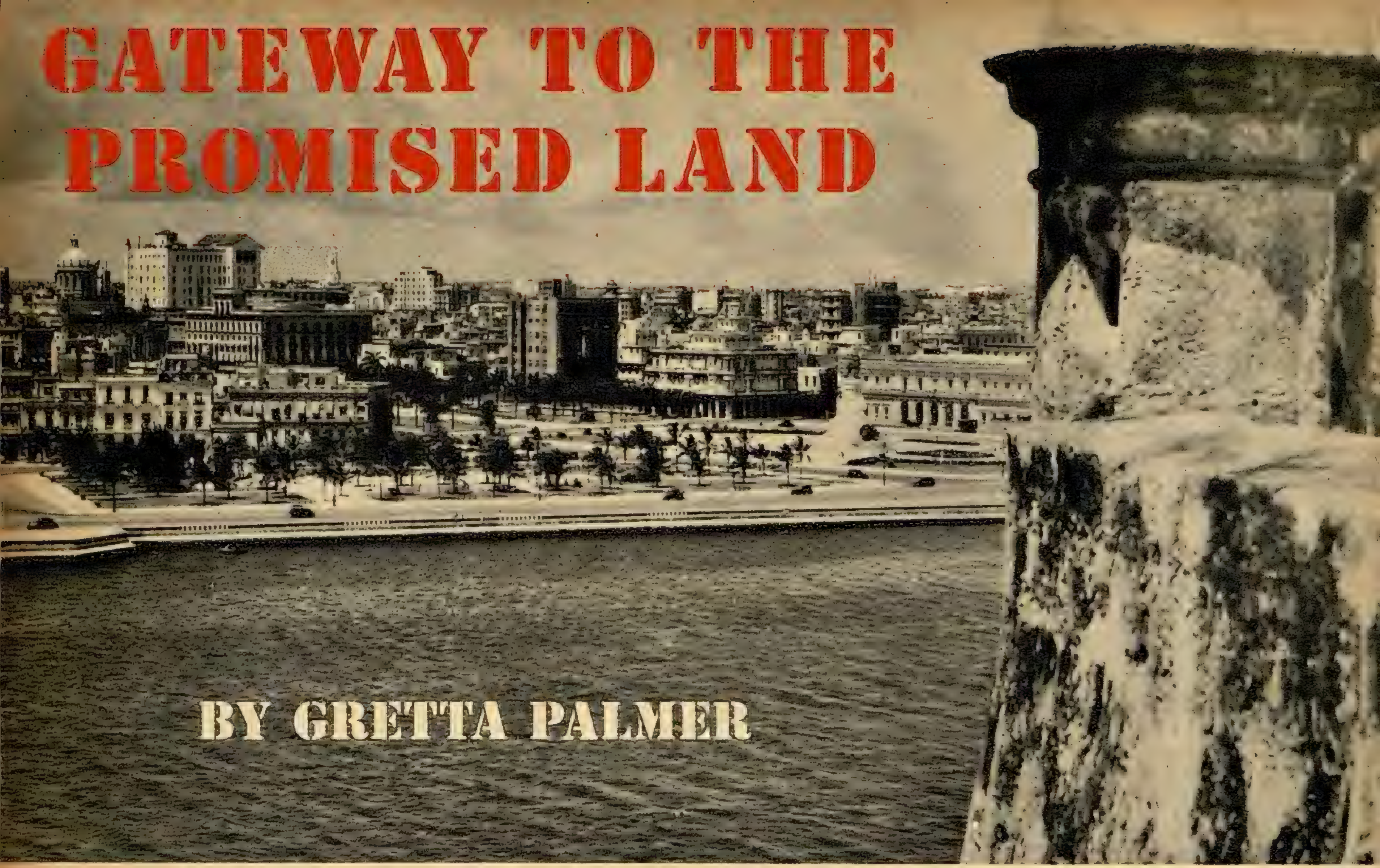
The ensuing F. B. I. investigation

(*Continued on page 62*)

Paul got a grip under the armpits, pulled the man out of the inferno.

PAUS

GATEWAY TO THE PROMISED LAND



BY GRETTA PALMER

PHOTO FROM THREE LIONS

Cuba is just a "step" from the U. S., so thousands of refugees flock there—hoping. Their "so near yet so far" existence is the island's newest "trade."

JANUARY used to be the month when Havana welcomed the rich and fashionable tourists from the ates. Sans Souci's manager bought new costumes for the rumba floorshow. The Casino increased the number of its croupiers. The Nacional Hotel opened another wing and the harbor was made ready for millionaires' yachts. The winter crowd spent money; Cubans called them, affectionately, "the second sugar crop."

In the summer the bargain cruise ships came, with office girls on a holiday. They bought *maracas*—the gourds that rattle in a rumba orchestra—and they drank daiquiris at Sloppy Joe's, and said, "This is the life!" The Cubans noticed, regretfully, that summer Americans spent less than winter visitors; but still they were welcome.

Today Havana has no tourists from the States, but it is far from empty. Instead of *turistas*, its hotels are crowded to the attics with "visa cases" —Spanish and Polish, French and Dutch, German and Belgian refugees. There are no millionaires' yachts, but there are many millionaires—from Europe. One old man, who has lived in a suite at the Nacional for the past three years, has five million dollars distributed through the island. Another, an anti-Vichy Frenchman, has a three-million-dollar deposit in a single Havana bank. The rich refugees give $25-a-plate dinners. With the present boom in American traders eager to buy all the rum and gin in sight, the hotel business is booming. Cuba is enjoying a "second sugar crop," after all. But she isn't happy; she doesn't like the new visitors.

Cubans are a gay and sensitive race; they would rather be cheated by a man who is *simpático* than befriended by a *pesado* (Cuban for sour-puss). The Americans used to come to Cuba to play, and in this mood they were *simpático*. The refugees don't play; they want to work—even if they are rich. This is *pesado*. They are grave and tense and different.

Four fifths of the refugees have money. Indeed, it would be very odd if any European without money made his way to Cuba from Europe, as conditions are today. Yet refugees still continue to arrive, by the boatloads, from Spain. On the poorest ship—and some of them are appalling—a berth is now more expensive than the Lisbon Clipper, and the Clipper fare is $700.

Twenty thousand European refugees have passed through Havana on their way to the States; six thousand are stymied there today. How did they manage to get this precarious foothold in the western hemisphere? What forces drove them to this small and lovely island?

The answer is very simple. They did not choose Cuba. They are here, almost to a man, because they could not get permission to enter the United States directly, and Cuba seemed so very close to their goal that they hopefully set out for Havana, thinking the last lap would be an easy one. They are staying here reluctantly and often bitterly. Cuba is a very lovely limbo indeed, but it is still limbo to them. And about one third of them, according to the estimate of a refugee organization there, will never get as far as Miami.

Refugee children in a settlement on the outskirts

There is a pathetic little Havana Guide prepared by refugees to help incoming Europeans feel a little more at home. This booklet—written in German, French, Spanish, and English—says: "There are about 92 miles between Havana and Key West, an insignificant distance in the 'flying century.' But thousands of foreigners who have come to Cuba hoping to get to the United States within a few weeks or months had to realize that such a small distance may become in wartime very difficult to cover. Figuratively speaking, their eyes are always directed toward the 'Promised Land' and they are blind to all the beauty that surrounds them in Cuba."

THE failure to get along is not entirely the Cubans' fault. Most of the refugees have not learned Spanish. They believe that another six weeks—another four months—and they will surely have attained New York, and so they concentrate on brushing up their English. They also gather together, in national groups, to discuss their homeland. There are separate refugee organizations of the Austrians, Belgians, Free French, Czechs, Hungarians, Jugo-Slavs, and Poles, as well as several over-all Jewish organizations. The eyes of these people turn back to Europe or forward to the States; they are rarely directed at the city where they live.

And so the refugees are not very popular with the Cubans—not nearly so popular as the *turistas* used to be. Outside of Havana, at Marianao, there is a string of magnificent marble-and-magnolia beach clubs. Refugees are welcomed at only one of these, and that a second-rate affair. Regardless of their country of origin, the refugees are called Polacos, or Polacks, and it is not a title of respect. Americans on a holiday, the Cubans felt, were fine; they paid rumba orchestras to follow them from café to café and they bought perfumes and Havana cigars in gratifying quantity. These refugees do nothing of that happy-go-lucky nature.

Yet, on a basis of dollars and cents, the Cubans should be holding weekly celebrations over the presence of the refugees in their midst. Consider what it means to them in terms of revenue. The visitors' living expenses bring at least $15,000,000 a year to the Cuban hotelkeepers and merchants. Even the very poor are a source of revenue, for they are supported by charitable organizations which draw their funds from the States. And on all revenue received by a European in Cuba—wages, dividends, or gifts—a 2-per-cent government tax is levied.

But that is not all—not nearly all. Each of these individuals, when he obtained his visa in Europe, was forced to post a bond with the representative of the Cuban government, and this bond was a fairly elastic affair. Technically, it amounts to $1,500 per head, but visas have been granted, in Madrid and Lisbon, for sums as high as $20,000. The bond money is held by the Cuban government—without interest—and some of it is usually returned to the refugee if and when he leaves the country. At the most conservative estimate, then, two and a half million dollars of European funds now swell the Cuban Treasury. Many of the bonds will never be demanded back; their owners will stay in Havana until they die.

Each refugee entering Cuba in recent years has also been asked for a $500 poll tax, which is not returned. Other informal charges are levied. A boatload of refugees was held, not long ago, on the Cuban equivalent of Ellis Island, with orders to raise $30,000 among the passenger list—or else. Last September a government official swooped down upon fifty European diamond cutters working for a small firm, and told them they must raise $3,000 among them, pronto, if they wished to continue work. The charm of these mass levies lies in the fact that the sum required is so blandly stated, but all details as to *which* refugees shall pay are left to the men involved. This kind of thing leads to a nervous unease among the refugees—especially the well-to-do. It also makes living in Cuba an expensive business by the end of the year.

But there is money in Cuba today. In the old glad *turista* days the Nacional Hotel had only a souvenir stand in the lobby. Today there is a magnificent suite in which a French couturier holds forth, with living mannequins and showings of the latest styles. The Nacional has also an accessory shop which stocks French perfumes in seventy-five-dollar sizes and alligator handbags for fifty dollars up. One German woman refugee entertains on her own twenty-five-piece Sèvres dinner service. How this was smuggled across all the frontiers should make a pretty tale.

The refugees divide into several distinct groups, who are bound together only by their glib familiarity with every line of fine print on an application to enter the United States. Much of their conversation is made up of talk about affidavits and quotas and ports of entry. They know all the stories of one another's difficulties.

What do the refugees do to while away the long months and years while they are waiting to cross ninety-two miles of water?

"Play bridge," a German woman told me. "Sit under the trees in the Prado and gossip. Crochet a little. The tragedy, for the young people, is that they are wasting years here without getting the habit of work."

Others answer with more energy. "We have a class in certified public accounting," I was told by a young Austrian boy. "We beg our teacher, a German accountant, to give us more and more homework. It helps to pass the time."

Refugee organizations offer classes in massage, beauty culture, leathercraft, patternmaking, electrical installation and repair. They form an odd group of subjects, but they are all chosen to help the refugees prepare to support themselves once they reach the States.

WHY, you may ask, don't the refugees work while they're in Cuba? Why indeed! Cuban laws have been drafted to cure the local unemployment problem, and they now cover the economic possibilities so thoroughly that no one who is not a Cuban citizen may either receive or pay wages "without special permission from the authorities." Special permission is expensive. Some refugees have resigned themselves to a long stay and have made the necessary investment of capital. A Polaco has bought the Plaza Hotel and is running it. Other business enterprises have been bought by Europeans with idle capital. But for the foreigner who does not wish to tie up his funds, or who has no funds left, the outlook is bleak. There is exactly one small industry in which he may work—diamond-cutting.

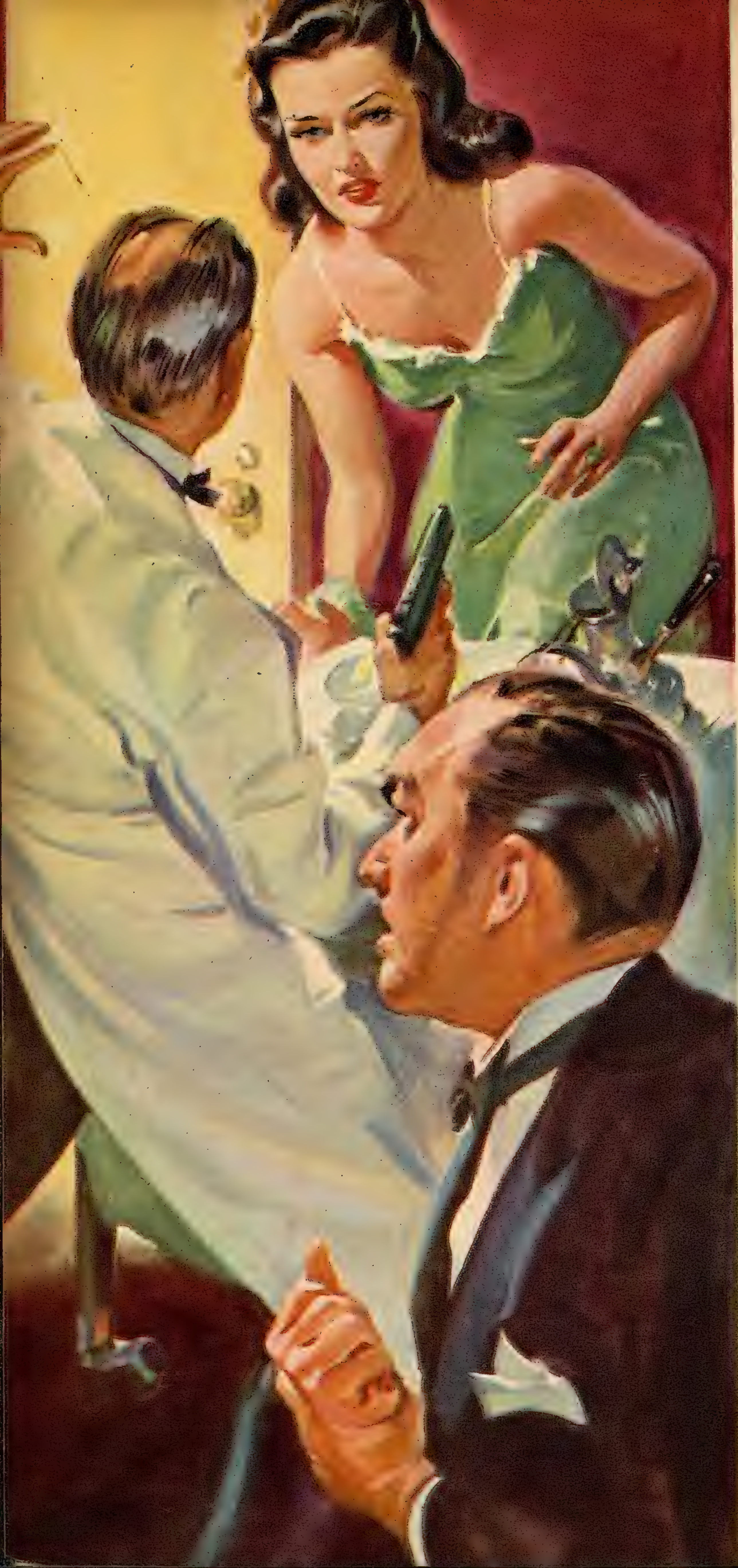
Until after the start of the present war, no one had ever cut a diamond in Cuba. When refugees from Holland and Belgium arrived, they convinced the authorities that if they practiced their trade they would be depriving no Cuban of work. Belgians designed and made the necessary machinery. They were allowed to import rough diamonds from the States, under six months' bond, provided half of their employees were Cuban nationals. As a result there are today eighteen flourishing dia-

(*Continued on page 68*)

of Havana, maintained by American contributions.

PHOTOS FROM JOINT DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE

Diamond cutting. Refugees at work in the only industry open to them in Cuba.



MR. ANGEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

INTO the port of Havana a salvage crew, in charge of Johnny Angel, had brought the Emmaline Quincy of the Gustafson Line. She had been found abandoned, with no clue to what had become of Captain Angel—Johnny's grandfather—and the crew.

Unknown to any one, Ann Wingate, young reporter, had traveled on the Quincy from Dakar, and had succeeded in hiding herself when the ship was abandoned. She was determined not to tell what she knew until she had traced a certain man. So when the ship was docked she mingled with officials and reporters who crowded aboard. She encountered Johnny, and his grief and her secret knowledge made a bond between them. He told her his first task toward clearing up the mystery would be to find Mike Flavin, no-good first mate of the Quincy, one-time rum-runner for Paul and Sam Jewell, ex-gangsters, now proprietors of the Jewel Box night clubs in Buenos Aires and Havana.

Ann escaped from the Quincy and went to the Jewel Box, driving there in "Mr. Celestial" O'Brien's cab. As she entered the club, she was surprised to meet Lilah Partridge, night-club singer and gold digger, married to Gustaf Gustafson, heir to the ship line. Lilah said she had just returned from Buenos Aires with Sam Jewell, whom she introduced to Ann.

Johnny entered the club, and Sam invited him to join their party. When a fellow guest mentioned that Sam's cruiser, the Hornet, was not in her berth, Sam showed displeasure, and Ann, too, was disturbed.

She and Johnny went into the garden. He begged her to tell him what she knew. She was about to answer when she saw a man in a raincoat watching them. The man tried to shoot Johnny. There was a struggle and the man got away. Johnny followed, but again the man escaped. Johnny phoned Ann at the Jewel Box. She told him she was about to leave. He returnd to the Quincy and found Sam Jewell going through old Captain Angel's papers.

PART THREE

THE rough music of Johnny Angel's voice had moved Ann deeply. She didn't immediately turn away from the telephone on Sam Jewell's desk. She wanted to get her emotions sorted out. Lilah was curled up on the wine-colored divan across the room.

Her first impulse, in the garden, had been to take after Johnny, but two French heels and thirteen yards of chartreuse tulle had convinced her that she'd be a total loss before she'd taken three steps in that deluge. She had then caught the gleam of metal lying on the terrace. Relieved on Johnny's account, she had picked up the pistol. It was an automatic, a Colt .38. She had put it inside her dress, the fullness of

Ann fell back with a cry of dismay. Biggsy was waving the pistol at her.

COMES ABOARD

BY CHARLES GORDON BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

which had concealed its bulk. There was a lot of noise going on, and no one appeared to have heard the shot. Her cue, Ann had reflected, was to get back into her own clothes, buy herself a roomful of sleep somewhere, and take the next plane to New York.

She hadn't got anything about Flavin out of Sam Jewell; but she had run into Lilah, a situation pregnant with meaning; there had been the man in the raincoat; and Ricardo had verified Jewell's ownership of the missing Hornet. Ricardo's remark hadn't been news, and Ann was still exasperated with herself for her display of nerves. She wondered uneasily whether Sam Jewell had become suspicious. Certainly the evening had been a profitable one—quite apart from the unsettling circumstance of Mr. Johnny Angel. New York, however, was where she would copper-rivet her conclusions. The sooner she got there the better.

On her way upstairs she had run into Mr. Ricardo. The *heuvos al nido* were getting cold. He would be the most miserable of men if she refused him the sunshine of her presence. Ann had let herself be persuaded.

She was worried about Johnny. Another hour might bring her some word from him. Her shock at seeing that face on the terrace hadn't yet subsided, and wouldn't until she knew that Johnny was safe. Mr. Jewell had gone out, Ricardo had mentioned. Ann had then run upstairs to Sam Jewell's apartment, where her things were. She had decided against putting the pistol in her purse, which might be looked into, should it turn out that the shot had been heard. Slipping the pistol under the cushion of a yellow tapestry armchair near the desk, she had then joined Ricardo and Lilah. Her explanation that Johnny had felt himself obliged to get back to the Quincy had proved acceptable. The *huevos al nido* disposed of, Ann had excused herself on the score of weariness. Lilah had gone up with her. Ann had begun to change when the telephone had rung—and Johnny was safe!

ANN turned now, and Lilah said, "Like him?"

"He's nice." Ann smiled. "But importunate."

"He has lovely shoulders," said Lilah thoughtfully. "You ought to dress him up. He'd be marvelous in a mess jacket."

"You ought to see him in swimming trunks," said Ann recklessly. "He's practically Charles Atlas."

Ann melted into a chair and reached for a stocking. Lilah Gustafson, curled up on the divan, looked like a Persian kitten.

"Drift him in my direction the next time he comes into port," said Lilah.

"Aren't you pretty well occupied?"

"Sam gets oppressive at times."

Ann tethered her stocking. "You have Gustaf."

"Oh, Gusty!" Lilah couldn't have been more explicit in a five-foot bookshelf. "Gusty was an investment."

"I haven't seen him since you were married."

"See him any time you wish," Lilah suggested.

Ann picked up a slipper. "I don't suppose he'd remember me—I only met him twice. What on earth does he do with himself when you aren't around?"

"How should I know? Gusty has his interests—I have mine."

"But aren't you one of his?" Ann wanted to know.

"Oh, definitely!" Lilah dissolved into laughter. "The big milkweed! But he's simply furious about Sam."

Tricked into a trap, Ann finds herself an unwilling captive, while Johnny recovers a clue to the mystery of the ghost ship

"Did he stay in New York while you were gone?"

Lilah shook her head. "In one of his letters he said he was going down to Charlestown, in New Hampshire, to see Miss Drumm, his old nurse—he made quite a point of it. He'd been painting in Maine during September, and would be all of October—he has a cabin up there somewhere." Lilah was amused. "You seem interested. You may have him, if you wish."

Ann zippered her dress. "Personalities always interest me. Didn't something happen, years ago—when Gustaf was a child? Something pretty awful?"

Lilah nodded. "His mother. The family always spent the winters in Cuba—they still have the place on the north coast. Gustaf's mother was drowned, and Gustaf saw it happen. It must have been pretty dismal for him." Lilah uncurled herself, covering a yawn.

"Are you determined to go back to New York tomorrow?" Ann nodded. "More Emmaline Quincy, I suppose. You're marvelous! Give my love to Gusty, if you see him."

Lilah kissed Ann then, and left.

Ann carefully removed Lilah's kiss with a piece of tissue. The removal of the kiss was an unthinking, instinctive act of aversion. Her thoughts were elsewhere. She put on her hat and raincoat, her eyes bright in the mirror. I've got to see Miss Drumm. She did not realize that she had spoken aloud until she heard Isherwood's voice behind her.

"Who is Miss Drumm?"

Ann turned swiftly. The flat-footed silence with which he closed the door and placed his back against it chilled her elation. Her misgivings, which hadn't for a single instant left her since she had come into this place, spiraled sharply upward.

"You're leaving us?" he asked. "Is everything all right?"

Some one heard that shot! she thought. "Of course."

The falcon simile came back into her mind, as he said, "Mr. Angel has already gone, hasn't he?"

"He left about an hour ago."

"While you and he were on the terrace."

"You have all the facts," said Ann. "And now will you please stand away from that door? It's late. I'm tired."

His eyes wandered inscrutably over her face. "One of our kitchen boys heard a shot fired on the terrace while you and Angel were out there." Isherwood displayed a flattened piece of metal between his thumb and forefinger. "I've just dug this out of the wall. Who did the shooting?"

"I haven't anything to tell you," said Ann.

He replied abruptly, "I think you have—plenty."

Ann didn't reply. Lilah's presence had prevented her from transferring the gun from its place of concealment under the tapestry cushion to her purse. She moved toward the chair, casually rested her hand on the back of it. The situation she had got herself into was crystal clear: She knew who had got away with the Quincy loot, and Sam Jewell didn't, but if he had begun to suspect her of harboring the gold-plated, diamond-studded ace, and she expected to get away with it intact, she'd better get her hands on the gun fast!

"WHY did you come here?" Isherwood demanded.

"To see Mr. Jewell about Mr. Flavin of the Emmaline Quincy," Ann said, as if she were surprised at the question. "He used to be one of Mr. Jewell's men—it was the obvious thing to do. Are you going to stand aside from that door, Mr. Isherwood?"

"Not yet." Into his eyes had come a dull sheen, which she took to be the Isherwood smile, and she gathered that her explanation had only amused him. "We have police connections here. Some information has just come in." The sheen went out of his eyes, leaving them expressionless. "The Quincy had a passenger."

Ann had a moment of despair; then she managed to reply boldly, "I was there when Mr. Angel was told."

"Were you on the pier when the Quincy came in?"

"Naturally."

"Sam said he didn't see you."

"I didn't see him, either!" she retorted. "But what of it? It was dark and foggy and crowded."

He nodded, as if he were satisfied, but she knew better. "Did you have a pleasant voyage from Dakar?"

Ann took a deep breath before she answered. "Is this some kind of joke, Mr. Isherwood?"

He disregarded her question. "You weren't on the pier," he said, "for the reason that you were still on the Quincy—they hadn't yet warped her in." He thumbed a newspaper clipping out of his vest pocket. "This story has a Vichy date line. It's about the death of Mr. Arthur Wingate, an authority on tropical fevers, at Dakar, three weeks ago—that would be a day or two before the Quincy sailed. It says you were with your father when he died."

She found it impossible to speak, and his voice took on a pitiless inflection. "What happened after the Quincy left Dakar? Who took the ship? Was it Paul? Or Flavin? Or the Angels? Where's the Hornet?"

She was casting desperately about in her mind for some means of diverting his attention long enough for her to recover the gun when he spoke again.

"You might as well break down now," he said.

"I'd be a fool if I did!" she cried vehemently. "You'd know as much as I do then. And you'd have the trumps instead of me. I intend to keep what I have, Mr. Isherwood, thank you." Words were a sort of refuge from the disorganizing sweep of her fear, and she rushed on tempestuously, "You're unspeakable—Sam Jewell and you! You don't exist! You're out of a book! What you've done—what you've instigated but cannot finish—" She checked herself, then continued with quiet force, "I'm not going to help you finish it, Mr. Isherwood."

His eyelids drooped a little, and he said with a peculiar distinctness, "I think you are." His meaning was clear.

She noticed again the thickness of his wrists, and at the same time the theatrical malevolence of his white cadaverous face ground her spirit down to the quick. "Give me that information now," he went on, "and you'll save yourself a lot of grief."

To gain a little time for herself Ann ran her eyes round the room. It was small and intimate. The Spanish dancer on the wall opposite Sam Jewell's desk wore a malicious smile and little else. There were iron bars at the windows.

She pretended to weaken. "I'd like a little time to think it over," she said distractedly.

"You can have until Sam comes back," said Isherwood.

He was turning to leave when she said hurriedly, "Could I have some coffee sent up, please?" She glanced suggestively toward the telephone. "Would you order it for me?"

AS he walked over to the desk, Ann seated herself in the chair. The desk was between them now. Unobtrusively she slid her hand under the cushion. Her fingers closed around the gun. Isherwood was ordering the coffee, his tone peremptory.

The pistol was proving stubborn. The magazine catch had snagged a loose thread on the under side of the cushion. Ann had to be careful. Isherwood's eyes were on her.

Isherwood took up the phone again. "Has Mr. Jewell returned yet? . . . When he does, ask him to come up."

He tapped down a cigarette, appraising Ann with a cold objectivity that became unbearable to her. He was shaking the match out when she suddenly bounded to her feet, reversing the cushion with her left hand as she did so. One sharp yank freed the gun. Isherwood's chair had crashed over backward. He was coming fast. She wasted a second releasing the safety catch on the gun. Then she whipped it up and around. Isherwood's left hand closed over her wrist. Pain flowed up her arm. His right collided with the gun as she squeezed the trigger.

The report shook the room, and the impact of the slug threw Isherwood back against the desk, a stunned expression on his face. The bullet had plowed across the back of his hand.

Ann shook off the vertigo she felt. "Stay where you are, Mr. Isherwood," she said clearly.

A soggy red patch was forming at his feet. Ann picked up a pair of gold-handled scissors from the desk and snipped the telephone wire. Isherwood's eyes followed her balefully as she backed across the room to get her purse on the table under the mirror. The purse under her arm, she hurried toward the door, facing Isherwood every step of the way. She took the key out of the lock and opened the door. Her hands were shaking and she thought she never would get the key into the outside keyhole. She had just succeeded when Biggsy said:

"I'll take that, miss."

His hand plucked the pistol from her grasp. She fell back against the wall with a cry of dismay. Biggsy backed past her into the room, waving the pistol at her and pulling a tea wagon in after him. He had a mouth like a carp, she noticed through the mist of despair in her eyes.

AWARD TO A FLYER

Remembering how he used to take
such pains
At bathtub crossings of each
cardboard boat,
And how he would experiment with
reins
To master will or whimsey of
his goat,
Recalling all the pucker-browed
precision
That went into the sailing of
a kite—
It seems we should have had exact
prevision
Of all the broadcast told of
him tonight.

—*LUCRETIA PENNY.*

"Shut the door!" said Isherwood harshly. "Lock it!"

"Yes, Mr. Isherwood!" said Biggsy. "Look at your hand! A vixen, ain't she?"

Ann took one step forward from the wall, placed her foot against the bottom rear crosspiece of the tea wagon and shoved hard. The tea wagon bounded into Biggsy's midriff, throwing him off balance. Isherwood had started toward the door, holding his wrist. They collided. She melted out into the corridor and slammed the door shut behind her. Just as Biggsy threw himself bellowing against its heavy panels she turned the key.

Ann ran quickly down the stair into a climactic blare from Chico's drums. The marimba band was splashing on the color harmonies of a conga, and the customers had made a centipede of themselves and were stamping out its rhythms as slaphappy as an Elks' convention. No wonder the shot hadn't been heard!

Outside, a waning moon looked blandly down on old Havana. Mr. Celestial saw her coming, and hurried to open the door of his cab. She cried breathlessly:

"Mr. Celestial, you old peach, you! I want a quiet hotel, and nothing ultra, please!"

"Such an establishment, señorita," he said seriously, "is the hotel of my cousins, Antonio and Consolacion—the Pico, on Calle Obispo." He helped her into the cab.

Ann succumbed to the fragrance of violets.

THE man in the raincoat had never been quite real to Johnny Angel, and the encounter had given no clue to his personality. But Sam Jewell going through Captain Angel's desk was real enough. There was nothing shadowy about Jewell. Johnny believed in every bit of him, in his blocky figure and his dashing vitality, and he hated him with all the muscular fortitude of which he was capable.

A faded pink ribbon lay on his grandfather's teak desk. Johnny recognized it, as he also did the dog-eared packet of letters in Sam Jewell's chunky hand. The letters were from Annabel Wingate, whom Johnny's grandfather had been fond of in the '90s, or whenever. His instinct was to go in and take Sam Jewell apart, but he remembered in time that if Jewell was here looking for information he'd better find out exactly what kind.

Jewell was taken aback only for a moment. Laughing, he dropped the letters into a pocket of his trench coat. "I didn't expect you yet." He placed one of his dollar cigars between his teeth. Johnny set his back against the door and Jewell took in his banged-up appearance. "Something run over you?"

"How did you get past that copper out there?" Johnny said.

"I've been getting past coppers all my life." Jewell scraped a match alight on the polished teak, and Johnny added that to the debit side, along with Annabel Wingate's letters. They stacked up small under the Emmaline Quincy entry, but they had a peculiar quality of their own. Jewell shrugged off his trench coat, laid it on the table, and settled down into the button-back. "Make yourself comfortable," he said.

"Thanks," said Johnny. "I'll stay right here. Find what you were looking for?"

"What do you think I was looking for?"

"Mister Mike Flavin," Johnny suggested.

"I'm worried about Mike," Jewell said.

"You're worried," said Johnny harshly, "and maybe you're worried about Mike Flavin, but not because you love him. You're worried because something worth a lot of dollars was lifted off the Quincy. A power cruiser did the lifting—and you know what it lifted. After that—" Johnny frowned thoughtfully.

"After what?" Jewell drawled, and waited.

"After that," said Johnny, "I don't think you know. If you did, you wouldn't be here looking for information. I've an idea somebody put the finger on you, Jewell. Who, you don't know. Flavin, maybe. My grandfather, maybe. You aren't sure. You've got to be sure. If it was my grandfather, that lets me in, too."

"Evidence?" Jewell wanted to know.

"Let's talk about motive," said Johnny. "Blonde upkeep is expensive.

(Continued on page 48)

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

TO ALL HANDS

An Amphibious Adventure by

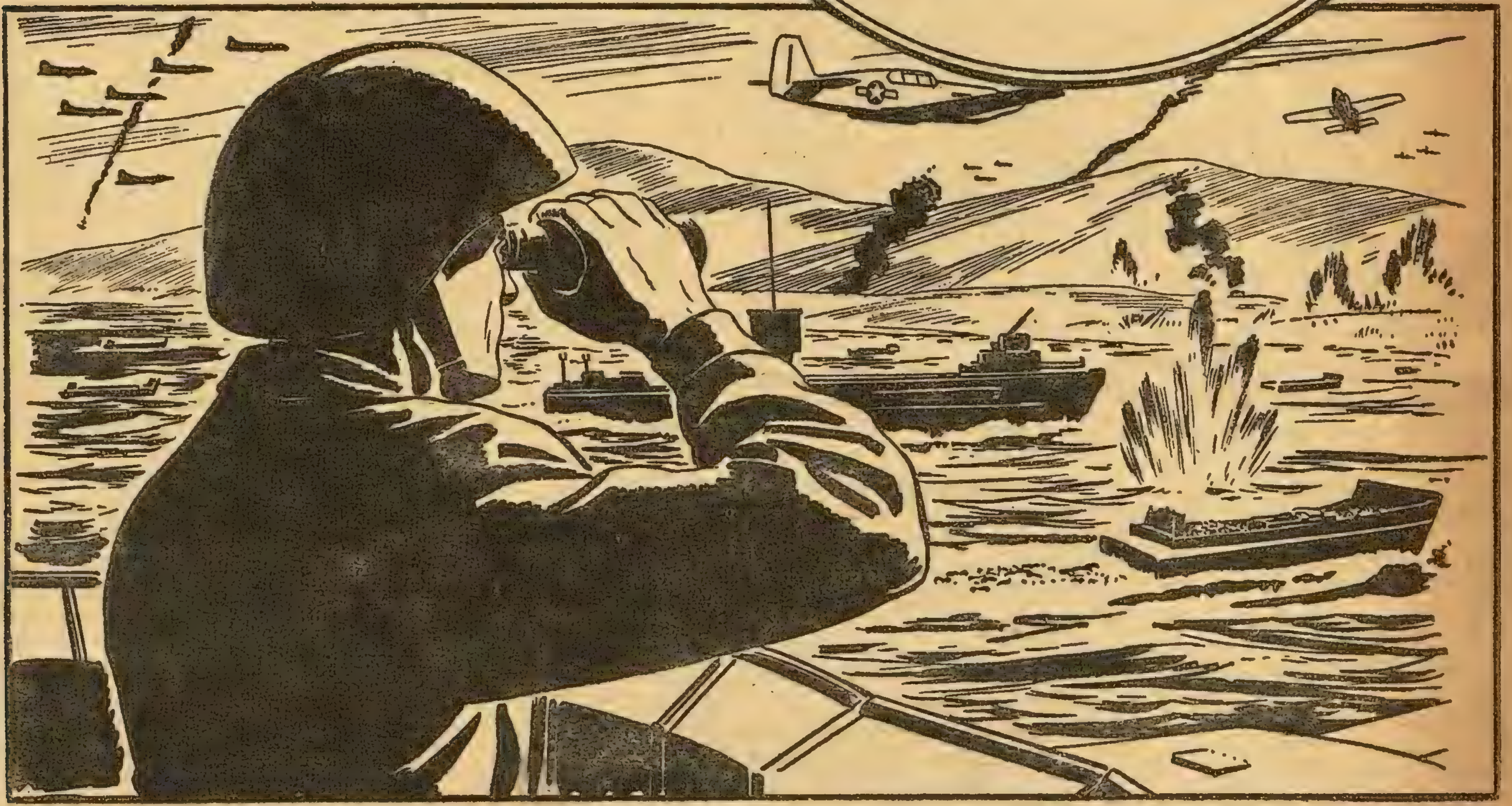
JOHN MASON BROWN

John Mason Brown, ex-drama critic, now Navy lieutenant, was aboard one of the ships that sailed in a convoy bound for North Africa, Sicily, and invasion.

His job was to act as "eyes" for the men on the ship whose stations kept them from seeing what happened abovedeck – Lieutenant Brown was to see and to report by ship broadcasts.

This book is a compilation of those broadcasts, a running account of one of this war's great adventures.

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD LOOMIS



"This Is a Democratic War"

THIS is an invasion story which has behind it a story of its own—a story which must be told first because it explains the form and purpose of these pages. They were not meant to be read except by me, and then out loud over a public-address system at sea.

Unlike most war writing done during wartime, these pages were not aimed at those away from the scene of action. They were written to be spoken as parts of daily broadcasts to the 1,500 soldiers and sailors on the flagship of the U. S. Atlantic Fleet's Amphibious Force when this Force was heading to and from what turned out to be Sicily. The broadcasts were not even my idea. It was Rear Admiral Alan G. Kirk who thought of them. More accurately, it was he who ordered them.

Our task force was two days out from America when the admiral summoned me to the bridge.

"I want to talk to you about your battle station," said he. "You may have seen that you are listed as bridge announcer. This means that I want you to be up here on the bridge during the action and report it play by play to the men below. Only one man out of ten, you know, on a modern ship in combat can see what is going on. I want you to do their seeing for them. After all, this is a democratic war, and I believe that men who are willing to give their lives for democracy have the right to be included in what's going on. Including them will be one of your duties. For practice, suppose you start this afternoon by broadcasting to the ship on the formation convoy."

That was the beginning of these talks.

Needless to say, during the night of the invasion there was no manuscript to read from. The writing was being done all around us by the quivering aurora borealis of our tracer bullets, by the roar of guns, bombs, and planes, and by the midday brightness of self-perpetuating German flares which, when released from Messerschmitts,

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dislodged the night's blackness and hung above or near us for twenty fearsome minutes at a time, like street lamps having full-grown babies.

During these hours it was just a matter of feeling my way down from the admiral's uncovered bridge; of stumbling into the stuffy darkness of the darkened chartroom off the navigation bridge below; of shutting the door if the chartroom happened to be free, or of finding some "studio" space on the floor of a near-by passageway if it were not; of reaching for the small round microphone with its trailing cable; of extracting a notebook from the girdle of my life belt; of turning a flashlight, cupped in my hands, on the jottings scribbled across this notebook's pages in the blackness above; of freeing my head from the ache-provoking weight of one of our double-boiler steel helmets; and, after a quick intake of breath and stock, of reporting extemporaneously what was happening topside between eleven thirty at night and eight in the morning. Plenty was. So it was not hard to find something to talk about for a few minutes before scrambling up to the bridge again, retriever-wise, for more news and more impressions. The unwritten broadcasts of that invasion night I have approximated here as faithfully as possible from the scrawls in my notebook. It was a night which is hard to forget.

There is more, however, to an amphibious assault than the invasion night. There is more than even the months of rugged training which precede that night. From the Navy's standpoint, there is also the getting over to and the getting back from the beaches to be taken. This is where words come in, because they can feed that hunger for news, and for other staples besides news, which cannot anywhere be more acute than it is among men who are headed for what and where they do not know, on a vessel invasion-bound across an ocean at war.

A ship at sea is always a world apart, with no drawbridge to lower and the ocean serving as its limitless moat. In wartime this world grows in isolation—and in intensity or boredom. The ships closest at hand in a convoy seem far away. One gets to know their outlines, almost to sense their personalities. Their physical presence is reassuring. But, though they travel with you in a group and are in constant communication with your bridge, to those having no official business with them these ships remain as uncommunicative as mutes. Their only talk is shoptalk, tersely transmitted in code to those in the know. To those not in the know, to men segregated and lonely in spite of their numbers, a hoisted pennant, a blinking light, or an answering horn may—when noted from a respectful distance—be better than no communication at all, but it can still leave a lot unsaid. The pages which follow were written in the hope of getting some of this said.

My hope, when writing these talks, was to have them speak for the flagship to which they were addressed; to have them serve us on that ship as a diary of the day's happenings; to have them articulate our altering moods and interests, and hence in a sense reflect our changing needs. The concern of these pages is, therefore, the going across to a battle and the coming home from one, no less than the engagement itself. We were gone just a little under two months, though we were off Sicily for only three nights and three days. That leaves a lot of time to be accounted for; a lot of feelings, too; and impressions.

Our ship was not called the Spelvin. Security demands that she have a passion for anonymity as great as was her fondness for gray paint. If Spelvin is what she has been rechristened, it is because, as every playgoer knows, George Spelvin is that name always to be found on theater programs when a performer is "doubling" and does not want to have his identity revealed.

Rereading, cutting, and editing these broadcasts while in the process of separating them into chapters, I have been surprised to see how large little occurrences loomed to all of us during the first days. These minor happenings did not seem minor then. They wouldn't now if at present I were at sea. The sea has values of its own, and on a ship in a convoy on the Atlantic in wartime *everything* is suspect. Now that the round trip is completed and I know nothing happened to us, it is hard for me to recapture the suspense of those days when anything might have happened.

Mention of this book reminds me that its subtitle is An Amphibious Adventure. Few war books written by adults have the right to a word so rich in pleasure as "adventure." This one would not have, except for the fact that, as Admiral Kirk told the correspondents in Washington, "we were damned lucky." We faced the threats of war, the sights and sounds of war, its possibilities, its tension, its suspense and dangers. But on the big ship in our task force we were largely spared its horrors. Considering the size of our force, our casualties were incredibly small.

This leads me to the question of how it feels to be in battle. No one could be less courageous than I am and have less of the hero or even the warrior in his make-up. I expected to be scared to death, and probably will be next time. Instead, I felt a strange exhilaration—the kind of foolish desire to laugh at danger which roller-coaster addicts know when the car is poised at the top of the first and steepest drop. Not that I was unaware of what might happen momentarily and did not dread it. But I found this danger, when so much faith and hope were involved, a heady stimulant. The pleasure I felt in being *there* was greater than any nervousness I knew.

All of us, I think, felt this, even at the worst moments, even when the flak was plentiful, the planes were overhead, and the German flares and bombs were dropping. We would not have changed places with any one. We were a mixed group: some 300 officers and 1,200 men, mainly from New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio, but with almost every state represented and Pearl Harbor and the Philippines accounted for. There were men who were professional soldiers and sailors. There were farm boys and college graduates. There were lawyers, brewery distributors, millworkers, tool designers, upholsterers, steelworkers, aircraft mechanics, printers, schoolteachers, foremen, molders, ship fitters, foresters, journalists, sheriffs, cooks, and glassworkers. All of them were in uniform, all of them there for the same proud reasons, facing the same ocean, loathing the same enemy, and headed for the same anchorage off southern Sicily.

There is only one rule for interesting people that I know of—and even it, alas, is not infallible—and this is to say to them as well as you can what interests you. In my role of a water-soaked Woollcott, a sea-swept Pepys, it was my hope to amuse and my duty to try to interest all these men. Now, in the pages which follow, are the broadcasts through which I tried to do this.

1. From the Bridge. A ship has farseeing eyes. It can see with the binoculars of lookouts and officers. It is always on the lookout, by day and by night, scanning the horizon for reasons you can guess. Yet the fact remains that only one man out of ten on a ship in combat can see the battle in which all ten men are actively engaged.

This is why I am here—to see for those on the Spelvin so stationed that they cannot see what is going on and what may vitally concern them.

Take for example the present moment. We are *not* in

That Town where we were stationed. To some of us this alone seems already half the battle. We have left America. We are at sea. The break from home has been made. In convoy formation we are zigzagging our way for protection across the Atlantic. We are making several hundred sea miles a day. Tomorrow morning the heat we feel will be added to by the Gulf Stream.

Watch the sea by day and you will find clumps of seaweed floating by in it, and flying fish. By night, if you happen to observe it after lights, phosphorus will lighten the ocean. These are other indications of the Gulf Stream. So is the deep, deep blue of the water just now.

Until we reached the channel's end we traveled single file. When next you come above, you will see that the ships we convoy are divided into columns which we lead and abreast of which, on the port and starboard sides, are cruisers. Each of these columns is several ships deep. Trailing them is another cruiser, and screening this convoy are destroyers—lots of them—some far ahead, serving as pickets, others protecting the flanks, others the rear.

That is our present position. Or, to be more technical, that is our cruising disposition. The interval between ships is several hundred yards; the interval dividing the columns is about twice that.

With us we have oilers, amphibious supply ships, one seagoing tug, and over a dozen troopships.

We have excellent air coverage. Some of you may have noticed the Navy blimps which followed us out last night, and seen or heard today the planes dispatched for patrol duty from our attending cruisers. Other land-based planes will soon be supporting us. We are on our way.

2. **Will You Tell Me Where?** You must have noticed how at irregular intervals the Spelvin and her attending ships change their course; how we go darting first to one side and then to the other, like a well regimented school of whales. Be reassured. We are not suffering from gyroscopic difficulties. This careening is not due to high spirits, uncertainty, or even sunstroke on the part of the pilot. It is a maneuver, moreover, which is capable of some fifty-seven Heinz-like variations.

Obviously, this steady advancing, even this drunken zigzagging, leads somewhere. But where? Precisely where? It is our duty to keep Hitler guessing. By Hitler I mean his submarine commanders too, should one of these just happen to introduce us to a new vertical course. We can all see the need for this much secrecy.

You who are going, however, must want to know where you are going. This much I know; this much I have permission to divulge. We are not headed for either of the Dakotas or for the Indian or Pacific Oceans. Before too many days or weeks we should see friendly airplanes sent out from the Old World to protect us, even as today those who have been topside have been seeing airplanes dispatched from the New World for the same reason. But where in the Old World are we headed? For the present at least, this must remain a secret. So let us be patient in our suspense. We will know in the war's good time.

3. **Every Living Creature.** On a transport once there was a colored boy making his first ocean voyage. On the second day out he rushed up on deck to survey his ship's progress. All he saw was the same stretch of rolling ocean that had amazed him the day before. "Lordy me!" he cried. "Sumpin' sho must be wrong. After all dat tootin' of de horn and dat huffin' of de engines, heah we is just exactly where we wuz yestertiddy."

Don't be deceived by appearances. The good news for today is that we are approximately 1,000 miles from That Town, which not only marks progress but several steps forward in the right direction.

Last night the destroyer ahead of us sent us a message which, as relayed to Captain Mather, read, "Injun whale sighted to starboard." Now, an Injun whale—Cherokee, Algonquin, or Ojibway—being a member of the Moby Dick clan that Captain Mather in all his wide experience had never seen, the good captain expressed his eagerness to meet up with one. But the whale, ill-fated enough to have had submarines built in his image, was never sighted, at least by the Spelvin. The pilot who spotted him was taking no chances. The whale, as many another whale must have done since the war's beginning, gave his life for democracy. He was just another innocent bystander. Sad as his plight is, we cannot blubber over him. We have other amphibians to think of. A live convoy is better than a dead whale.

Toward eleven o'clock this morning the soldiers sunbathing on the forecastle were rudely awakened by the hot music of our guns. One by one around the ship, our guns spoke their pieces like angry lawyers at a trial, but only in the spirit of rehearsal.

Today the Spelvin was pushing forward through dark blue water strewn with what look like storefuls of bathtub sponges but what are really algae, such as assemble in the Sargasso Sea. But where was the Spelvin pushing? Again that question, that agitating question.

Do you remember that proudly jutting rock which has so long served the Prudential Life Insurance Company as its advertising symbol? The rock was, of course, Gibraltar—or "Gib," as the English familiarly call it. We are headed toward that rock as surely as the Pilgrims were headed for another and infinitely smaller stone of equal historical significance. As for what comes thereafter, we do not yet know. Gibraltar still leaves us with a lot of Rand McNally to choose from.

4. **Salute to One Man.** Between six and seven last evening, when the sunset was in its full brilliance, a war drama—touching, encouraging, ironic, and peculiarly American—was enacted off our starboard side.

There it was, at least, that the principal performer could be found. He had not asked to be starred. Yet in his honor this whole task force slowed down; slowed down on their grim errand of war and conquest; slowed down as a merciful salute to one man. For twenty-five minutes they crawled along, while men lined the rails to look anxiously at the dot which, from a distance, was this unknown man.

On the navigation bridge, the signal bridge, and on the admiral's bridge binoculars were trained with apprehension on the transport behind us and on the destroyer which bobbed alongside her even in a table-smooth sea. More particularly, what every one on the Spelvin's deck and on the decks of other vessels within the range of vision was watching breathlessly was the slim line which united the transport with the destroyer—this slim line and the man who was to cross on it.

He had done no act of exceptional valor, this man upon whom Admiral Kirk's glasses were tensely focused. He was, at least as yet, no hero fresh from feats of daring. He was merely a victim of misfortune: a man on a destroyer whose appendix was misbehaving badly and who was being rushed to a transport's sick bay for treatment and perhaps an operation. In plain civilian terms, he was an emergency case.

The tension grew when on this slim line the Stokes stretcher first wavered into view. Over the lifeboat, waiting in readiness below, the stretcher swayed and spiraled like a kite in the wind. Then, after being tested while empty, the stretcher was pulled back to the destroyer for its patient. When next it set out with the man—the unknown man—in it, it moved slowly, steadily to the security offered by the transport. A few minutes later the destroyer was headed back to her usual station. Then all these ships, these cruisers, and the two other destroyers were once again moving forward to the unsentimental—certainly the inconsiderate—business of war.

Three weeks hence no single casualty, nor many casualties, either will or can halt this force. But, until actually engaged by the enemy, every one of us must have been encouraged by this care taken of us all, and by being reminded that, as Americans at war, we carry our decencies with us. Something tells me with shuddering certainty that, had the same thing happened in the German or the Japanese Navy, the operative case—the unknown man—whose only misdeed and distinction was to have been seriously ill, would not have received the same consideration. I suspect that for the sin of being human he would have been left to the mercy of the sea.

P.S. A recent message from the transport reveals that the patient received yesterday was S. E. Hodge, ship's cook third class. His condition is reported excellent.

5. Seagoing Stogies. There is scarcely a man or woman in the United States who has not a gypsy's assurance about future events and who does not treat international affairs as if they were so many tea leaves collected at the bottom of his or her particular cup. So, without Major George Fielding Eliot's permission, let me borrow his dark glasses and tell you what the immediate future holds for all of us.

My theme is the submarine. I mean the German submarine, more affectionately known as the U-boat. The submarine, you must admit, has grown in interest for each one of us since we left port. He is a strange underwater denizen, this seagoing stogie, this oil-lapping mammal, this man-filled steel whale. Rumor has it that he grows hungriest at dawn and dusk. Then it is that those thyroidal eyes of his are most apt to bulge above the ocean, scanning the horizon for food.

Now to my prophecy, which is so safe as to be cowardly. Until we drop anchor, you may be certain that more submarines will be sighted by us than the Germans and Italians have ever dreamed of producing. Let a shark raise a fin, let a whale flap his tail, let a streak of oil be spotted in the distance, let five men forgather near the rail merely to shoot the breeze, and—presto!—a submarine will have been spawned, if not seen.

There will be both sense and necessity in this profusion of false alarms. We are at war, never forget, upon an ocean which is also at war. Our eyes—the eyes of every one of us—are the ship's eyes. Our need is to use our eyes for the ship's safety—and also, for the safety of the ship and the task force, to control our tongues after we have reported to the proper authorities what we may think that we have seen.

There is no sense mincing matters. We are in a danger zone. The Germans have not, so far, called all their submarines home. We are strongly protected and escorted. Our duty is not to be anxious but to be on the alert. The simple facts of our submarine "encounters" up to the present moment are these. Last night there were reports —reports, please note—of three "contacts" with submarines from our far-flung picket line of destroyers. At seven o'clock in the evening a destroyer on our port side, having reported such a contact, broke away from the line and moved far out to drop depth charges. Remember, however, that these three reported contacts were unconfirmed. But do not forget that we are at war; that general quarters are neither the bores nor the chores they may seem to those who would like and may need more sleep than we get. They may be matters of life and death.

This brings me to a sorrowful announcement. Yesterday morning an OS-2-U left one of our cruisers at ten o'clock to patrol the Atlantic in our interest. The plane failed to return when due at 2 P. M. By 3.15 P. M. three destroyers and four other planes had been sent in search of the missing flyers. It was from this search that two of the planes came back to another of our cruisers shortly before the sun set at eight fifty-seven. After wide circling, the destroyers returned to the line at three five this morning. The report, I regret to state, was what had to be described as a "futile search." At four this afternoon Father Ballinger celebrated mass for the missing flyers on the quarterdeck. However, all hope for them is not yet abandoned. The weather is in their favor. So is the continued smoothness of the sea.

6. Dirty Linen. At seven thirty-five last night a destroyer off our port bow reported a "contact." Once again the peace of the twilight after-dinner hours was abruptly disturbed by the giant's snoring of the horn and the hurried raising of bright signal flags. Whereupon, like a school of dolphins executing a left oblique, but not in the spirit of play, the convoy followed us in executing a sharp 45-degree emergency turn to port. At 8.55 P. M., because of what was reported as an "active contact" and with the same wind instrument for music, we wheeled with equal violence to starboard. Other emergency turns sent us lurching like straphangers at 11.28 P. M. and 11.33 P. M.

From the time we responded to the bugler's Pied Pipings at 5.45 A. M. this morning until the present moment, the day has been as placid as a southern cruise.

If the weather really interests you—and to sailors the weather ought to be even more interesting than it is to elevator men back home—a slight rain fell this morning when most of us were, as usual, struggling to hold our tempers after general quarters in that interminable daily wait for breakfast. Until after luncheon the ocean proceeded to abandon Union blue for Confederate gray.

Mention of water, fresh or salt, brings me to the laundry. It's quite a laundry we have on board, and the men who work in it work hard and in terrific heat. But as yet they have not perfected the science of sending your best khaki shirt through the wringer so that it does not come back looking like a cross between the face of a Halloween witch and a shrunken apple for which no one in his right senses would bob. I gather our laundrymen do not believe in private property. They seem to think a community should pool its resources. Send them your laundry, and ten to one some one else will get a sock of yours. Not two socks at a time; just one. These soapsuds artists have a way of treating our clothes as if they thought we had contributed them to the Community Chest.

They keep us clean, however, even if we are left pantless, sockless, blouseless, and shirtless; and even if overnight they promote us or demote us. Due to their incessant warfare on dirt, we can at least thank them for sparing us the gestures of that Southern belle who furnished Ogden Nash with a limerick:

There was a young belle of old Natchez
Whose garments were always in patches.
　When comment arose
　On the state of her clothes
She drawled, "When Ah itches, Ah scratches."

7. Tug o' War. Today, as the sea roughens and some aboard even so commodious and comfortable a ship as the Spelvin weaken, it seems appropriate for us to salute those confined in the smaller vessels of our convoy, which are bucking like schizophrenic broncos. Every one knows what I mean who, through glasses, has watched the destroyers can-canning on the billows, or who this morning after breakfast saw that mail-bearing destroyer come alongside, rolling, pitching, lunging, and in general being as balky as the bridegroom of a shotgun wedding on his marriage day.

The destroyers, though they toss like cookies, were meant to be seagoing. They may lack a sense of balance, yet plainly they have power. The cruisers were born to serve as chamberlains at Neptune's court. And the transports, though heavily laden with human cargo and dipping from time to time like chunky dowagers attempting to complete a curtsy, were after all intended to put the land behind them.

There is, however, one small valiant Pekingese along with these larger sea dogs policing the Germans, for whom most of us have developed a special fondness. A special admiration, too. I am speaking of the Bambino, that tiny resolute tug which brings up the rear of the column of four ships on the port flank of our convoy.

She is listed as a seagoing tug, though I doubt if the men who made her ever planned to take her themselves on many voyages at sea. And seagoing, and seaworthy, the Bambino has proven herself to be, as she has huffed and puffed along in her brave race to keep with her biggers.

I hear that sometimes she has been gently prodded; barked at from our bridge; barked at possessively as a sheep about to drop behind the fold is barked at by a collie. She has been told she must quicken her pace; step on it; keep up.

The Bambino has listened to these warnings, tired though she may have been. She has chugged and churned ahead, and obeyed, regardless of the pain it cost her. She knows, of course, that the laggard in a convoy has a tough time of it. A convoy cannot wait for a sluggard. It must keep on going. The ship which for one reason or another drops out does so at its own risk and must go back alone.

But since we left That Town—perhaps with this as her unchallengeable incentive—the Bambino has kept up with the largest and the stoutest of our ships. If the Spelvin recently has gotten her nose wet, think how damp—how permanently damp—the nose of the Bambino must have been. She is about one thirteenth our size. Not only her Diesel-electric engines but her crew of fifty-five must have been hard driven and sleepless all these days and nights when some of us aboard the Spelvin have been pitying ourselves.

Scuttlebutt has it that the skipper of the Bambino is a J. G. who, during the crossing, has received what the barkeeps know as a full lieutenancy. Whether true or not, this is the kind of story which ought to be true. Come to think of it, the stout little Bambino can perhaps best be praised in those words which form the epitaph of Brigham Young, of all people. For, believe it or not, on Brigham Young's tombstone can be found the following amazing, if indisputable, statement: "Here lies Brigham Young—a man of high courage and fine equipment."

Sometime tomorrow and the next day the Bambino and all the rest of the convoy, except the cruiser and the two destroyers which left us on a hush-hush mission this morning, will be passing the Canary Islands, though probably not within seeing distance. A hint as to the whereabouts of the Canary Islands will give you some notion of our approximate position tomorrow. The Canaries—I mean the islands—are 600 miles from Dakar, 681 miles from Gibraltar, 774 miles from the Azores, 2,453 miles from Natal, 2,565 miles from Bermuda, 2,965 miles, alas, from New York, and, best of all, 3,130 miles from That Town.

8. Proof through the Night. Last night began as a quiet evening. The ocean seemed at peace with the world. The sunset was one of those virtuoso affairs, spectacular enough to make men humble and contemplative.

Quite a few men were lolling on the decks with books open, living in those private worlds into the hearts of which books run special trains. The usual tinny songs of the Gay Nineties and wheezy radio transcriptions of Camp Show programs were muffling conversation by being trumpeted from the small victrola on the after end of the boat deck. Some of the steward's mates down near the fantail were strutting their stuff while others beat time with their hands. In spite of the victrola, a boy, snug at the bottom of a boat swung just off starboard midships and almost hidden in the blanket in which he had wrapped himself, was sleeping the sleep of the just.

Then suddenly Olsen and Johnson took over. Then suddenly the serenity of another day's end changed into Hellzapoppin.

The Spelvin's horn—that horn, that anthology of dissonances, that convention hall of deafening grunts, that lady frog's dream of what a bull frog's mating call should be, that groan of groans, that bleat of bleats and blast of blasts—that horn suddenly cleared its throat. When it released its first shriek, it was a cry of anger; startled, shrill, disconcerted. Thereafter it continued screaming like a giantess about to lose her honor.

Those who at first did not look up from their books, thinking that the horn was just letting off steam—as men and horns will—felt the Spelvin quake mildly, sympathetically, unmistakably, and then wondered what had happened. Those who were peering over the starboard rails did not have to ask any questions. They had seen the fountains hurled skyward by the depth charges dropped by a forward destroyer. They had also seen another destroyer swing round pugnaciously and close in on the rumored prey like a dog cornering a rat.

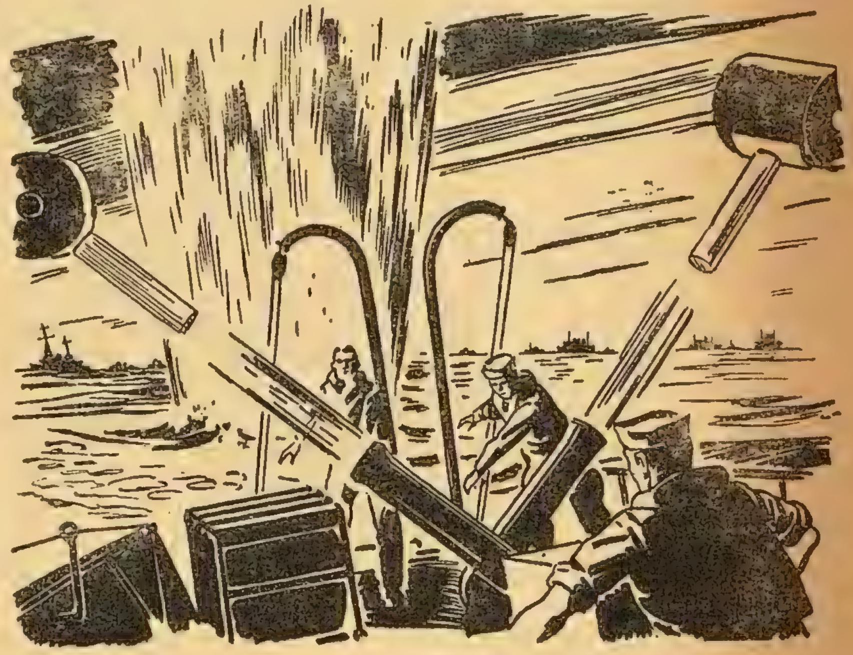
Meanwhile things began to hum on the bridge, where the first reports had come of a contact some 1,000 yards away. The admiral, General McLain, the chief of staff, and Captain Mather, their dinner just begun and quickly abandoned, had hurried up the ladders. Meanwhile flags fluttered upward from the signal bridge like frightened pigeons. And the horn continued its croakings.

Meanwhile, too, one of our cruisers had cut rapidly across our bow because of the shift in positions brought about by the swift 45-degree turns the convoy had been executing, and a second cruiser had mobilized for action. Our gun crews, having manned the 5-inch guns fore and aft, hopefully began to sweep the reported danger zone. While the admiral, bareheaded, calm, continued to give his orders, the convoy had changed its course, lining up to port and steaming ahead.

As if all this were not excitement enough—this prompt response to an alarm which must now be set down only as an alarm—the next ring of the three-ring circus went into action.

Two planes from one of our cruisers were due to return. The motors of the first of these could be heard winging homeward. The plane grew from a pinhead in distant clouds over our bow into an SOC above us. Circling over the Spelvin, it completed its turn neatly in its cruiser's wake some distance from her square stern and settled on the water with a considerable splash and a good deal of bobbing.

Then the plane tried to taxi within reach of the waiting crane. It had almost reached its goal when its engines conked, as engines will. Little by little the plane slipped astern of the cruiser, wobbling on the waves, growing smaller and smaller and drifting nearer and nearer to the path of the oncoming transports.



A destroyer steamed up to the stalled plane to offer assistance, while the convoy pushed forward, overtaking and narrowly passing both the plane and the destroyer. The mother cruiser had no choice than to steam ahead for a while. It was waiting for its second plane, which appeared almost at once and was soon secured. Thereafter the cruiser dropped back and out of sight in the thickening dusk to join the destroyer and the plane, which could no longer be seen. But by 8 P. M. she and the destroyer had rejoined the convoy with both her plane and its flyers safely aboard.

Now for the third ring of this three-ring circus, which turned the hour between 7.30 P. M. and 8.30 P. M. into what even the Brothers Ringling would have to salute as a crowded hour. Our second cruiser, the one which had cut across our bow, had scarcely crossed back to her port position when a destroyer came alongside to transfer to her the third appendicitis victim to have been swung across a line on a Stokes stretcher since this task force set out from That Town.

The boy tucked up in a blanket in the landing boat was seen to move once during all this horn-blasting and commotion. If it is not too un-Navy to say so, he shifted from his left side to his right. But his eyes never opened and his sleep was not disturbed.

At 4.28 P. M. this afternoon even those in their sacks, taking — and needing — their beauty sleep between watches, must have heard the rumblings abdominal from our horn and felt us make another sharp emergency turn when an alarm was sounded from a destroyer on the convoy's starboard quarter. Three ashcans, or depth charges, were subsequently dropped, and their vibrations could be felt internally, by which I do not mean merely inside the Spelvin.

At eight this morning another excitement quickened the pulse of those on the Spelvin and on all attending ships. It was provoked by a single piece of paper; by a dispatch sent out last night to all vessels in this task force. This simple dispatch, which will relieve so many aching backs, in addition to reducing soapsuds, brush strokes, and oaths uncountable, merely stated that henceforth dungarees instead of "whites"—clean dungarees, mind you—can be worn openly and without fear of correction by all enlisted men except the mess boys when on duty. In other words, enlisted men no longer have to look before sitting down or blush after having done so. No complaints from the enlisted men have so far been registered.

One other all-important item of news. A bird was sighted today skimming over the water and occasionally landing on it. Birds, of course, mean approaching land. So do planes. Our demon spotters, our Sister Annes of the air, were heartened today, as were many others, to locate a patrolling Liberator at about seven thirty this morning and a Catalina some three hours later. Why these land-based couriers when only water is visible? At noon today we were about 176 miles south of Madeira and about 600 miles from Gibraltar.

Our date with the Old World draws nearer.

9. Black Rock, Blue Water. Quite a day, as even Mrs. Roosevelt would have to admit! We have spied the Atlas Mountains and the Dark Continent hidden behind hot early-morning clouds. Cape Spartel, the Bay of Tangier, and the city of Tangier, one by one, have slipped within our vision. We have come within thinking distance of Cape Trafalgar and those near-by waters where Lord Nelson aboard the Victory helped to change the course of history, and where another dictator—Napoleon—saw his dreams of conquest shrink.

We have sailed over those narrows, now known as the Straits of Gibraltar, which in prehistoric times were dry land. We have edged past Point Tarifa, where the Moors imposed levies upon foreign merchants and from which that good old Republican word—tariff—is derived.

We have had a long, memorable view of Gibraltar. We have seen that rock of empire rising from the sea with its series of Great Stone Faces seemingly superimposed one above the other. Gibraltar has today resisted the siege of our curious naked eyes, and of our binoculars, too. She has kept her secrets and kept us guessing as to the series of hidden fortifications which eat like termites into her limestone body to give it power. Gibraltar has risen to our port side, a British sphinx at the base of Spain; the Mediterranean's open sesame; and a guaranty of our safe passage into the new-old waters and the new-old world which for most of us lie ahead.

Yes, gentlemen, quite a day, with more men to be seen crowding the Spelvin's decks than any one had suspected were aboard. A full house, a bulging house, with the Standing Room Only sign put out. And the beginning of a new chapter for us all.

We have been less than Noah's time at sea. Yet these many days were a long pull, especially in wartime. Some aboard the Spelvin were undoubtedly as cheered by glimpsing the Atlas Mountains this morning as the Ark's zoo keeper and skipper must have been when his water-wearied eyes spotted Mount Ararat.

While we have been crossing, enemy submarines have been patrolling the Atlantic singly or in marauding packs. If the Nazis had had their way, they would have greeted us warmly. It is our high good fortune that we missed their welcoming committees. And these committees were lucky to miss us. We have had our alarms, and plenty of them, as the Spelvin's horn can testify. But, as Captain Mather puts it, we have managed to make an end run around such U-boats as may have been looking for us. And some have been.

Our appointment with geography should take us tomorrow morning toward ——. Of course you have guessed. Scuttlebutt has long since filled in the blank. Our appointment with geography should—I say *should*—take us tomorrow morning to a North African port.

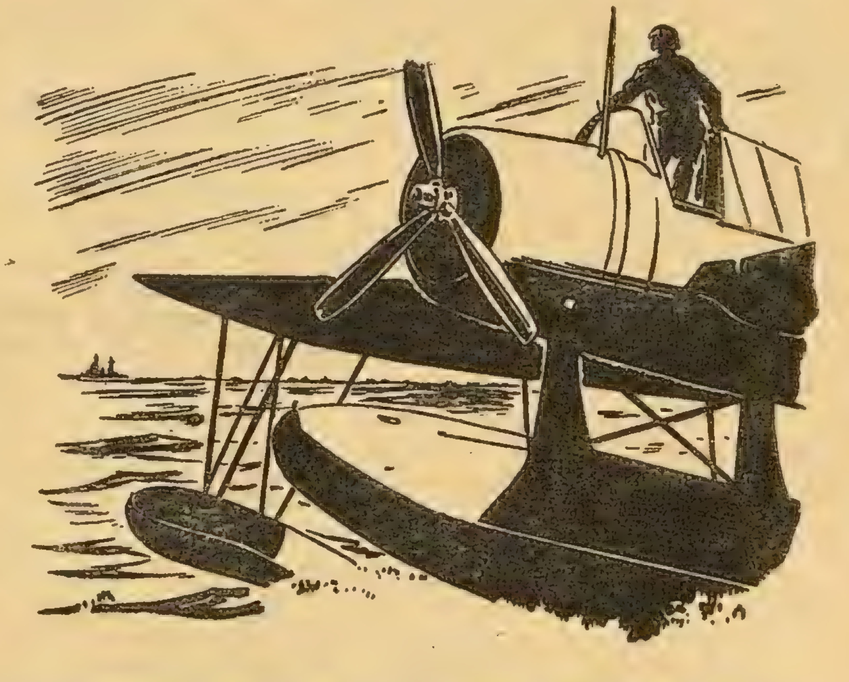
There has been a very valid reason for withholding the announcement of our first (mark you, our first) destination. Something could easily have happened to us on the way over. If that something had happened, if any of us, as survivors, had been picked up by a U-boat and cross-examined as only the Germans can cross-examine their prisoners, our knowledge of our destination would only have made things harder for us—for all of us and the waiting force we are to join.

Among prisoners of war there is always a percentage of men who break down under the agony of cross-examination and tell everything they know. It stands to reason that what men do not know they cannot tell. Hence, in the interest of security rather than of secrecy (more accurately, in the interest of your own possible well-being), rumors as to where we were going have been neither denied nor confirmed. But now that you are in on this secret, we ask you to guard it jealously—just in case, you understand, just in case. . . .

10. All the Perfumes. Exactly eight days ago, having given Gibraltar a respectful gander and been gaped at ourselves by Hitler only knows how many enemy peepers from the Spanish shore, we had crossed the Mediterranean, mostly at night, to sight those steep mountains which jostle skyward to form the African coast line.

As we crossed toward the jetty we could see the buildings pueblo-ed against the mountains, and for those ill at ease (hence lost, hence resentful) on alien shores there were a few comforting reminders of home. The two Liberty ships, for instances, in the nest of tankers outside the harbor. The harbor itself, as crammed with American ships as a mince pie is with raisins. The jeeps scurrying everywhere. And Captain Mitchell, who had flown over, waiting to welcome us on the jetty.

In those long days since the ships of our task force first clustered here, most of us have been given our "liberty" ashore. Some of us, after the first visit, decided we preferred death. Yes, after the first contact, many of us began to change our tune even about That Town, our port of departure. "Dear old ——," we began to sigh. "Maybe we misjudged it."



"Believe you me, Ma," not a few were inclined to write home, and might have done, had the censor been allowed to pass it, "I never felt so proud of being an American as when I saw this place. Its streets aren't clean the way ours are in Waco. It doesn't look a bit like South Bend. We've got taller buildings in Missoula.

"You ought to see the bathrooms in the hotels. It's a dirty place, all right. It smells to high heaven, Ma. And its people—the Arabs especially—are both dirty and smelly. The people do the strangest things, Ma, the most intimate things, right in the streets, just like dogs do.

"Then they've got no coffee shops or Automats or nice restaurants here, Ma. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the Red Cross. The doc says almost anything Americans eat here in the native joints will give them dysentery. Yes, Ma, this place (if only I could name it in my letters) is the burg awful. Believe me, I know what it means to be an American."

Whatever we may have wanted to write home in this vein (had the censor been willing) would have been true enough the first time we saw this port. It would have remained true the second time, at least most of it, and would be no less true twelve months from now. But the fairer way of judging it—I mean fairer to ourselves no less than to it—would be to judge it not by Pittsburgh but by Algiers or Casablanca.

Let's grant it is a dump, because it most certainly is, judged by Algiers. Not all of it is a dump, however, and even the dumpiest parts should be of interest to visiting Americans, so long as they are only anchored here.

Push away from the squares filled with American soldiers and sailors; wander into the narrow side streets; roam along the water front; study the anthology of races —French, Arabs, British, Dutch, and Americans—now infesting the place; remember to do your eating on the Spelvin; and forget about our plumbing; and perhaps at second or third sight we will come to feel a little less bitter about the dump which is this port.

Certainly the coast line, though somewhat lacking in color save for the inkburst which is the Mediterranean, is fine. Certainly few views are more magnificent than is the one to be had from that shrine on the mountain astern below the French fort now bulging with German and Italian prisoners. The swimming in the coves and from the beaches is as inviting as the coast line. So, apparently, are the Army nurses stationed there.

Were the Spelvin still "unsealed" and the port within our visiting limits, I had planned today to turn Polonius on the agitating subject of what to do with Moslem women. In case you did not know, I had official advice to offer of a bees-and-flower variety of which the State Department would have approved. I was going to say something, of course, about our being ambassadors of good will. But, as the ship is sealed, perhaps it is wiser to let bygones be bygones. Accordingly, I will side-pass sex for the moment.

Every one on the Spelvin will remember the plane lost by one of our attending cruisers in the mid-Atlantic. Every one will also recall the anxiety of those hours when the search for the pilot and the observer was still in progress—and the pang we felt when all hope for these men was abandoned. The good news for today is that the two men have been found. They landed safely on the water, where they kept afloat for ten days without apparently having to nibble off sea gulls or an albatross in the Rickenbacker manner. They still had four days' food and water supply when, by a miracle, they were picked up by a convoy headed the other way.

11. The Sealed Ship. When the Atlantic was behind us and the Mediterranean splashed our bow, I think we all realized we had reached a new chapter in this adventure which is at once ours, our country's, and the world's.

This chapter—the African chapter—is one which the writers of mystery stories might dub The Sealed Ship. It began, agreeably enough, with those first tourist impressions even a war cannot curtail. Then came the maneuvers which were inescapable reminders of why we should have been taken on this particular ferry ride. They went so badly one can only hope that in war, as in the theater, a poor dress rehearsal may mean a successful first night. Now, after having returned to this crowded harbor and had more liberties, we find ourselves a sealed ship, surrounded by sealed ships, in a force that is likewise sealed.

What does a sealed ship mean? Ask the man who wants to go ashore but who has no official reason for being there. Ask the man who has official business ashore but who has not yet obtained the temporary orders needed for him to be able to leave the ship. They know, these men. So do we all.

It means we are reaching the point in this particular chapter when it is thought advisable for us—as a group—to break off communications with the shore. No one has to pucker his brow too deeply to understand the implications of such a move. We are coming closer and closer, however slowly, to the day of days. When that day will be, few of us know. Certainly I do not.

But watch the high Army and Naval officers filing into the Admiral's cabin for conferences the whole day through and late into the night. Observe the doors in the passageways closed on grave conferences. Note the increased intensity with which the daily Battle Problems are attacked. Through the open doors and the smoke of cigars, cigarettes, and pipes, notice the officers riding chairs broncowise, huddling on berths, poring over maps, and either reading or writing reports. Observe the hum of activity in the Intelligence section as maps, documents, and final instructions are assembled. Realize how, day and night, night and day, the men in the photo lab have been laboring to prepare their maps. See how the official pouches begin to bulge. Pass the yeomen above, struggling to uncrate and carry the huge relief maps to their proper places.

Listen to the thud of our troops as they march alongside on the jetty, waiting there patiently in the heat and in the darkness to be herded across the Spelvin to the ship tied up next to us. Look at the troops crowding the other sealed ships near us. Overhear your neighbor's talk or your own heart. Consult either your calendar or your common sense (in this case both are equally eloquent and undeniable), and you are bound to realize that our being sealed means only one thing. The as yet unlived sixth chapter of this particular amphibious adventure comes nearer and nearer. Our A-B-C days are drawing to an end; and "D" day is approaching.

That, when this day does arrive, the movements of this task force may eventually get out to the world is proved by the numbers of war correspondents and photographers who have recently been forgathering on the Spelvin. The Army and the Navy realize the value both of news and of photographic covering. As a rule, they are not like the uniformed little twerp, anchored to a spittoon in a North African port, who, when asked where the war correspondents could file their stories, said, "War correspondents? File their stories? Don't you know we are much too busy fighting a war to bother with that kind of stuff?"

The newsmen and the photographers are walking delegates for the American Public, which, since it contributes both the men and the money that make the show possible, has the right as well as the desire to know what is going on. These men, armed only with their typewriters and their cameras, are the liaison officers between technical operations of the most delicate sort and public opinion, which can be no less delicate. That they happen to be the forward echelon of history, writing their annals in the heat of events, is also in their favor.

Due to the correspondents attached to this force, our families should find it easy to follow at the proper time in such private places as the public prints, the magazines and newsreels, those doings of ours which censorship forbids us mentioning individually.

This force has with it its full quota of upper-bracket correspondents and photographers; men who have won the confidence of both their editors and readers by following more wars into more danger zones than most regulars ever see. These correspondents have been distributed among our ships on the way over. Then, of course, we have had with us cameras clicking for the Newsreel Roto Pool and for the two official Navy camera crews, of four each, aboard two of the destroyers which were our escorts. The Coast Guard has had its staff photographer on our one Coast Guard transport. And on the Spelvin, ever avid in the pursuit of doings photogenic, is Lieutenant Schneider with his assistants.

The point is, gentlemen, that, in the opinion of the Army, the Navy, and the American Public, you are newsworthy.

12. The Admiral's Message. I urge you to listen attentively. From the point of view of each one of us on the Spelvin and in this task force, I could not have a more important announcement to make.

The purpose of these afternoon talks is that they seek to realize Admiral Kirk's wish that every man on this ship be included in the business of this task force, which is each man's business. So far as is compatible with security, the Admiral wants us all to be in the know.

We have been under way since we left Africa at 3.55 P. M. this afternoon. We, and most of the old friends who were in the Atlantic convoy with us, have slipped out of the harbor and headed once again into the Mediterranean. Naturally, we want to know where we are going. And why. And what we will be doing in these next few days, which concerns each one of us so vitally.

It is Admiral Kirk who gives the answers. Tonight, on the Spelvin's bulletin boards and on the bulletin boards of the ships in this task force, a message from the admiral will make our mission crystal-clear. The admiral's message is addressed "To All Hands." It reads:

"We are sailing to Sicily. We are going to land a division of Army troops on the southern coast of the island, on beaches near a small town called Scoglitti.

"We and our division are only a part of the forces involved in this attack, but we have a place of honor. To the west of us will be other American forces, and to our east will be the British. We are at the hinge. Overhead we shall have a very large force of Allied aircraft, although much of the time you will not see them. Ahead of us and to the west there will be parachute troops. Covering the operation at sea will be a strong British battle force.

"I have asked your officers to explain to you in detail where each of you fits into the coming battle. In its broad outline our plan is very much like the landing exercise we held recently. The transports under Commodore Phillips and Commodore Loomis will land their troops on beaches west of Scoglitti; Commodore Bailey's ships will use beaches east of the town. The landing will be assisted by control vessels; it will be supported by the fire of destroyers, cruisers, and other craft; it will be screened by more destroyers. At daybreak we shall be joined by our LSTs, LCTs, and LCI(L)s.* We shall proceed to unload the Army's equipment as quickly and cleanly as we can.

"You have been trained for this job. You have been equipped. To the best of their ability your officers have made plans that will work. We are ready.

"We shall be opposed. The Italians are our enemies, and until we have the unconditional surrender of their misguided leaders our attack must be pressed with the utmost spirit. They will be fighting on their home ground, and they will have German help. We can expect a hard fight.

"The Army troops have a tough assignment, and a very important one in the over-all plan. Our job is to make it less tough for them by doing our part *well*—we must put them where they want to go, on time, in full force. We must support them by gunfire, unload their supplies and equipment, care for any of their wounded. To do this we must also take care of ourselves. We shall be busy.

"As we proceed to Sicily we shall have several rendezvous, picking up many ships and dropping off others. Your officers will keep you informed of your progress, both on the way and during the landing battle. If you don't get all the news, don't worry; the hunting may be too good for us to stop and talk about it. You will be doing your job to the limit; so will every one else. We have bad news to deliver, but we are saving it, this trip, for Benito Mussolini.

"Good luck! "A. G. KIRK."

Now for a message from another admiral. This time it is the British Admiral A. B. Cunningham, who, as Commander in Chief of Naval Forces in this theater under the American General Eisenhower, has issued the following statement to all ships and authorities taking part in this operation.

"We are about," says Admiral Cunningham, "to embark on the most momentous enterprise of the war—striking for the first time at the enemy in his own land.

"Success means the opening of the 'Second Front,' with all that implies, and the first move towards the rapid and decisive defeat of our enemies.

"Our object is clear and our primary duty is to place this vast expedition ashore in the minimum time and subsequently to maintain our military and air forces as they drive relentlessly forward into enemy territory.

"In the light of this duty great risks must be and are to be accepted. The safety of our own ships and all distracting considerations are to be relegated to second place, or disregarded as the accomplishment of our primary duty may require.

"On every commanding officer, officer, and rating rests the individual and personal duty of ensuring that no flinching in determination or failure of effort on his own part will hamper the great enterprise.

"I rest confident in the resolution, skill, and endurance of you all to whom this momentous enterprise is entrusted.

"ANDREW CUNNINGHAM,
Admiral of the Fleet."

Now, gentlemen, the secret is ours. Perhaps it might also interest you to know that there will be approximately 2,500 ships and landing boats with us on this huge Allied armada which is now converging on Sicily.

We realized that yesterday was our last Sunday before battle, because of the prayers for victory offered at church services. Few men who attended mass as conducted by Father Ballinger, first on the gun deck and then in the late afternoon at the jetty's end, will forget the experience. No less impressive was the simple Protestant service held in the crew's mess hall on the transport beside us. All three services were crowded by men and officers, gathered bareheaded around improvised altars, under no compulsion but inner need. So undenominational was this need that some of us, in all good faith, would have attended a Mohammedan service, had prayer mats been spread.

Do you remember all the times you have sung Onward, Christian Soldiers, not reverentially, not really bothering about its implications, merely pleased to release what is triumphant, almost gay, in its assurance? The assurance was there this morning, but the gaiety was gone. For some of us that gaiety has left the hymn forever. In its place has come a statement of what is indomitable in man's spirit. If the music was more moving than the sermons, it is because music can excuse the bromide, redeem sentimentality, and glorify the unutterable simplicities as they deserve to be glorified. Music leaves unsaid what we are afraid to say or are awkward in the saying. It leaves these things unsaid but not unsung.

No less moving this morning was hearing the Twenty-third Psalm (which is song, and lovely song) as it was spoken from the heart, unfalteringly and clearly, by young soldiers and sailors who were perhaps for the first time really understanding what it says. The music associated with Kipling's Recessional, when blown from saxophones by four sailors, also gained in meaning. Onward, Christian soldiers, indeed!

13. The Ships Forgather. So far as our soldiering or sailoring is concerned, the period of "let's pretend" is over. The reality is upon us. This drama, so slow in starting, often so unreal even now, is galloping to its climax. "D" day itself is near. And "D" day and the days which follow it are days which offer no choice. They *must* succeed. They *must* succeed unless we wish this war to be lengthened by at least two years. They *must* succeed unless we want all this planning, all this meticulous preparation, this personal sacrifice, this effort, this money, this time, this tension, this danger, and this hope to have been squandered in vain.

That, God willing, this operation will be successful, I don't think any one of us doubts. We have more than a rightful cause to give us confidence. We have the plan. We have our allies, our armaments, our leaders, both naval and military. We have this new fusion of strength known as the Amphibious Force. And we have ourselves.

This morning at general quarters and during the half hour thereafter we were seeing history plain.

The smallness of man the individual, with all his inner tyrannies and humiliating frailties, is worth considering today because of what we saw this morning.

This North African harbor teemed this morning with British and American LCTs, LSTs, LCIs, tankers, freighters, destroyers, transports, and cruisers, until it resembled an anthill into which hot water has just been poured. The war canoes, big and little, were all around us. Even when seen from the peak of that crow's-nest which is the upper signal bridge, the procession stretched fore and aft to the horizon, beyond human sight.

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*LST, landing ship tank; LCT, landing craft tank; LCI(L), landing craft infantry (large).

From a strictly military point of view, all these ships and troops, British and American, arriving at one long-selected spot in the far-off Mediterranean mean that the plan has so far worked, that the blueprints and the figures are now steel and guns and uniformed men on their way at the right time in this gigantic movement to meet and overwhelm the enemy. Just now this military viewpoint alone matters, because upon its success all else for us depends—our freedoms and small pleasures, the future reachings of our minds and lives.

Think of the titan's effort represented by these vessels having been made, manned, and moved. Think of the conferences for which they stand; the dark mines from which they were scooped; the dinner pails, the sweat, the bent backs, the heat of blast furnaces, the working hours, the fatigue, and the sciences mastered, which they symbolize. Think of the business men, with their organization talents and indispensable aptitudes, who have slaved patriotically, regardless of health or hours, to make the delivery of these ships to the nation their business. Think of the huge plans, originating behind closed doors with a few men gathered from afar at the top. Think of how these plans have not only taken form but have seeped down into all our forty-eight states and into almost every home in each town and county in these forty-eight states.

Think of how England and her Empire, which, like our country and all countries, is only the sum total of many firesides, has likewise strained and suffered as a nation to have its convoy and its fleet join ours at the appointed moment for this mass convergence upon Axis Sicily.

Think of the dark years of despair now turning into hope. Think of the gasoline that has dodged submarines in the Atlantic to keep these craft and these planes moving. Think of the joy rides forsworn at home, of the toys and trinkets left unpurchased, and the bonds bought; of the families separated, and the strangeness of the scene in which all the men on these ships find themselves. Think of the interrupted lives, the loneliness, the courage, the professional skills turned to new ones or halted, and the might-have-beens carried as cargo on each vessel.

Think of how breathlessly the news of this expedition's movements will be awaited in China, in Berchtesgaden, in Turkey, in Russia, Sweden, conquered Europe, Mexico, Italy, Australia, Tokyo, and in plain Kalamazoo. Think of all these things, and of what men, mere men, are able to do when they work as that superman—an aroused, outraged, and indignant group.

If you are not too tired thinking of the obvious, allow that huge armada seen this morning to conjure another image. Think of how different history would have been had Hitler after Dunkirk been able to amass such a fleet!

Above all, think of how paralyzing to all we hold dear it would be if, at this very moment, such an armada as is now luckily ours were moving on Long Island, Vineyard Haven, or Bermuda under Axis command—even as we Allies are now converging upon Sicily.

Yes, we saw history plain this morning. And history will be different because of what we saw and because of what as a group we are.

We touched hands, too, as it is hard not to do in the Mediterranean, with history ancient and modern. As we passed the home town of that celebrated and unwashed lady, Dirty Gertie of Bizerte, General Bradley remarked that he had not found one building in the place untouched by war. Most of the buildings have been flattened by bombs, said the general, and the few standing have had their windows blown out.

Not far from Bizerte, around and at which so much history has been made in this war, we came near ruins from ancient history, the ruins of Carthage.

During the day we have passed reminders of ruins more recent than those of Carthage. Early this morning two squadrons of Mustangs swept by us. At lunchtime about one hundred Mitchells and Lightnings thundered past to starboard. Just after luncheon a large group of Flying Fortresses came within recognition distance from us. They had evidently been calling on Sicily.

At 1.45 this morning we entered at Galita that mine-swept Tunisian war channel which we quitted at 1.30 P. M. To starboard, some may have noticed during the sun-drenched hours such proofs of the hazards of a Mediterranean cruise these days as a few beached ships and one beached destroyer.

Last night at general quarters, when most of us were convinced that "something would happen," it looked for a few tense moments as if that something were on its way. It was then on the bridge we heard that "a number of unidentified planes" were approaching.

What these planes might have done, and what other planes may yet do, brings me to the excellent Navy film on First Aid, which was shown with increasing, though still poor, attendance in the junior officers' wardroom last night. Let's not deceive ourselves. The Navy doctors aboard and their pharmacist's mates are apt to be busy during the next few days, and it is we who will overwork them. Our days of drills and maneuvers are long past. We are playing for keeps now. Anything we or those near us know about first aid may be a matter of life and death for some one, including ourselves.

14. Battle Station. *11.30 P. M., July 9.* "H" hour, the hour of hours, is almost here. It is now 11.30 P. M., and the attack is scheduled to being at 2.45 A. M.

We are near Sicily now, still moving toward it in the darkness. It will not be long before we reach our anchorage off Scoglitti on Sicily's southern shore.

Already we have had our hints of "D" day's approach. Throughout the afternoon the gray sky has been filled from time to time by coveys of Spitfires. Several convoys have come within sight of the lunging waters. Six aircraft, said to be hostile, were reported twelve miles away from us in the late twilight. Then, just about an hour ago, fires and flares were seen ahead and distant guns were heard. It is toward these guns and fires that we are steering. The enemy is there. Even the extra slab of ice cream on the pie after tonight's steak dinner was a pleasant way of our being told that something extra was soon to be expected of us.

Let the cynical laugh, but we have seen something of a miracle tonight. All afternoon our hearts have grown the heavier with the increasing heaviness of the sea. Things have looked bad for us—very bad—these past eight hours or so. By some ugly mischance, the first storm we have had in the Atlantic or the Mediterranean overtook us this afternoon when, having traveled so far, we were at last so near.

By 2.30 P. M. the Mediterranean was being swept by a 30-knot wind. As the waves rose under sullen skies, they subjected the little PC boats now with us to a terrible beating. The destroyers were surf-bathing uncomfortably. Even the largest transports were wobbling. One by one, three of their barrage balloons were blown away from them as easily as a child's balloon slips through his fingers in the park. By five o'clock the gale had increased until, as darkness came on, the waves swelled into more and more sizable mountains. The PC boats were by then egg-shelling their way not so much through as on the heavy seas. The prospect of trying to send landing craft into the beaches against such odds was disturbing, to put it mildly.

Many of us remembered the Spanish Armada's fate. We did not want to remember it, but we did. Nature had undone that formidable Spanish task force, dashed its galleons to pieces on the rocks, and scattered them, when in full and proud array it had reached England's shores. We were a far larger armada. Would we be the victim of the same misfortune?

Then suddenly, a little while ago, the miracle of which I spoke occurred. No matter where you may be stationed, you must have felt it. The wind died down almost as abruptly as it had started. Look over the sides now in the faint light left by a storm-clouded quarter moon which is nearing the horizon, and you will find the Mediterranean still choppy, still tossed by a heavy surf, but, compared to what it was only a short time back, as quiet as if God had put his hand on it. This ought to be the best of good omens.

Some transport planes, carrying our paratroops, were reported off to starboard shortly before I stumbled down from the bridge to find a place for this microphone on the floor of a darkened passage off the chartroom. Although I could not see the planes, I heard the roar of their motors, full of power, full of defiance.

Midnight, July 9. Perhaps you can hear it. The distant gunfire of which I spoke last time has greatly increased. The fires are still burning on the beaches ahead. If anything, they are brighter, because we have been pushing quietly in to our anchorage. These fires mean that our planes have been busy. So do the inquisitive enemy searchlights which have been sweeping the sky from the beaches to the west.

Scoglitti, our objective, must be about five miles away from us in the darkness just now. Our convoy is reaching its destination safely and without confusion.

If our first sight of Sicily has consisted of fires burning in the night on a land we cannot see, there is a reason for this. According to plans, the Northwest African Air Force was scheduled to conduct an air offensive throughout the whole Mediterranean area prior to our coming. By these heavy air attacks the Allies have sought to compel Axis air forces to withdraw from fighter range of the desired beaches in Sicily in order to maintain their own cities, industries, armies, and air bases.

Before daylight this morning a heavy bombing attack is scheduled to be made on all Sicilian airfields, and for the balance of the day a fighter group of approximately thirty-six planes is supposed to be maintained over each of Sicily's three main airfield centers.

Those paratroopers we heard heading inland will have been dropped with others during the night in the area of the task force to our west. The guns we hear at first will not necessarily mean that the Italians and the Germans have spotted us. Most probably they will be anti-aircraft guns called into action by our paratroopers and our transport planes.

12.45 A. M., July 10. That crunchy, bumpy noise you may have heard five minutes ago was our anchor on the way down. It's blacker than coal up here. Our ships are still slipping into position. They are gathering like conspirators. We can't see them, but we can feel them, the way in a dark room you know some one else is standing next to you.

A searchlight from time to time cuts the sky above the beaches. A few tracer bullets are being batted out like hot baseballs by the enemy's shore batteries. The sound of ack-ack can be heard inland.

Don't be alarmed by the submarine just off our port side. It's one of ours. I hear the sight of it cost a soldier his dinner. He had wandered out on deck to get some air. Tonight's second slab of ice cream and the seesawing of the Mediterranean had not been getting along too well. The soldier was holding his head in his hands, when, to his horror, one of his eyes rolled open to discover the whale's back of a submarine loom out of the tar-colored waves beside him. "Holy cats!" he said, at the same time that he said good-by to the ice cream and raced below.

Everything else is under control.

1.30 A. M., July 10. A great wave of planes—our planes—has swept over us. They were our transports coming out. Although only a few of them could be seen, all of them could be felt and heard. They mean that our paratroopers have been landed and are already at work.

The small boats should be in the water by now. From transport after transport these craft are being lowered. They must be filled with anxious men; the small-boat men who are the point and glory of this force.

Shortly before I came down, another wave of probably fifty of our transport planes had roared above us, heading out from Sicily, their mission completed, their paratroopers landed in the blackness of an unknown land.

2.40 A. M., July 10. "H" hour has been delayed until three forty-five at the request of the commander of transports. Blame the choppy seas for this. But don't think that things have not been happening above, in spite of this delay. Do you remember those enemy searchlights which I have mentioned several times? Well, they have given us some uneasy moments. There's a hell of a lot of difference between our searchlights when they are looking for the enemy, and enemy searchlights when they are looking for us.

As far as I can make out, there have been three of these searchlights sweeping from the shore. When we were stealing in, and even after we reached our anchorage, they swept only the sky. They kept raking it back and forth, sticking up like nervous white fingers in the darkness. They were after our planes then, and didn't seem to know we were here.

Even when they followed the transport planes out, these searchlights swung far above us—which was precisely what we kept hoping they would do. One of these beacons, however, carried its search toward the horizon until its lowered light hovered over our ships to port. Then it blinked and went out, apparently not having spotted anything of interest.

This made us breathe the easier.

But only for a while. Because in a few minutes those searchlights were in motion again. The same one that had blinked before woke up in alarm. When it came on, it was aiming straight above it at the sky, which was still all right with us. Then it began circling its lights out to sea, lower and lower each time, until it started skimming the waves. In its sweep it landed on one of our ships lying at an angle. It paused there for an awful time before starting to move slowly past the other vessels ahead, seeming to halt for the same awful time on each one of them, icing them with light or showing them up as silhouettes.

The beacon finally reached us. It wasn't hard then to make out the faces on the admiral's bridge. The faces of the men up there looked the way an actor's face does without make-up under a spotlight. You know that sallow look? Even the ship's gray was lighter than the sun at midday had ever made it.

I thought they had found us. I couldn't see how they had missed us.

"Can they see us?" I asked the gunnery officer.

"No. We can see them all right," he smiled, "but I don't think they can see us on a night like this. Anyway, we are out of their range of vision."

This was good news. It still is.

With such targets as these three enemy beacons screaming for attention, our gunners must be going crazy. But so far they have managed to hold on to their itchy fingers and keep the secret of our being here—if it still is a secret.

3.15 A. M., July 10. The searchlights are still at it. When I got back to the bridge, it looked for a moment as if a gunner on a near-by ship had blown one of them out. Since we are said to be outside their seeing range, the moment this gunner let go wasn't an entirely happy one. His wanting to fire was human enough. There was the beacon ahead, begging for attention. And there was the gunner, eager to oblige. It would have been as simple as that if, by releasing his tracers, he had not given away the secret of our being here.

As these tracer bullets arched through the sky, some words—almost as hot—shot out on the bridge.

For a few minutes the light went out. Then another of the three beacons came on, sweeping the ships in earnest. It was followed by the third. Before long the first light blazed out, now on again, now off again, like a lightning bug. The gunner had missed his mark. He has been answered by tracer bullets coming out from the shore.

At three ten there was a big explosion on the beach ahead. For a fearful moment it blew the darkness away as if it were smoke, putting fire in its place.

Since I made my last report the huge British guns have been booming to the east. The sky has become fairly active. Some red and white tracers have been chasing one another inland, following a high arched course. Three enemy parachute flares, dropped from a plane or planes coming in from west of Scoglitti, have been hung off our starboard bow.

The orchestra is warming up. The stage is set. The curtain is scheduled to go up in a few minutes now.

4.15 A. M., July 10. The Fourth of July was never like this! These are the biggest fireworks I've ever seen. Our guns have really been speaking up, and it looks like they are much more than just big talkers. The sky is as bright as a summer parasol with the sunlight streaming through.

The darkness is fighting a losing battle. Light is everywhere—light and noise. There's the froglike *glump* of flak as it thuds through the water after a brief splash. There's the staccato stitching of the 20- and 40-millimeters. There's a sigh, a whine, and a whistle coming from something—I don't know what. The big guns bellow in a full, damp, dull tone. They sound the way a goldfish bowl might sound if—water and all—it exploded in your tummy.

Under this flaming cover the small landing boats have been pushing in to shore. Bright as the sky is, the sea is still so dark that I have been able to see the viking outlines of only a few of our little boats. But once in a while, in the din, the sputter of their motors has been heard.

Our big guns appear to have got two of those prying searchlights. They have been snuffed out for quite a while. It was a cruiser, I think, that scored a bull's-eye on one of them. The beacon scarcely had time to wink. Then it was done for.

4.45 A. M., July 10. Those planes are enemy planes. Although there don't seem to be many of them, there are enough. So far as I can make out, they came toward us in the uppermost darkness, under which all the lights are sandwiched. During the last half hour they had been hurtling back and forth, heard but not seen, and not leaving us unseen.

They headed for our beaches, dropping flares over them. Then they turned wheel for us, particularly for our cruisers, still dropping flares. The flares have been both to port and starboard. One of them has hung right over our force like an old-fashioned light over a dining-room table.

The Germans can't be accused of leaving us in the dark. But so far they have only shed light. We have done our bit, too. Our tracers are arching on these flares from all sides. And a big fire is burning on a hill to starboard.

5.15 A. M., July 10. Good news. Word has just been received that initial landings have been accomplished on all of our beaches. This means that the little boats from all our transports have pushed in to their designated landing places and that our troops have established themselves on shore. The Sicilian invasion is by now a fact.

6.00 A. M., July 10. It's dawnish up here now. Sicily's coast line has begun to take shape. It is still indistinct, still part of the vanishing night. The pink-blue daylight is creeping down to the beaches. You might expect to hear birds. Instead the sky rattles with antiaircraft fire and the hurried booming of the big guns. The shore line also rumbles every now and then with battle sounds like a kettledrum.

The admiral's bridge was dark the last time I felt my way up to where Lieutenant Burton was standing. But only for a minute. At five twenty, directly ahead of us, a great blob of light bleached and reddened the sky, tearing the night into shreds. It was followed by a blast more sullen and deafening than any we have so far heard. What we saw scattered across the sky was a ship from the task force to the west of us.

We had scarcely been able to say, "Look! They got one!" when the German planes which had done the getting could be seen flocking toward us, leaving a trail of big splashes behind them in the water where their bombs had fallen.

While these planes have swung back and forth we have been waiting for those promised British Spitfires to come and give us cover. They were due over us at five. They would have been welcome then. They were no less welcome only a few minutes ago, when they were sighted off our stern. They are equally welcome now, when, like birds of deliverance, they have flown across us, high, high up in perfect formation, sweeping the copper-colored sky. We can all feel the more comfortable now.

6.30 A. M., July 10. You can see Scoglitti now to port. The beaches could be any beaches seen in the freshness of an early morning if it were not for the little boats nudging in to them and the swarming dots visible on the sands. The fields and slight hills backing these beaches could be any peaceful hills and fields if it were not for the smoke rising here and there from fires burning on them.

The sea and the sky are different. They are full of war. The ships in our task force are all around us. They look refreshed by the morning sun and are unhurt. Our gunners continue to pivot, covering whatever passes in the sky.

It's quieter up here, though one of our destroyers has been blazing away at a shore battery that has been firing on her from one of the hills.

The unloading shuttle service has started.

7.15 A. M., July 10. We are weighing anchor now to move closer in to shore.

Every one topside has been nibbling on or at K rations and feels the better for coffee with its illusion of breakfast.

Most of the shore batteries, due to the spectacular accuracy of Naval gunnery, have been snuffed out.

Some jeeps have been lowered into the landing boats panting alongside of us. And the LCTs are now going in, rolling quite a bit and crowded with boys in khaki, only a few of whom look seasick and are holding their heads. These LCTs have been escorted and given fire cover by our destroyers. The Army is leaving us in large numbers. As it does so, one of our cruisers is thundering away at an inland target and a big fire is burning on the beach to port.

8.00 A. M., July 10. For the moment all's quiet. We have just dropped anchor. And, after shaking hands with the admiral, General Middleton of the 45th Division has gone ashore. Fires are still smoking off the beaches, and guns rumbling intermittently.

The chief news is that there seems to have been no serious opposition. A message from shore says, "Considerable artillery and prisoners taken."

That's good news to sleep on. And the chief of staff urges that you do sleep, your duties permitting, and sleep as long as possible. You deserve that sleep and may need it tonight. It should be a happy sleep.

15. Sunset Round-up. *(Invasion News.) 7.00 P. M., July 10.* Herewith, after giving you a day of well earned rest, some news you have helped to make.

Admiral Hewitt, in a dispatch to Admiral Cunningham, reported that the Sicilian beaches assaulted by the three American task forces were firmly held, that one of these beaches was found to be heavily mined, and that at Gela the pier was wrecked, its center section missing. Unloading was said to have been slowed by a cross-swell and the time needed to silence enemy batteries. . . . Admiral Hewitt reported that enemy air action was light, but that the destroyer Maddox was sunk by dive bombers early this morning. He said that the paratroop operation had been successfully accomplished and that gunfire support from our ships had been engaging enemy tank reinforcements from inland.

The news from the British or eastern Sicilian front is all good. One rumor is that the British are already eight miles inland.

At two o'clock the town of Vittoria surrendered to the 2d and 3d Battalions. A number of prisoners (some say 300) have been captured.

At two fifteen Scoglitti was taken by the 1st Battalion of the 179th, which afterward went on to Vittoria to join up with the 2d and 3d Battalions.

The 2d Division's 179th Battalion is now moving on to the Comiso airfield.

16. On the Beaches. *July 11.* The city of Ragusa has fallen to us, and at six thirty this afternoon Comiso Airfield was captured. The leading elements of our invading forces from the 45th Division are from twelve to fifteen miles inland by now. Some of our other troops, notably the 1st Division, are progressing in spite of stiff opposition. By last night some 5,500 German and Italian prisoners had been taken. From Scoglitti comes a rumor that when we took the town we did so with the loss of only one American, while 300 Italians were killed. Up until ten this morning less than 250 injured were reported in this particular task force. Near us during the day a British monitor has been pounding away with ominous regularity, her big guns trained on an enemy tank concentration inland. Of immediate concern to us all is the progress of the unloading of the transport and supply ships. The reports continue to be excellent. One transport is 100 per cent cleared. Most of the other ships are getting through a difficult job rapidly. We had some bad moments this afternoon when several German planes swept toward the convoy and were successfully engaged by three Spitfires. Another uncomfortable few minutes came for the Spelvin when a JU-88 was spotted directly above us at an altitude of 25,000 feet. Some say bombs were dropped; all agree that Spitfires drove off the JU-88.

Yesterday the Italians gave us the bird. And a very nice bird. At 9.47 P. M. a tired enemy carrier pigeon flew down to rest on one of our mine sweepers. It proved to be a comforting bird in the hand. The pigeon was carrying a message from the Italian Army's 206th Division to the Italian 12th Army Corps. When translated, the message read:

"Situation 3 P. M.—12 o'clock Croce Camerina about to fall. . . . Colonel Bartimo resisting. . . . After fifteen hours of struggle, infantrymen and artillerymen are resolutely doing their duty against overwhelming forces and means. Hundreds of anchored ships unloading material undisturbed. Our aviation absent. I have ordered shot two soldiers of the fixed defense of Pachino for being out of presence of the enemy and in civilian clothes. Please send requested pigeons."

Those hundreds of anchored ships mentioned by the Italian bird lover remind me that, as a force, we look even more imposing from the beaches than we do when seen from our own decks. As one who spent the better part of the morning and the afternoon ashore, may I make a report?

Although Scoglitti itself is a gray little town when you approach it, it whitens strangely as you enter its heat and dust. Today it was filled mainly by very sunburned, very wrinkled old people; old people *and* American soldiers. One of our soldiers, when asked where the younger men were, told me he thought a few might still be hidden in their one-story homes. A house-to-house search will not begin until tomorrow night.

The beach of Scoglitti is difficult even for our small landing boats, but it is littered with fishing craft. They are scattered there as if driven in by some other storm than our coming. At the water's edge they wait for their owners like shoes in a dead man's closet. Barbed wire is to be seen at either side of the main beach. The houses appeared to be made of clay; clay and the heavy white dust which the decades have deposited on them.

The inhabitants of Scoglitti are cheerful. The old people wave or salute, and gather in groups to discuss in a dazed way what has happened to them and their families, and to scrutinize the American soldiers who are in amiable possession of the place. The children's black eyes burn with curiosity. Their little faces are pinched. Although they are older than children's faces ought to be, they become childlike again when they smile their thanks for a taste of chocolate or field rations. Timid as they are, their voices are music.

If Scoglitti was quiet almost to the point of having been abandoned, the beaches on both sides of it hummed with activity. Imagine a freight yard full of freight but without trains, and a traffic jam where there is no street, and you whose business may have kept you aboard the Spelvin may have some notion of what those stretches of hot sand resemble.

We saw one enemy plane brought down in a stream of smoke; saw it spin earthward in sick circles, all the lightness abruptly gone out of it, and all the life too. It dropped like a bird weighted down by death.

A single thread of barbed wire was stretched just back of the beach. In the forty-foot strip of land behind the barbed wire was a mine field which had been cleared away. It was scheduled to be detonated sometime this afternoon. The mines with the sand dug away from them looked as innocent as water caps along a street. But their lack of innocence was established by a solitary jeep which had raced over the first ridge, landed to its sorrow on a mine, discharged it, and thus cost the driver his seat.

Several soldiers said that the Sicilians they had talked to were completely surprised when this invasion force appeared. They had been told we had no Navy and no transports left.

17. Off Scoglitti. *July 12.* On invasion night the enemy did not know exactly where we were. Last night the coin was flipped the other way. The Germans and the Italians knew exactly where we were. It was hard, if not impossible, for us to locate their airmen in the low-hung gray clouds. From time to time only the mad hornets' buzz of their machines could be heard as they zoomed uncomfortably near. Or their bombs could be watched as they splashed close by in the Mediterranean or exploded on the beach.

Just after dinner—at seven fifty—the task force to the west underwent a heavy bombardment. No enemy planes could be seen from our bridge, but our ears ached from the thunder of antiaircraft guns. Tracer bullets raced across the heaven, pursuing one another as if discharged from a giant's Roman candle.

By 8.10 P. M. some Messerschmitts roared shoreward to bomb the beaches. They were followed by Spitfires. Then the shore batteries began to erupt. When they were in full eruption the Spelvin shook for the first of many times last night; shook as if it were a muffled gong struck once but accurately. The mystery of those disquieting single quavers remains unexplained. Some said they overtook us because of mines detonating in Italian mine fields. Others said they were due to action by Mt. Etna. Still others wondered if enemy submarines could possibly be responsible for them.

Smoke began to pour forth at about this time on the horizon. This smoke, that turned as the evening darkened into a long lasting fire, was presumed to come from one of the LSTs in the task force to the west which had been struck by a bomb.

At 8.35 P. M. word reached us of a flash seen from a shore gun and there was a blast in the water near us.

At 8.59 P. M. a big fountain of flame splashed skyward on the beach astern of us.

At 9.37 P. M. the Spelvin shook again; quivered mysteriously once more, as it was to do at irregular intervals throughout the night.

Meanwhile the enemy planes had moved forward from the task force to the west and were lavishing their attentions upon us. They raced toward us, dots grown into hawks, mechanized and merciless and seemingly as swift in their flight as the raising of binoculars.

Their flares, supported by parachutes, made us feel naked at noon in the black of night. They turned us into illuminated targets. While we were waiting for what would follow, unconscious of breathing, the antiaircraft of our task force guns had roared at once into action—at one moment sending tracer bullets arching from all sides above us, until they formed the nave of a Gothic cathedral made of neon. The flak showered the near-by water. One piece of it sounded as if it were pinging its way through the steel tracery of our forward mast. Some of it sprayed the Spelvin's gun deck, wounding eleven of our men, two of them seriously.

Meanwhile an enemy plane heading for one of our cruisers was shot down in the water some 1,500 feet to port. Its wreckage blazed there on the surface for quite a while. Occasionally the shore line was brightened by a large blast followed by a loud explosion.

The moon, which did not set until nearly three, mocked us by its beauty. It was the kind of moon which in normal times would have made even an alto hermit ache to sing a duet with a soprano. In this unsentimental present it must be described, with all the peril to beauty and life for which the phrase stands, as a "bombers' moon." It gave some aid and comfort to the enemy by lighting the convoy even when the enemy's flares at overlong last went out.

Our own 5-inch gun fore blazed away several times during a night when silence was the exception and the noise golden. At one point, when an enemy plane was reported over us—perhaps at the very moment when one bomb had come perilously close to one of our transports and another had raised a small geyser in the water near us—our friendly ships became so ardent in their protection of us that some of their lateral fire fell on us. No one minded seeing the sun rise this morning. More than being a relief, daylight was an ally.

Now for a quick summary of such reports as have reached us today from the Sicilian front:

The British took Syracuse last night and their line is now said to stretch from there to Ispica. The Canadians to our east are moving toward Ragusa. The floating reserve, lying seaward of the three American task forces which occupied these southern beaches, has landed and is entering action between the 1st and 45th Divisions.

As you know, the Comiso Airfield was taken at 2:30 P. M. yesterday. The number of aircraft captured at Comiso was 120, of which some 28 were still serviceable. The 180th Combat Team had a hard task capturing the Piscari Airfield, which is defended by one of Hermann Göring's crack regiments.

18. Up Anchor. After all these months of preparation, these weeks of mounting suspense, and those three brief but long, crowded, and unforgettable days and nights off Scoglitti, we left Sicily last night. For us, as front-line participants, the Sicilian invasion was over. Some of us came away with a few poor trophies. All of us took away our memories; memories that will grow into tales; tales that will grow taller than the tallest redwoods.

Some of us felt guilty about leaving. We knew how the Army men on those contested beaches must feel as they saw us, their one connection with home, pull out. Our ships, as ships, were conscienceless. As they swung into the single line we joined, they seemed almost as glad to be going home as horses heading for their stables.

Why do we leave Sicily so abruptly? Because our business is done, our immediate usefulness over. Once emptied of their cargo and their men, our transports, anchored at Scoglitti, would only invite waste.

Naturally, the talk on the Spelvin continues to center on what did happen there, what is happening there, and what will happen in Sicily.

One of our Army officers aboard the Spelvin, Major Robert Clifford, who spent most of his time ashore in Sicily, reports that a captured Italian colonel was enormously helpful in explaining to the Americans the Italian plans for the defense of the island. Major Clifford also says that the Hermann Göring Division, which has caused our 1st Division much trouble, has about 200 tanks, known as "Tigers," copied after the big Russian tanks and equipped with new weapons.

According to Major Clifford, most of the Italian soldiers captured went to one of two extremes. Either they expected to be shot or, as was in most cases true, they were as happy as children. Our soldiers have shared their provisions with their prisoners and given them cigarettes before being asked for any.

News flash! We have just been passing the North African harbor where, a short time back but very long ago, we saw the Allied armada gathering its strength.

One more bit of news, news which touches all of us aboard the Spelvin. This is what, by the rules of censorship, we will be permitted to say in letters to be mailed in Africa, and afterward when we are homeward bound.

Now listen attentively.

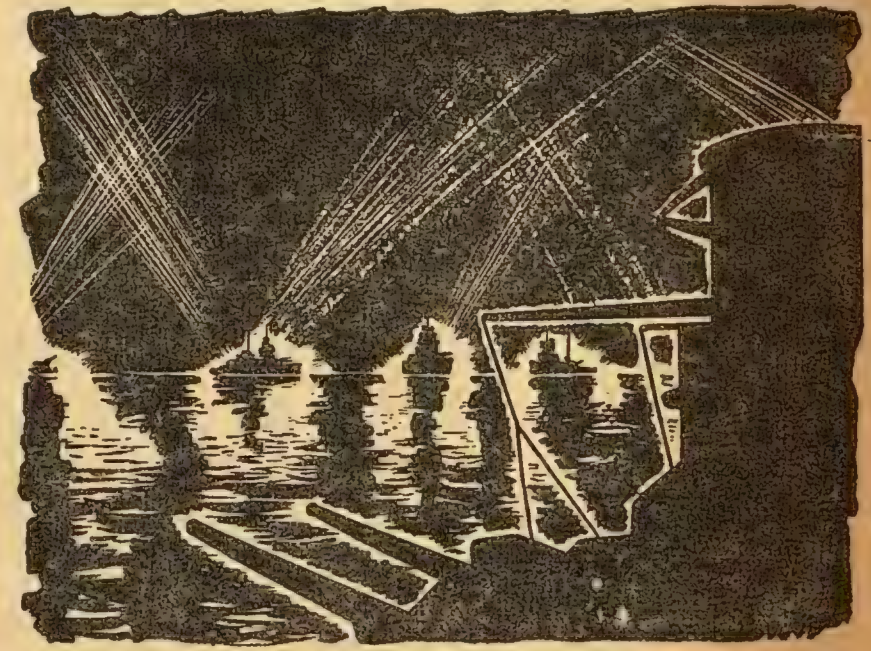
(1) In your letters you cannot say you have been in or near Sicily; in the Mediterranean; in Africa; or in the Atlantic.

(2) You cannot say you were in action; in other words, you cannot write home to say you took Sicily singlehanded or even in good company.

(3) You cannot mention the weather, any naval or military operations, ship movements, or the movements of troops or air forces.

(4) You cannot criticize the armed forces.

(5) You cannot send any foreign picture postcards, feelthy or clean, indicating by picture or caption where you have been. But you can send Navy form post cards, if you want to bother.



(6) You cannot be allowed to reveal any of these forbidden subjects by plain talk, by double talk, by triple talk, by innuendo, by implication, or by family code.

But—oh, thin ray of hope in the thickening darkness:

(1) You can say who you are.

(2) You can say you have been born, if you don't say where or why.

(3) You can say you are well, and ask if your father and mother are well and still married.

(4) You can ask if your children have cut their teeth on each other's throats.

(5) You can mention John L. Lewis, Wendell Willkie, and Mrs. Roosevelt by name, because after all America is a free country.

(6) You can tell your wife, mother, and sweetheart (one or all three, as the case may be) that you love her or them.

(7) You can say you are growing fat or thin.

(8) You can ask if the old gray cat has had kittens, because after all we are fighting for the Four Freedoms.

(9) You can mention the fact that you would not mind seeing a girl.

(10) And you can send kisses, if you know how to spell the word and don't have to use XXXXs.

In fact, wasn't it foolish, wasting all this time learning to write?

19. Man-Sized Problem Children. Gentlemen, grab hold of your chests and prepare to expand them. A dispatch from Admiral Hewitt, commander in chief U. S. Naval Forces North African Waters, has reached the Spelvin, addressed to all ships and units in the Western Task Force.

It reads: "Due to careful planning, excellent seamanship, gunfire, and engineering, and a high standard of proficiency and devotion to duty by all hands, the most difficult and complicated task of landing our troops on hostile shores has been successfully accomplished. Informed reports on specially meritorious acts and accomplishments have been many. I consider that all, from the Task Force Commanders to the lowest ratings, have performed splendidly and are deserving the highest praise. Well done. It is now our duty to support, maintain, and build up the forces which have landed. Carry on."

There, gentlemen, is praise for victory. Yesterday and today we have been seeing other proofs of victory—prisoners, German and Italian, jamming the jetty.

They have also filled our minds with difficult questions. Among these questions must be counted such a teaser as, Which have been the more interesting—the prisoners or our own reactions to them? The prisoners, back from two fronts of the war, have been crowded on the jetty where less than two weeks ago our own troops were waiting, in equal discomfort, before setting out to war. But what a difference between going out to win and coming back conquered!

These men, herded together or filing past on the jetty, have been Italians: dark, small, often wretchedly equipped though cheerful remnants of Mussolini's imperial armies. Or they have been Germans, blond, bronzed, muscular, in fine physical condition; Germans who once were soldiers.

Any one who has looked at these prisoners must know the questions they have raised, even if the right answers remain elusive. There was the tough school of thought; the fellows to be envied, in a way, because for them it was all so simple.

They said, "We ought to line the bastards up and mow 'em down with a machine gun."

Then there were the middle-of-the-roaders. They said, "Yes, perhaps. But we couldn't do that. They've surrendered, and International Law says . . . Sure, they present an awful problem. But, after all, they were only doing their duty as they saw it. And don't forget, our men are taken prisoner too."

Finally there were the out-and-out humanitarians. They said, "These guys are wrong, as we see it. Still, they are human beings, and we're Americans, not Nazis, and the Bible says . . ." Accordingly, these men tossed the prisoners cigarettes and candy, smiled on them, and in general treated them as they would like to be done unto had the situation been reversed.

Meanwhile an order has been issued which directs very clearly that "fraternization between Army and Navy personnel with prisoners of war will cease immediately. This includes talking with prisoners, except in the line of duty, negotiating for souvenirs, giving of cigarettes, etc., etc."

In other words, that *is* that.

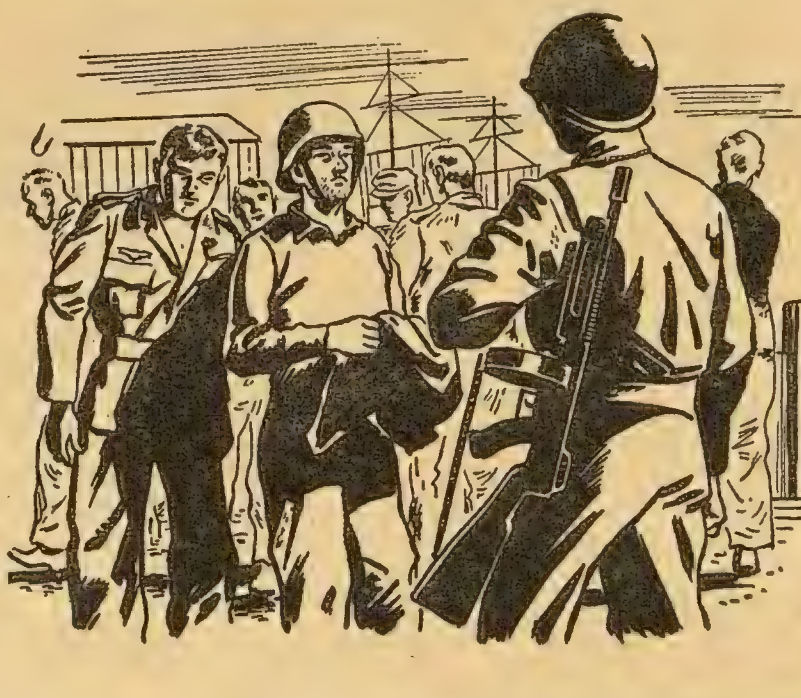
Still, one cannot help wondering about the disturbing differences between an enemy unseen and still fighting and an enemy close at hand and seen as a humiliated individual.

Before becoming too sentimental about these prisoners, particularly these Nazi prisoners, let's go back to the record of the party to which these men subscribed and in which most of them undoubtedly still believe. Run through the whole black list of that party's sins. Think of its public crimes—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Amsterdam, France, Belgium, Norway.

Remember, when exchanging a smile or a cigarette with one of these prisoners, what precisely such pathetic individuals as we saw have done to others far more pathetic, when these prisoners were not prisoners and the world was opening up for them like their bad oyster.

Remember their barbarities, the horror of their concentration camps, the old people they have put to hard labor, and the entire villages they have moved away without mercy, herding their inhabitants into cold trains, expatriating them, sending them to certain death in faraway places.

Remember the priests they have tormented and the indignities and cruelties they have heaped upon the Jews.



Remember how they have murdered and pillaged in the name of a superior race. Remember that, even when we were in Sicily, one of our paratroopers has reported that, from a bush in which he had landed, he saw Germans—not unlike these Germans—riddle the body of another American paratrooper with bullets as he came down in a tree; indeed, not only riddle his friend's body with bullets but cover it with gasoline and burn it gleefully after he was dead. Remember all these things and one's pity for these prisoners becomes properly tempered.

The point is not that these Germans are strapping huskies who can smile and murmur expressions of gratitude and touch our too easily touched hearts. It is not the bodies of these men which are our enemies. It is their minds. These have been corrupted by beliefs which, in Hitler's proud boast, have "brutalized" their holders. These beliefs are contrary to everything in which we ourselves believe and for which we hope. They not only contradict, they deny and imperil, what are the foundations of our faith.

If we are here instead of being at home, if we are in a world at war instead of going about our peaceful business, if our wounded are being unloaded here, these men, individually so touching, are the reason—these men, because of their conditioning, their convictions, and their misdeeds. Even the chocolate givers and the cigarette tossers among us seemed to sense this when ambulances lined the jetty, nosing their way among these prisoners and discharging stretcher-load after stretcher-load of our wounded. The candy and tobacco giving came to a halt then, a halt as spontaneous as it was abrupt. A hush settled over both the jetty and the ships alongside.

If we are soft, these prisoners are not. Make no mistake about this. Our decencies are their strongest weapons. It is a compliment to our hearts that they can be blitzed so easily, but it is no compliment to our heads.

If you wonder why, before boarding ship, these prisoners were deprived of their razor blades, their tobacco tins, and all tinned goods, the reason has to do with their being unregenerate. They place a low value on all life, including their own lives. On a previous return to the States, prisoners just like these men who so touched our sympathies are said to have used their razor blades, or any sharp thing they could lay their hands to, in order to slash the life belts to ribbons. Their hope was to make death certain for every one aboard should any of the Führer's submarines, by some blessed chance, sink the vessel. The Germans are reported to treat our prisoners according to the requirements of the Geneva Convention; in fact, to treat them as well as we treat theirs. Remembering our own prisoners in German or Italian hands, let's trust that these German and Italian prisoners *are* treated according to the requirements of International Law. No better, no worse. But, just because they are prisoners, do not forget they are enemies, scoffers at what we hold dear, haters of the values we cherish. Most of these Germans still believe in and would fight again for what we have no other choice than to loathe.

They are the world's problem children, these men, only they are man-sized.

20. Homeward Bound. Now for a secret, which is about as much a secret as the fact that Mae West is not a male. We are heading home. Now the adjustment we face is getting over having Sicily over for us. We have lived this Amphibious Operation these many weeks or months. We have thought it, slept it, and outlasted it. Now that it is past, we all feel empty as a cow elephant might feel had she calved a circusful of mammoths.

On the way over, every whale was an enemy submarine, every distant sea gull a possible Messerschmitt. "Well, if not tonight," we would say, tightening our life belts and secretly hoping for the worst, "I'll bet you that something happens tomorrow night!" And heads would gravely nod while apprehensions rose. The stern business which lay ahead filled every moment with the threat of tension, if not with actual excitement. Now the business is successfully done, and in this breathing spell we all feel a little lost, a little rudderless, a little as if school were out and yet no vacation had begun.

What we are apt to forget is that precisely the same dangers lie waiting for us in the Atlantic which we braved before, making identical demands upon our vigilance. If, as flag and ship we are going home with some of the bloom worn off, it is in order to get ready for further operations designed to set this sick world right.

21. Balcony to Let. By now you must know. Good news travels almost as fast as bad, and in creating this good news this task force has had its proud share.

Il Duce is out. He has fallen as leader of his Fascist state. The bantam King of Italy has accepted his resignation as Premier. The news of his tumble has stunned us all. It is too good to be true; too sudden to be possible; too much desired to have taken place. It has left us incredulous even in the moment of our joy and relief.

To be sure, Mussolini was not one of the world's great. He was one of the major shankers left by the disease which was the last war and the last peace treaty. He was a noisy play-actor strutting about in a poor Fascist script that was bound to lead to tragedy. Born of a Red scare, he was to create a Blackshirt terror.

Some of us first saw him on a balcony in Italy twenty-one years ago, soon after his unopposed march on Rome, when he had just come into power. This was after he had seen the Fascist light, dreamed the Fascist dream, and when he was already beginning to rattle the bones of the long-dead Caesars in the hope of bringing Imperial Rome to life in his person.

As the years have slipped by, those foolish, desperate years during which again and again this wretched war could have been averted if only men had cared enough and had possessed the will for action—we have seen Mussolini grow into the very same old, fat, foolish, gesticulating baldpate, exhausted by power and its abuse, who yesterday turned in his resignation, after ruining his country and helping to cripple the world.

Well, Mussolini has fallen. Il Braggaducio has gone. This means that one of the three clay pigeons in the International Shooting Gallery at which the Allies are aiming is now down.

In bringing this about, in cutting the tightrope from under Mussolini, all of us who took part in this amphibious invasion of Sicily can feel a happy sense of ownership, no matter how small or how remote. If we did not get into the Italian mainland, by storming Sicily we did at least jolt the boot of Italy into ousting Mussolini. Those beaches, conquered on that dark morning; the courage of the men in our small craft; those boats jammed with troops and equipment; the incredible accuracy of our Naval gunfire; the speed of our unloading; and the valor of the army we carried—all these, as the days have proved, led straight to Rome rather than merely to Scoglitti.

22. The "Have-Nots." During these past days and nights our lives have been so crowded, as we have sprawled around the decks, trying to get more than our hands on one of the few available chairs, and dipping into books, that choosing one subject a trifle less becalmed than another overtaxes the ingenuity. The happenings around and at Scoglitti were easy to write about. They were sufficiently active to write themselves. But these accordion-pleated days and nights—they are an entirely different matter.

Of course, I would like to report that Schicklgruber has at last scuttled himself. But you might suspect me of rushing the season. So I'll let such items, however tasty, wait until hopes have grown into facts.

What follows is in a slightly different key. I'm not certain that it's Navy. I'm not sure that an Annapolis graduate or a regular, steady, seafaring man would agree with it. It may be too landlubber and Reservist for their saline tastes. Yet I promise you that it is born of no spirit of mutiny.

Blame our position. America is nearer. Home is closer. So are the "leaves" which—God, Neptune, and our superiors willing—we will all get.

Will Rogers once had an interview with the Pope. After expressing his admiration for His Holiness and the Vatican, Will said the only thing lacking in the Vatican was the woman's touch. The same complaint could be reasonably made against the Navy when the Navy is at sea. For battle purposes it is a fine thing not to have a high C afloat with us. You must admit, however, that low Cs do become monotonous. Even Lord Nelson needed his vacation from the waves (small w, please), as Lady Hamilton knew; I have in mind the hero of Trafalgar, who was famous for his victories and for one eye, only half of which (according to the wags) was on the British Navy, the other half being reserved for Lady Hamilton.

Since, from a purely ocular point of view, most of us are better men than Nelson, we could stand with casting our two eyes on some one from the opposite sex; some one who wasn't dressed in khaki; yes, though I hate to hurt any feelings, some one beautiful for a change.

There are other changes for which some of us arrant landlubbers would be grateful, just to break the seafaringness of our seafaring life.

There's liquor, for example.

Let's start with just good old unfrozen, unpowdered, cow-sprung milk. Even milk, cold, thick milk from the icebox, would gurgle comfortably past the palate right now. Or a soda, heavy with heavy ice cream and heavy chocolate.

You see—you must remember—there are other things to drink in the world besides coffee. There's beer, for instance; great long steins of it, sweating before and after taking.

And there's gin, Scotch, and bourbon. There's even Irish, if you like, and a lot do.

Speaking of drinks, what about a table for two, with the right person on the other side of the table? This dining all the time with a gruff roomful of shark bait does grow a bit confining conversationally, to put it mildly. And dancing. And—and—oh, well, why torture ourselves?

God asked Noah to see to it that the personnel of the Ark should go up the gangplank two by two—male and female in each case. Uncle Sam has different notions about the Navy. Maybe he's right—who knows?

We love the Navy all right, all right, all right. And it's just as well we do, considering who may be listening. And we wouldn't have missed being in on the Scoglitti show for anything. But, in all honesty and just for a few days' change, when and if we get those "leaves," won't it be something of a pleasure to go to the bathroom instead of the head; to sleep in a bed which can be told from a sack; to eat a dinner which is not chow; and to see some people who are not hands and most certainly aren't men?

I ask the question rhetorically. But the liar who answers negatively deserves to be keelhauled. Because, Lord God, what is this damn war all about, if it isn't to get the damn thing over with decisively and to get back to the lives and the pleasures and the values which, as servicemen, we have temporarily forsworn?

I was about to mention sex, if you remember it, but I see my time is up.

23. To Be Continued. By this time tomorrow we will have executed under stern orders a ship-to-shore movement in record-breaking time.

It is over.

We did what we set out to do. And did it with incredibly few casualties, in an incredibly short time, in incredibly good order, without losing a ship on the way over or back, and with results which have already begun to create repercussions on world history.

A funny thing, world history. Take this ship and us who are on it, for instance. We are Americans, sprung from many races. We come from all parts of the United States; from all kinds of faiths, jobs, backgrounds, homes. We have all known Mussolini's name and reputation for too long a time. We all knew where Sicily was, even if practically none of us had ever heard of a little village called Scoglitti, which is too small to be found on most Sicilian maps.

But if, ten or five years ago or three months back, any one had told us that, by coming as a group to Scoglitti in Sicily, we would be doing our crowbar's bit to dislodge Mussolini's balcony, we would have outhyenaed Little Audrey in our laughter. Yet this is what has happened, and this is where, as a task force, we have stepped into history and where world history has become a part of all our individual histories.

Having assisted in the undoing, hence the doing, of this much, we realize all the more how terribly much remains to be done before we are at last free to go our separate ways. Meanwhile we have our memories and our hopes. Our memories and hopes, and our knowledge that the beliefs we hold are the most secure because of what as a force we ventured in a troubled world.

Scoglitti! You sons of boats and beaches! *Scoglitti.* And farewell.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

UNDER the top hat of **Lucius Beebe** there is, I suspect, a very hard Yankee head. This typical bit of New England equipment has enabled the boy from Wakefield, Massachusetts, to act as one of the chief chroniclers of Manhattan's gilded doings and to make a very good thing of it.

His book on this subject, called **Snoot If You Must,** is a general report sprinkled with personal history and Beebe memorabilia. It demonstrates that underneath the glitter Beebe is a good reporter, and while he recognizes the fascination of the people who make his daily scribbling pay off so handsomely, he also recognizes that there is nothing world-shaking about their movements. He writes about them with a mixture of éclat, scorn, snobbishness, and humor.

Lucius Beebe

If the denizens of the night-club circuit fascinate you, Mr. Beebe is your dish. He will tell you what they do, what they eat (and drink), what they wear, what they say to and about each other, where they disport themselves and dozens of other choice bits.

For me, the pages are dull when Lucius catalogues a list of the dishes served at one of the more platinum-patinaed affairs or when he lists names of those who attended the more snooty brawls he remembers.

But when he gets right down to reporting or spading over a bit of choicer history, as in the chapter on Bleeck's famous caravansary, he is top-hat amusement.

Jesse James Benton

Published by D. Appleton-Century, New York. Price, $2.50.

FROM the sybaritic world of Mr. Beebe to the crude frontiers of early Texas is quite a hop—but worth taking for a peek at **Cow By the Tail,** by **Jesse James Benton,** a chronicle of an old-timer whose family left Kentucky to pioneer in the Lone-Star State.

Jesse saw the cow country in the raw, and he reports on it just as it was. At the age of twelve he was off punching cows, and he did a man's work thereafter. He knew and was friendly with some of the famous outlaws (who were mild enough with Jesse), he had enough range experiences to carry a Western magazine for months—and all together, if you want a picture of the West as it was (an unforgettable picture, too), Mr. Benton is your man.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price, $2.50.

THE stress of war not only turns men toward more frequent reading of the Bible but also toward the inspiration and comfort which poetry provides. There are two new anthologies of war poems which will serve to satisfy this demand.

One is **The New Treasury of War Poetry, 1939 to 1943,** edited by **George Herbert Clarke,** who compiled a similar anthology of the first World War. The poems in this new collection are by English-speaking authors, mostly American, but many of them are about Allied countries other than England and America. The work ranges from the stirring to the comforting and includes some of the best names of our day. Soldiers addicted to poetry will especially like it.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price, $3.

The other volume is **War Poems of the United Nations,** edited by **Joy Davidman.** This contains poetry by authors of all the United Nations and some Austrian and anti-Fascist Germans. Here, too, are stellar names from all over the world—and poetry of a higher and more serious order.

Published by Dial Press, New York. Price, $3.

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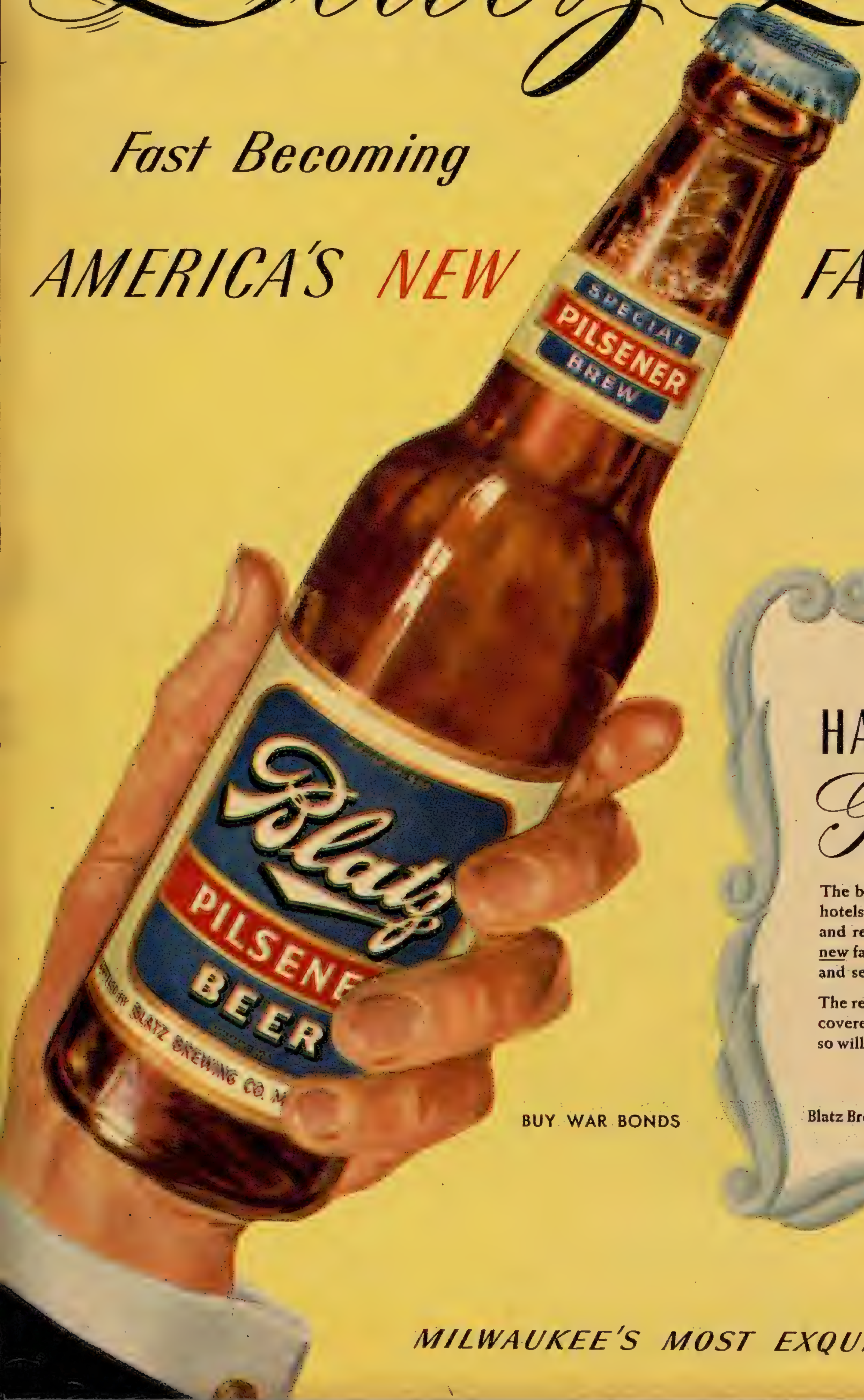
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MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD

Continued from Page 30

Gusty Gustafson may be a three-decker jelly-and-peanut-butter sandwich, but he's going to have five million dollars soon, and that's a lot of competition, even for a wolf like you." Jewell's grin had gone now. Johnny's belief that he was stating the facts toughened into conviction, and his voice became cold with hate. "You heard that the Quincy would be carrying something worth dough. Heavy dough—the kind you could use. Well, it was a wonderful idea. Only somebody torpedoed your idea amidships."

"You're dead wrong," Jewell said flatly.

"And now you're out on a raft waving your shirt."

"I had nothing to do with it." Jewell's voice contained no color whatever, just denial and nothing else. "But I *do* agree with you that the Quincy must have carried cargo not listed in her manifests. Otherwise what appears to have happened wouldn't have happened. Mike Flavin always had lusty ambitions and a practical mind. He wouldn't pass up an opportunity that he felt he could swing. My gripe with Mike is that he didn't cut me in. I'm coming in now—that's why I'm here."

Johnny contained himself and said nothing.

"THERE are three possibilities," Jewell said smoothly. "Number One: Flavin designed this masterpiece himself and killed Captain Angel carrying it through. He had help—the crew, or part of it. And connections. A small craft met the Quincy in the Passage."

"The Hornet—your baby!" said Johnny violently.

"The Hornet's been missing a week. I don't know. Number Two: Captain Angel the genius. With help and connections, sure, and Flavin a dead mackerel. But I don't like Number Two—it's the Flavin part. As I've said, Flavin had ambitions." Jewell's eyes narrowed on Johnny, "Number Three is better. Captain Angel and Mike in close harmony. A little help, sure. And connections—the Hornet, since Flavin knew where it was. I like Number Three. It brings you into the picture." Jewell's voice turned raw suddenly. "I'm coming in beside you, Angel!"

"We could have our pictures taken together!" Johnny whiplashed. "What would you want, Mister Jewell?"

"Half," said Jewell.

Johnny crossed to the center table and trickled coffee from the urn into one of the cups which he and Scoop had used. It was cold. He didn't touch it.

"Do you want to hear Number Four?"

"Let's have it," Jewell said.

Johnny began slowly, "You were in Buenos Aires when the Quincy sailed from Dakar. Flavin came to see you about something the Quincy was to pick up that wouldn't be listed in her manifests. You and Flavin rigged the business. Flavin took care of the Quincy end. You worked this end through somebody else—the power cruiser item, I mean. Your brother Paul could have handled that. The Quincy was looted. But somebody put the finger on you—Mike Flavin, my grandfather and I, you think."

Johnny laughed abrasively. "But you aren't sure. And I'm to tell you what I know. I'm to deal you a hand. And if I don't, your pelicans'll gun me down, Gestapo style—as they did some good men on this ship. Mister Jewell, go buy that horse. Go break your neck. I'm telling you nothing. I'd sooner tell a bathroom fixture. And now get the hell out of that chair and off this ship. And put those letters back where you found them."

Jewell had altered his posture slightly, so he could get up in a hurry if he had to. His voice contained a leaden flatness as he said, "I'll keep the letters for a souvenir."

Johnny threw the cup of coffee into his face.

Jewell came up out of the button-back, his eyes ugly and smoking. Johnny leaned a long left into his mouth, mashing the hot cigar against his teeth. It didn't faze him. He came on, exploding everything he had under Johnny's starboard cheekbone, and Johnny knew then that this was going to be lethal and long, with the end uncertain until the final bell. Jewell weighed around two hundred and ten. Johnny was thirty pounds less, but he had speed, his belly was flat as a board, and his heart was Diesel-powered and good for thirty knots in any weather.

They slugged it out, toe to toe.

Jewell was a dirty fighter. He used his knee. He hit low. He threw a kidney punch that sent hot waves rotating up Johnny's spinal column. Johnny in his arms, he could have smothered him. Once he almost had him there. Johnny had weaved in, slammed Jewell one-two over the heart and taken the kidney punch again. He went blind with pain and turned sick, green-apple sick. Jewell came in to kill, his left eye sleet-thin, his right sewed up like a sack. Johnny stopped him in time with a hook to the throat and shuffled back, shaking the stars out of his eyes. They slugged it again until a thunderbolt detonated on Johnny's jawbone. He went down.

Jewell kicked him in the belly. Johnny locked his hands over his midriff and rolled under the table. Jewell sank his toe into the small of his back, and for about three seconds Johnny wanted to die.

"How's it going?" Jewell's lips whispered.

Johnny's mouth was open like a spent trout's. Jewell was clawing at the table, crazy to get at him, but the table was bolted down. Johnny sucked air down into his lungs, only it wasn't air—the way it felt, it was fire. He kneaded his midriff, rolled over and came up on the other side of the table.

Jewell thought this was it, and it was, in a sense, but not in the sense that Jewell had thought. Johnny met him with a northeaster under the wishbone. It was his masterpiece, his Sunday punch, and deep down inside himself he whispered, "That's for my grandfather!" An oyster-colored look came over Sam Jewell's face. His hands wavered. He couldn't get them up. Johnny ripped another one into his heart. "That's for the crew—the good guys!" He had one left, a long, lean eye-shutter that sewed up Jewell's left like his right. "That'll do for the guy who used to buy your caviar," Johnny said.

Jewell brought up with a crash against the cabin wall, and the Flying Cloud came down off its hook.

Through a mist of pain Johnny saw Sam Jewell slide down the wall to the floor. Jewell couldn't have lifted a hand to wave a feather. The gallery came in then, including the Cuban cop, who would have kissed Johnny if Bush hadn't been firm. Johnny found the letters in Jewell's trench coat, tied them up with the faded pink ribbon, and fell into the button-back, the letters bunched in his fist. The gallery looked at him reverently, especially Bush, who wasn't usually a reverent man.

"Pour a bucket of salt water over his head," Johnny said thickly. "Then send him home in a cab."

"Yes, Mr. Angel!" Bush said enthusiastically. "You bet your life, Mr. Angel!"

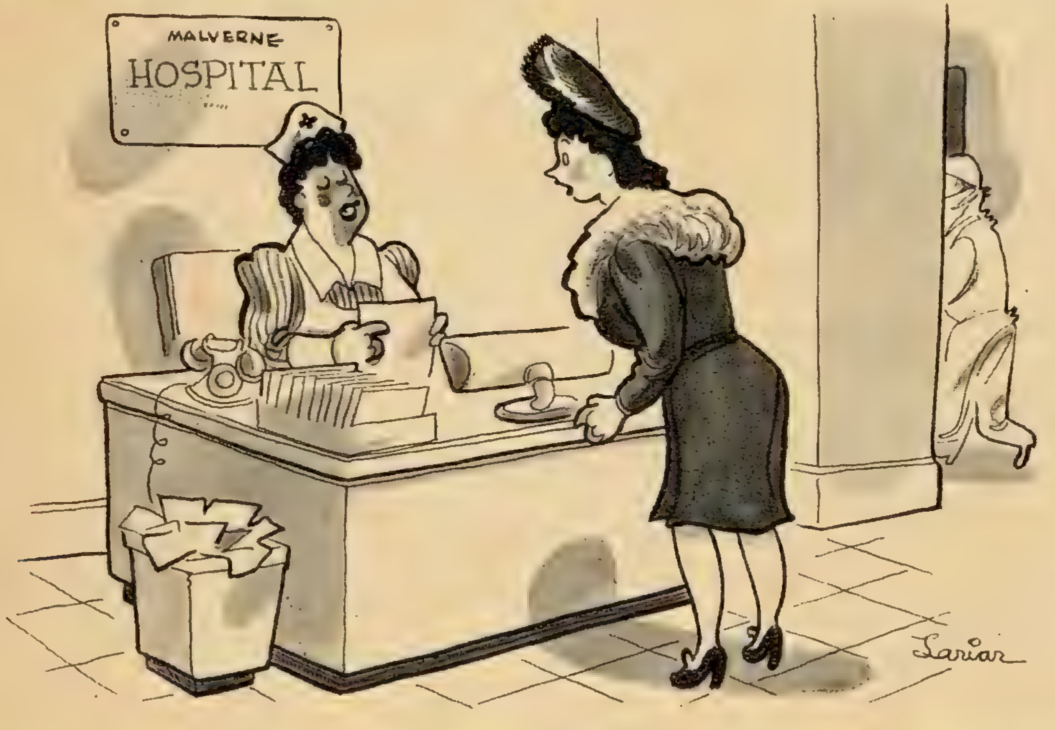
WHEN Johnny awoke, he was lying in his grandfather's bunk, and the sun was poking a finger into his eyes.

Bush stood in the doorway. "They're here to look at the cargo—cops and everybody, Mr. Angel," Bush said. "How about some breakfast?" Johnny sat up stiffly and ran his fingers through his hair. "How are you feeling this morning?"

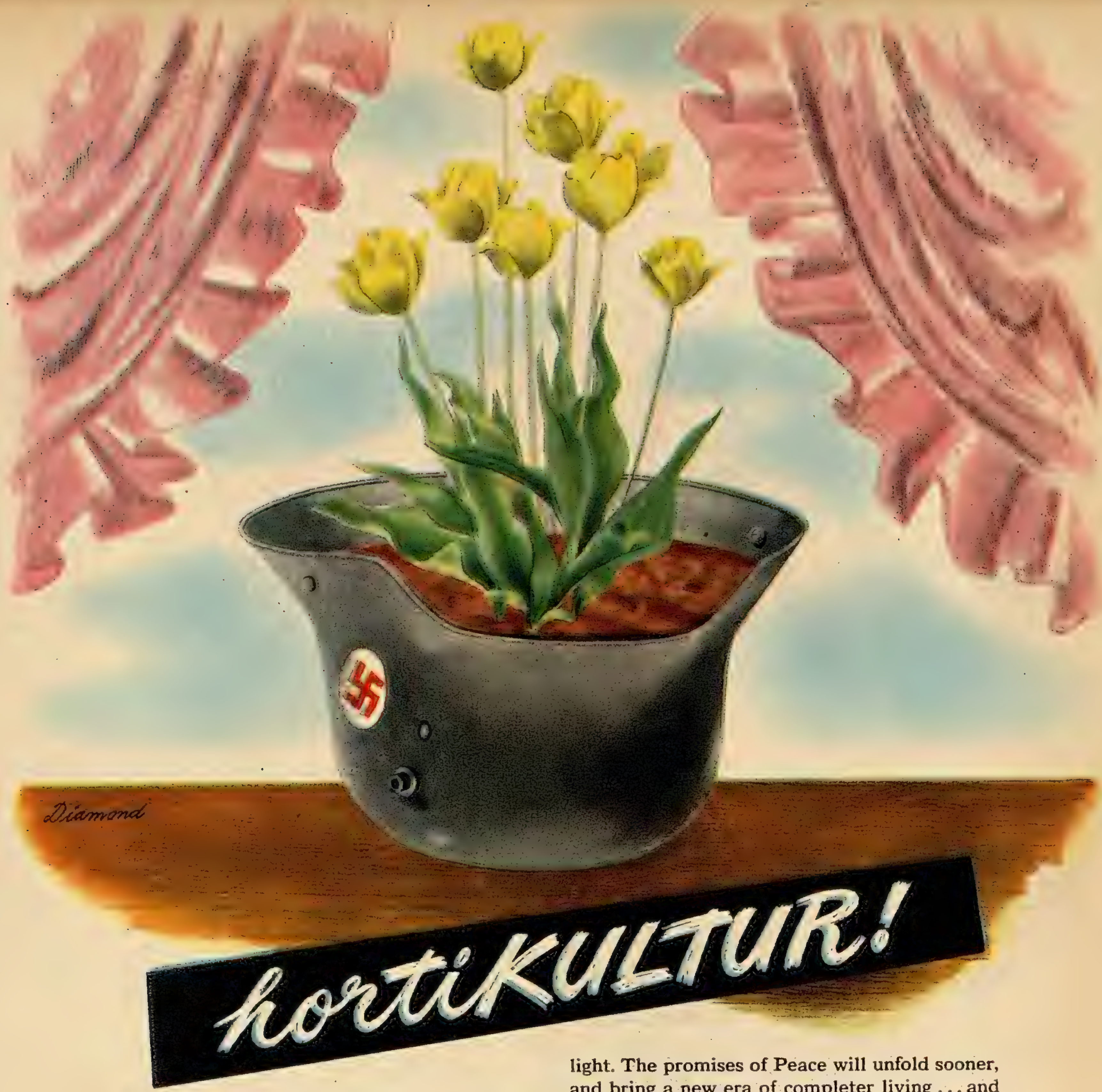
"Bring me an apple," said Johnny.

(*Continued on page 50*)

THE HOME FRONT



"Oh, I'm afraid you can't have your baby in May. We're booked up solid then!"



THIS IS one use Herr Hitler never intended for a Nazi helmet.

But out of the Storm Trooper's helmet there appears the very antithesis of that which he represented.

Young...tender...responding to an atmosphere of peace, this flowering plant has fulfilled its promise of beauty—is ample repayment for the watchful care that encouraged its feeble and hesitant beginning.

And so it is with Peace itself. Arising from the crushing cruelty of war it is rich in the promises of a new and brighter future for all humanity.

But Peace without peace-of-mind is no Peace at all. Free men must have the right to work and earn financial security for themselves and their families if they are to be free.

In the light of Freedom of Initiative, Free Enterprise and Free Competition, America will respond just as this flower has responded to sunlight. The promises of Peace will unfold sooner, and bring a new era of completer living . . . and the word "Depression" become known only as another word in "Webster's".

* * *

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COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

AUSTINTATIOUS: Showing off because you own a miniature automobile.

IMPARSONATION: Making like a preacher.

ODE-MEAL: Porridge for a poet.

SEEREAL: Same for a clairvoyant.

INNCANDESCENT: A hotel on fire.

FOUNDTAIN: What Ponce de León did.

CORKESTRA: A band from the Irish Free State.

SCREWTINY: Looking over the ship's propeller.

GAL-ERY: Female onlookers at Congress.

WIGWARM: A tepid tepee.

(Continued from page 48)

"I'll be all right after I've had my apple. What else have you got?"

"Everything," Bush said.

"And don't forget my apple," said Johnny.

IT was a honey of a day—all dazzling whites and brilliant greens and ineffable blues. Below, people from Mr. Abernethy's office and from the insurance agency were swarming over the cargo. Johnny found himself regarded with a reserve that bothered him. It indicated an attitude which he evidently was going to see much of before the Angel escutcheon was burnished bright again. Presently a coffee-colored little man with melancholy eyes approached him with a note in his hand.

> Johnny [the note ran] it simply won't do, so comb me out of your hair. Scoop.
>
> P.S.: Introducing Mr. Celestial. You will find him irreproachable. S.

Johnny had seen plenty of them in his time, blondes and brownies, brunettes and redheads, some of them with a lot to offer. But this one was different. She had all the potencies, all that any man needed; but she had other qualities, too. She was deft and mercurial. She had a sinewy integrity, rare in a girl, that he liked most when it hurt worst, as it did right now. She was warm as a candle on a Christmas tree. The note was a sock in the jaw, but Johnny chose to interpret it as a hint to get along with the business in hand. One thing at a time, Mr. Angel!

"Señor," Mr. Celestial said, "I weep with you."

"Where is she?"

Mr. Celestial waved a hand toward a Pan American transport which at that moment was lifting itself up into the blue. "There," he said sadly. "Her destination is the Colossus of the North. She begged me to recommend me to yourself, señor. Will your consider my cab at your disposal? My rates are nominal."

Johnny said that he'd be going uptown around three.

Mr. Celestial remembered. Johnny had no sooner set foot off the pier than the coffee-colored little man hopped out of a cab at the curb and yanked open the door. Johnny stopped with one foot inside. "Oh-ho!" he said. "Violets!"

"I have also mignonette and My Beautiful Sin, señor."

"Let's keep the violets," Johnny said. "Take me to the Gustafson Building on Calle San Rafael."

Johnny found Mr. Abernethy in low spirits. Old Mr. Gustafson had taken a turn for the worse. He couldn't last much longer. As if the war weren't enough, with all the good ships going down, the fine skippers and crews that would never make port again, the handsome cargoes fathoms deep! What was going to become of the line, Mr. Abernethy wanted to know, with a goldfish like Gustaf running it? He squeezed a lime into a couple of glasses.

Johnny was thinking of Gustaf, baffled by a sense of inadequacy. Gustaf was woven into the Quincy pattern, but only because of the coincidental factor, so far as he could see, of Lilah's affair with Sam Jewell. That should have satisfied him, but for some reason it didn't. Rotating the glass Mr. Abernethy had given him, he asked, "How did Gusty get that way?"

"A man's the way he's made, Johnny."

"But there was something else, wasn't there?"

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Abernethy, "the Gustafson interests had forty thousand acres of cane under fence in Santa Clara. In the old days they put their sugar and molasses aboard their own lighters at Bahia de la Cruz and cargoed their own ships out in the anchorage at Cayo Ensenada." Mr. Abernethy lighted a cigar and sighed. "Nowadays the railroad is used. It's cheaper. Mr. Gustafson built a house on the peninsula at Bahia de la Cruz in 1902. The materials for the house came down in Gustafson ships and were lightered into the Old Sugar Wharf. The house looked northward toward the Old Bahama Channel. On a clear day you could count a dozen cays offshore. Southward from the house flowed the cane. In the sunlight it was sea green, but a full moon made it paler than silver, and if a breeze rippled through the feathery tops you were looking at something not to be found this side of the so-called kingdom of heaven."

"Wasn't Gustaf born there?" Johnny asked.

"In 1904," said Mr. Abernethy.

"And it happened there, didn't it—whatever it was?"

"In 1912," Mr. Abernethy said, "when Gustaf was eight, on a Sunday morning in May." The harsh precision with which he was speaking didn't quite cover up the tremor in Mr. Abernethy's voice. "Mrs. Gustafson was an unusual woman, beautiful and forthright and daring. She was passionately fond of sailboating, and she wanted Gustaf to love it, too.

"That morning a squall came around Punta Diana light, and before Mrs. Gustafson could take in her spritsail the wind had kicked her over. She put little Gustaf on top of the skiff and held him there." Mr. Abernethy's eyes clouded. "The sharks got her legs. They almost got little Gustaf, too. Mr. Gustafson buried his wife at the end of the peninsula. She was a high-spirited, generous woman."

Johnny said slowly, "That explains Gustaf, doesn't it?"

"Cowardice," said Mr. Abernethy sharply, "explains Gustaf—the kind a man is born with. But blame Miss Drumm, if you like. She carried on from where the sharks left off."

"The nurse," Johnny said.

Mr. Abernethy looked tired. "Miss Drumm was a family connection, and she was devoted to the boy—I'll say that for her!—and I suppose Mr. Gustafson deemed her the logical one to turn to. But she was an acid, self-righteous woman, and Gustaf had just seen his mother die horribly. His mind was badly mauled. It needed sunlight and fresh air. Miss Drumm filled it with shadows. She taught him to be careful. He mustn't go swimming. He mustn't go sailboating. The sea was the natural enemy of man. He must never, never forget how his mother had died. Miss Drumm built a hedge around him. She made him afraid."

"WHAT was Mr. Gustafson doing all this time?"

"He was a busy man," Mr. Abernethy said painfully, "what with the shipping and Cuban sugar. He had closed the Bahia de la Cruz house and moved Miss Drumm and Gustaf onto a Connecticut farm. She had the boy to herself. When Mr. Gustafson realized what had happened, he tried to build some character into his son. He sent him to sea with your grandfather. He took him cruising on the Cytherea. He made him handle the cruiser himself. But he'd waited too long. So Gustaf hates the sea. And Gustaf is coming into his inheritance." Mr. Abernethy reached savagely for the Bacardi bottle. "Is there anything I can give you?"

"Not a thing, Mr. Abernethy," Johnny said.

"Blame Miss Drumm, if you like. Blame the sharks and Cuban sugar. But I blame Gustaf—it's a privilege for a man to carry his own weight, to my way of thinking. Mr. Gustafson sold the plantations and the mills, but he never could bring himself to let go of the house. Miss Drumm visits the place once a year to take care of the grave. She's slightly cracked and has to be humored. I usually do the humoring. I expect her shortly." Mr. Abernethy stirred his drink. "Johnny, what's all this got to do with the Emmaline Quincy?"

"I've been wondering," Johnny said.

"So have I." Mr. Abernethy seemed baffled. "Think about it, will you? . . . Have you seen Sam Jewell yet?" Johnny nodded. "What happened to your face?"

"I ran into something," Johnny said shortly.

"That was my impression." . . .

The session at police headquarters yielded little.

It was held in the office of Captain Alvarado, a bald middle-aged man who spoke good American English and maintained an air of intelligent disillusion behind a formal politeness of manner. The insurance people had a man there; and a sharp-featured man named West, who listened a lot and said little, turned out to be from Washington. Johnny told his story all over again, bitterly resenting the polite skepticism with which he thought it was being received. He said nothing about Sam Jewell. The police, he suspected, were aware of the Flavin-Jewell factor.

"On what do you base your opinion, Mr. Angel, that your grandfather is dead?" Captain Alvarado asked blandly.

Johnny lost his temper. "Are you insinuating that he's alive—that he looted his own ship?"

"Our beliefs are unimportant, Mr. Angel. Something remarkable has happened in Cuban waters. Probably men have lost their lives. So, you see, I must have something more specific than beliefs—yours or mine."

"You don't think much of my stowaway theory, do you?"

"It's interesting but unenlightening."

"Suppose we talk about the unlisted cargo taken off the Quincy," Johnny said.

"I have no information," said Captain Alvarado.

He was lying, Johnny told himself heatedly. The session broke up, and Johnny left with Mr. Abernethy. They had come in Mr. Celestial's cab.

ALL the way back to the Gustafson Building Johnny sat in glum silence. Mr. Abernethy told him to come and see him any time he wanted to talk things over, and they parted. Back at the pier, Johnny told Mr. Celestial he could wait, if he wanted to. He had begun to see that he had something special in the coffee-colored little man.

He lingered in his grandfather's cabin. The Quincy, this room especially, had grained and fibered him. To turn his back on the ship was hard, but he didn't any longer belong here, and wouldn't again until the Angel men could spread their wings again. Shouldering his kit, he left. He told Mr. Celestial that he wanted an inexpensive hotel where the food was good.

"Such an establishment, señor," said Mr. Celestial, "is the hotel of my cousins, Antonio and Consolacion—the Pico on Calle Obispo."

The Pico had a friendly Cuban air that Johnny liked. He telephoned his new address to the police and to Mr. Abernethy, then went out to talk to Mr. Celestial.

"I'm in a peck of trouble," he said.

"Trouble and I are old friends, señor," said Mr. Celestial.

"Do you know what I'm thinking about?"

"The Emmaline Quincy."

"I've got to find some one who was aboard her."

"For your grandfather's sake, señor."

"And my own," said Johnny. "How are you at listening?"

"A tomb of silence," said Mr. Celestial. "Command my ears."

"What are they saying in the cafés?" Johnny asked him.

" 'Where is the crew of the Emmaline Quincy?' " Mr. Celestial replied. " 'How do we know these Angels are honest men?' How people chatter! Well, we shall listen—is that it, señor?"

They haunted the water-front dives, avoiding only those that catered to the *turista* trade. They prowled the city streets and listened to the talk. They looked over the crowds at the Fronton,

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at the races, at the cockfights. They talked to the fishermen across the bay, with the sponge fishers at Batabano. They did the *fritas* along Avenida Quinta, where they dish out the best rumba music in the hemisphere. But Johnny soon got his fill of rumba. He'd find himself thinking wistfully of the Elks' band, back in Maine, where he'd lived as a kid. He'd see his grandfather sitting in the button-back, reading the twenty-third psalm of King David.

Impatience fretted him. A war was on. Men were needed to man the ships to carry the guns. Yet here he was sloughing off precious days that no longer really belonged to him.

One day they drove down to Bahia de la Cruz. Mr. Celestial had a cousin, Plutarco, who worked on the sugar estate that had belonged to the Gustafsons, and Johnny was shown the house in which Gustafson was born. The impulse that had brought him to these scenes of Gustafson's childhood baffled him. That Gustafson couldn't have had anything to do with the Quincy conspiracy Johnny never doubted. Yet the guy continued to haunt him.

That morning, at four, in front of Johnny's hotel, Mr. Celestial said, "A car followed us today, señor. Everywhere we go, faces watch us. The same ones always. One of them has romantic eyes and a tenor voice. At the Tia Maria last night he pretended to be drunk and sang My Wild Irish Rose."

Johnny was aware of the surveillance they were under. He had expected it. Both Jewell and the police had solid motives for wanting to know what he was up to. Most of the time Johnny hadn't minded particularly, but there had been moments when the edge of his frustration cut deep, and he had been tempted to start shoving in faces.

Meanwhile North Africa pushed the Emmaline Quincy off the front page, then out of the newspapers altogether, until an event that saddened Johnny brought it briefly back again. Old Mr. Gustafson was dead in his eighty-second year. Johnny went to see Mr. Abernethy. He found him too cut up to talk. Besides, he had caught cold for the first time in all of his forty years in Cuba. He sat with his feet in a mustard bath and with a battery of glassware and limes in front of him.

"All this is too much for the system to absorb," Mr. Abernethy moaned. "With a goldfish for a figurehead, what's going to become of the line?"

JOHNNY and Mr. Celestial dropped into the Tia Maria again. His back to the bar, Johnny was scanning the customers' faces when he saw the man with the romantic eyes and the tenor voice. Shaking off Mr. Celestial, he went up to the man, who saw him coming in the mirror and turned to meet him, holding a glass. He was good-looking enough to be the hero of an Italian opera—and he was unquestionably American.

"My name is Angel," Johnny said.

"The face is familiar, Mr. Angel."

"Yours, too—too familiar. You following me places?"

"Why would I be following you?"

Johnny felt a man breathing on his neck, and knew that he had stepped into something. The romantic eyes in front of him contracted. In a loud, provocative voice the man asked, "Anybody here know why I'd be following Mr. Angel places?"

"That's the Emmaline Quincy guy!" some one said.

"How's your grandfather, Mr. Angel?" the man said with emery-powder politeness.

"Wipe off that grin," said Johnny.

"Sam's compliments," the man said, and threw the contents of his glass into Johnny's face.

Johnny hit him in the mouth, then absorbed a straight left between the eyes. Two other men jumped on him from behind then. A table fell over. Glassware crashed. Johnny saw Mr. Celestial swinging a bottle. A couple of bouncers bored in then, and the lights went out for Johnny Angel personally.

THE next thing he knew he was sitting on the running board of the cab, holding his head, and Mr. Celestial was commiserating.

"Señor, I cannot understand our bad luck, since all the time you had the lucky elephant in your pocket—"

"What are you talking about?" Johnny mumbled, squinting painfully at the little gold elephant in the other's palm.

"When those men jumped you," said Mr. Celestial, "it was then that the elephant fell out of your pocket. And that is why I cannot understand our misfortunes. For the señorita said her little elephant was lucky."

"Say that again," Johnny said—"slowly."

"Señor," Mr. Celestial explained patiently, "this elephant belongs to the señorita. She wore it with other curiosities on her wrist. The loss of it was a serious matter, she said. Had I found it in my taxicab? I had not. Because all the time it was on your person."

Johnny cut in, "I found that thing in Johanson's cabin!"

"Señor," said Mr. Celestial firmly, "this is the señorita's little elephant."

It was a bitter moment for Johnny Angel, a hammer-and-chisel mauling of his pride, and of other emotions, more fragile and precious. She had suggested that Flavin was alive. She had quit the Quincy and gone straight to Sam Jewell. She had run out on him twice. Johnny put his conclusions to himself in simple terms: She had come aboard the Quincy at Dakar. She had seen what had happened. She had hidden in Mr. Johanson's cabin. That left the man in the raincoat hanging up in the air, but he, too, would fit in where he belonged. Everything would fit, including her motives, and that, Johnny told himself bleakly, was the hell of it!

Her name was Ann—Ann Wingate, maybe.

"Back to the hotel," he said to Mr. Celestial. "I'm flying to New York in the morning."

In his room at the Pico again, Johnny splashed cold water into his face and fell into bed, drained out, except for the gritty residue of his misery. When finally he slept, Ann was riding a gold elephant as big as the moon with which he could never quite catch up. Every time he got close enough to grab its little screwball tail, the elephant would look back with a brassy grin remarkably like Sam Jewell's, and go on faster.

This had happened, it seemed to Johnny, at least a couple of hundred times when he thought that Ann called to him in a voice urgent with fear. He hit the floor, then dropped dejectedly back onto the bed.

As he did so, some one knocked and called softly, "Johnny Angel!"

Next week you will learn, with Johnny, the dreadful story of how the Emmaline Quincy was abandoned.

SPIRITUALISM BOOMS IN ENGLAND

Continued from Page 19

Derek." "If it doesn't come back every time, it is going to be my fault," the spirit is quoted as saying.

But not all of Dowding's messages come from R. A. F. lads. Here is one from the other side: "I am a German, but in death we are the same. I was very young when Hitler took me. I was sent to Poland and Norway and France. At first we triumphed and success seemed too easy. I was bored and it sickened me to kill and burn and harry. At last I refused to go on, and was shot by my own comrades.

"When I died, the members of my family who had passed beyond would have nothing to do with me. They were not proud of me. I was obsessed by my crimes. Persons I had killed came to me and showed me their wounds. Finally, a child I had refused to harm and who had been killed by one of my comrades bore witness for me and said I had done at least one good deed. Now I know I can only really find peace by working in the minds of my old comrades, trying to get them to join me in influencing those who are still fighting."

AND so the movement goes on, fed by the expanding casualties of war and stimulated by such messages reported by Dowding as this:

"I want to write to Sir Hugh Dowding. He is giving us all over here, and particularly the R. A. F., a tremendous boost. That will make him laugh. He always stung us up to do our very best, and now we see him doggedly carrying the war against misapplied thought into the enemy's country—the land of ignorance and disbelief.

"Tell him we are like Barrie's dream-child; if we aren't believed in, we fade right out of the lives of all those whom we love and want to help. If they insist on killing us dead in all things, so far as they are concerned, we remain dead as doormats. He is bringing us to life. It makes it possible for us to come home and live among you all and fight again among the boys.

"Tell them to keep our memory alive in the squadrons. We'd be about the maddest crowd in the air if we could gain recognition; but without it we can't half do our job.

"Tell him we who died in the Battle of Britain are at his side now. He can't see us, but we are there all the same."

The great thrill for the audience comes when Dowding tells them they must not lose heart because they have not heard from their loved ones beyond; that they must not be discouraged by lack of tangible evidence.

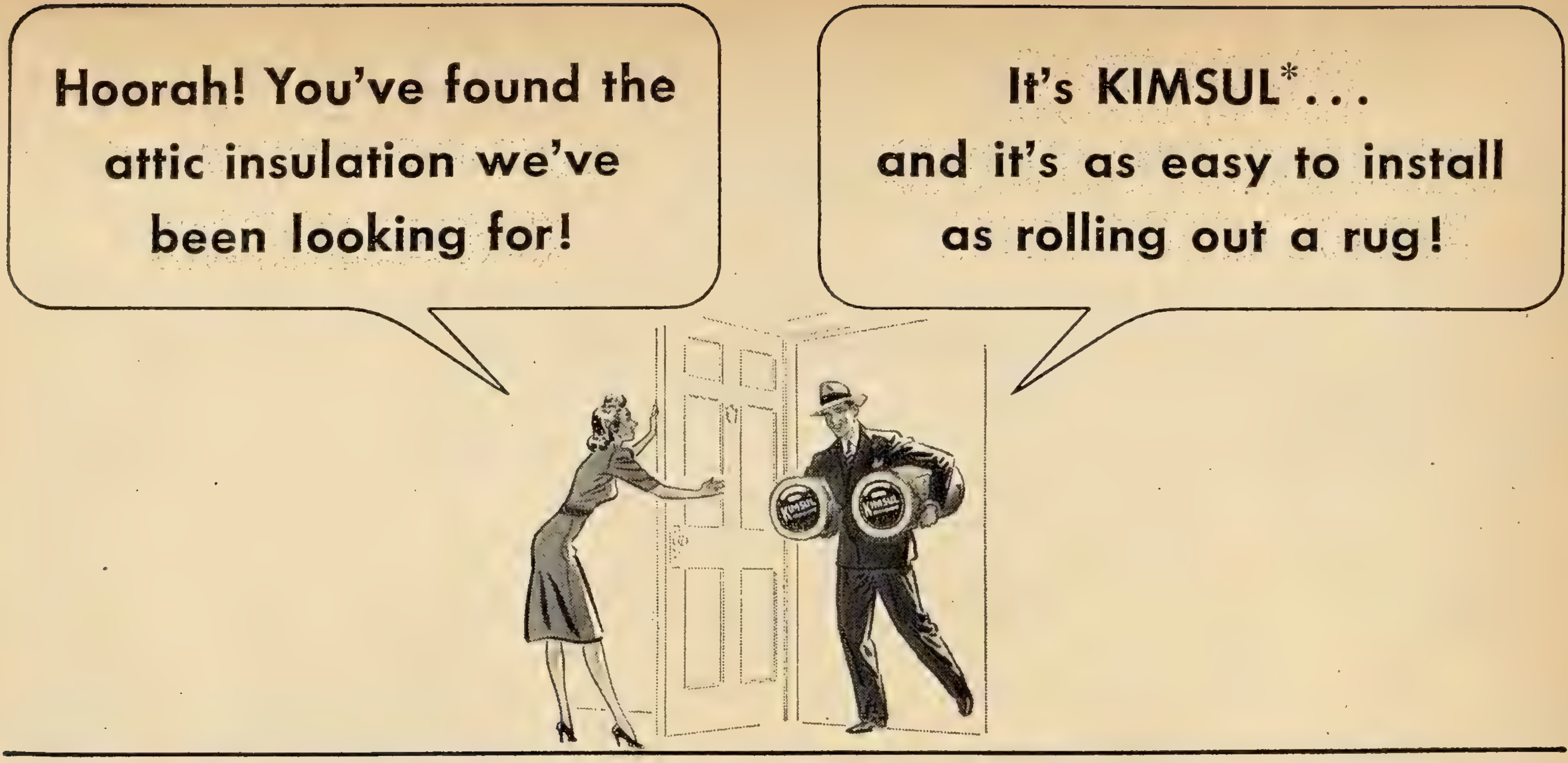
"Be sure of this," he says. "They are with us. They are here at this very moment in this very hall."

From the rear row of an upper balcony a wan, gray man twisting a stained workman's cap in his hands shouts: "God bless you, chum!"

And throughout the hall echoes: "God bless you, Lord Dowding. God bless you for giving us hope."

As the men and women straggle out of the hall, a dozen bright-faced young women circulate in the crowd, hawking spiritualist tracts and booklets: Children in the Next World, The Two Worlds, World Service, The Greater World, Psychic News, Red Cloud Speaks, The Soul of Jack London.

THE END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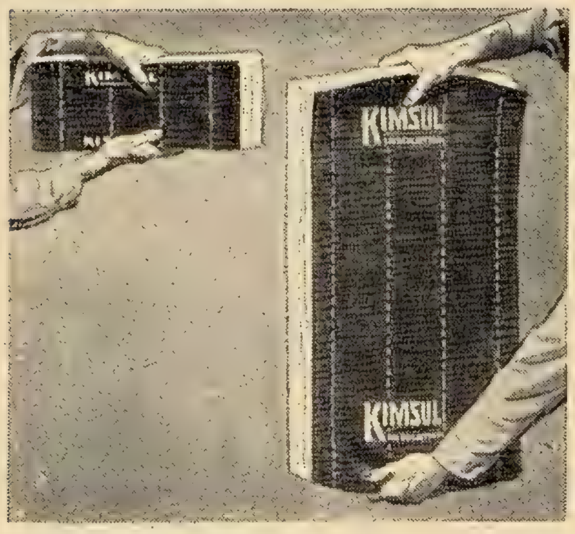

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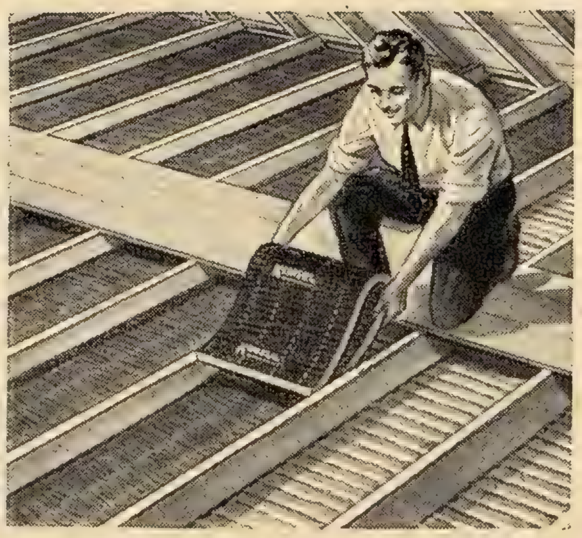

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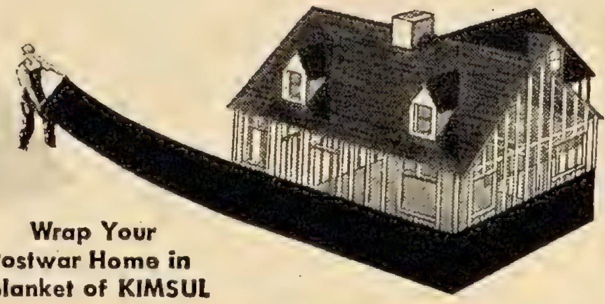

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

"HERE'S my idea of how to deal with Hitler," writes Mrs. F. S. of Amazonia, Missouri. (She's a farmer's wife and handles eighty acres while her husband works in a defense plant and her son's in the Army.)

"I would make him live in a little house somewhere in the U. S. A. I would be sure it was at a crossroads, where many people would stop to chat and drink from a well that I would place in his front yard, with a sign, 'Welcome, Ye Weary Traveler.'

"I would make him attend church, go to Sunday-school picnics and to P. T. A. meetings and ball games. I would take him to public playgrounds and make him watch our unafraid children from every nation play together.

Fun for kids

"Hitler has never known peace or love or unity—and this would be the most terrible punishment we could give him. Let him live with his conscience in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Mrs. S.'s letter answered one from an Army sergeant in Sicily published some weeks back. The general theme was what to do with Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo after the war. All kinds of suggestions have poured in.

Marine Private S. S. writes from somewhere at sea:

"Killing Hitler immediately is no good, after all the torturing he's done to people in Europe. Put him in a special 'nailed cell,' with nails coming out from all the walls, protruding upward from the floor, and downward from the ceiling (in case he gets a notion to park up there). He won't be able to sit or sleep, and will be afraid to move too much. If he's not crazy now, he will be after a period in the 'nailed cell.'

"As for Tojo, we'll do him a favor and let him kill himself. The Japs call it 'honorable,' but we know it's a coward's way out.

"Now we come to Muss, the big blabbermouth. The best punishment for him is to put him in a soundproof cell (so the echoes will sound louder) and have a phonograph continuously play records of his windbag speeches."

Mrs. E. M. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, makes this suggestion:

"Place each one in a wheeled cage drawn by one of our jeeps or tanks, and have them on display in the form of a parade that would give the public a chance to view them. Remember, when we were kids, what a thrill it was to see the caged animals in a parade on circus day? Get what I mean?

"Every city, in advance, could take up a collection to cover the expenses of the parade, and the remaining proceeds would be used to buy enough rope to finish the job."

Too bad we don't have Edgar Allan Poe around to make his suggestion. A master of tortures, Poe probably would have come up with an ideal plan—such as putting the three rogues on K. P. for life.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I served overseas for twenty months, after which I was hospitalized and shipped home. Now that I've had a rest I am just as good as new, but I've learned that I am up for a medical discharge. I want to return to duty, Sarge, but I hear that if you refuse a medical discharge you get into trouble.

J. S. E., Temple, Tex.

There is no such thing as refusing a C. D. D., or medical discharge. Under AR 615-360, Section 2, all the Army has to do is hand you a C. D. D. and you are out. If you balk at the idea, you may be escorted from the reservation by an armed guard. Better take the doctor's verdict, Bud. They know more about your health than you do.

* * *

Does an American serviceman who is a prisoner of Japan continue to be paid by the American government? If so, is his pay given to his parents, or what happens to it?

Seaman P. J. McP., U. S. C. G.,
Port Arthur, Tex.

The pay of a serviceman taken prisoner by the enemy is credited to him and held by the government, to be paid to him when he is repatriated.

During his captivity, allowances to his dependents continue, as do regular allotments from his pay, such as dependency, insurance, and War Bond allotments.

* * *

I met a girl here at this college training center, and in the course of time it comes out that her father is a colonel in the Army. So, me being a private, I just wonder how that would place me.

Don't get me wrong. Her dad has nothing to do with the set-up here. But it has got me to thinking what would be the right way to respond to an introduction to him. If we were to walk up to the door and he were to open it, what would be the correct procedure? Salute him right there? Or, when introduced to him, would I salute him?

It is my desire, naturally, to leave a good impression.

Pvt. S. N. B.,
Army Specialized Training School,
Western Maryland College,
Westminster, Md.

There's no substitute for the prescribed rules of military courtesy. Treat the girl's father as if he were any other Army officer. Salute him at the door. When introduced, offer another salute. If the colonel wishes to put you at your ease and wishes to shake hands with you when introduced, or to eliminate military formality, wait until he makes the suggestion. Until then, play safe.

P.S. Good luck!

* * *

In a recent issue of This Man's War reference was made to the "Observation Liaison of the Field Artillery Command at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas." The address is incorrect, as this school has no information on any such activity.

Col. Dana C. Schmahl,
Command and General Staff School,
Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

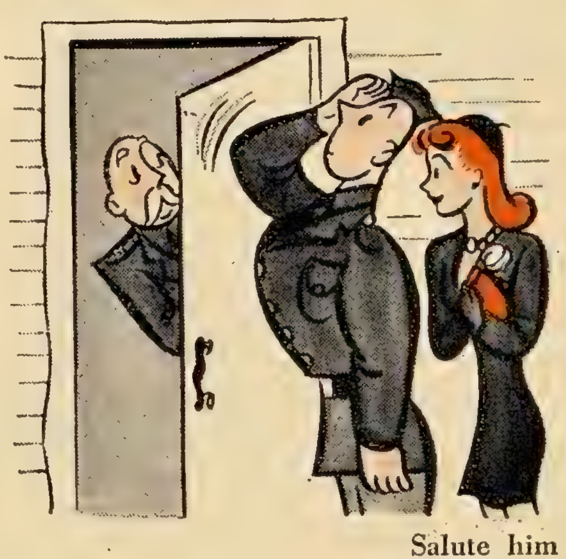
My apologies. I gave the address in answer to a soldier who inquired about training to pilot a "grasshopper" plane used in liaison work with artillery and infantry units.

The correct address of the "grasshopper" school is: Air Training Department of the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

* * *

I've got a heavy bet on, Sarge. My contention is that the Army's dress blue uniform is out for the duration, and that hence no member of the Army is permitted to wear it. Do I collect?

Cpl. A. B. J., Camp Edwards, Mass.



Salute him

I'd say that bet is a draw. You are right about the first part. Army blues are out for the duration, having been ruled out by W. D. last April.

But you're wrong about the second part. There are *three* men in the Army who still wear dress blues every day. They are Sergeant William R. Taylor of Wilson, North Carolina; Sergeant Cecil Combs of Portland, Oregon; and Sergeant Michael Altier of Easton, Pennsylvania. These three men are orderlies to Secretary of War Stimson and wear the dress blues as they stand duty outside the Secretary's office.

The dress blues are the oldest Army uniform, going back all the way to the Revolution, when the original type of this uniform was worn by Haslet's Delaware regiment.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

JUNGLE FIGHTING—YANKEE STYLE

Continued from Page 13

it comes to taking a shot at the enemy, they are like hogs at trough time. But not so the Jap. Jap snipers behind our lines have a valuable tactic which our men are temperamentally incapable of adopting. They do not move their guns to follow a moving target. They wait until it crosses their sights. Movement of the gun might cause a rustle in the leaves or a twitching in the shadow pattern of the tree. So the Jap sniper stays silent and patient as a snake on a limb. You can walk with perfect safety in plain sight of him and he will not wince or cringe or grasp after your life in any way—until you walk where he can shoot you without moving.

An episode on Guadalcanal illustrates the animal-like patience of the Jap. Marines and some Army troops had driven west of the Matanikau River, and the men with whom I put in some time were held up for a day and a half along a narrow sector. They drove out the Japs before noon on a Wednesday and held there the rest of the day and all the following day.

Toward five o'clock on Thursday a marine, ordered to dig in for the night, found some soft dirt at the edge of a tree and chose to begin there. With the first poke of his shovel he hit a Jap body. The Jap was covered over very lightly with a sprinkle of dirt, but his camouflaged uniform had made him look just like leaves and rotting twigs lying amid the dirt.

THE marine uncovered the Jap, not too gently, and through the whole process the Jap did not move, except when he was jostled. But our men do not take anything about the Japs for granted any more. The marine grasped the Jap by the wrist, lifted the man's arm high and let it drop. It dropped limply and the face remained motionless, as in death.

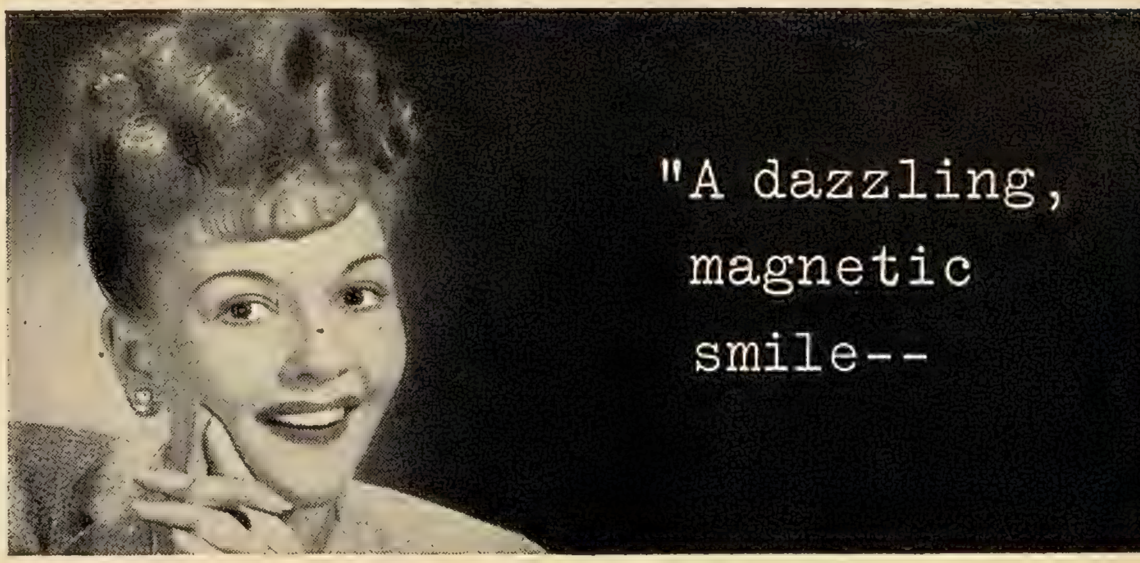
The marine was puzzled. He knew the body must have been lying where it was for at least twenty-eight hours. He was not a doctor, but he had read detective stories and knew about rigor mortis. That was where the Jap had made his mistake—he had forgotten to feign rigor mortis. Maybe the oversight occurred to him now. Anyway, the Jap, who had done the inhuman and lain motionless under a sprinkle of dirt for longer than a day, feigning death to get behind our lines and snipe at us, now suffered a spasm of very human emotion. One of his eyelids twitched uncontrollably. The marine was so startled he brained the Jap with the shovel before he could make another move.

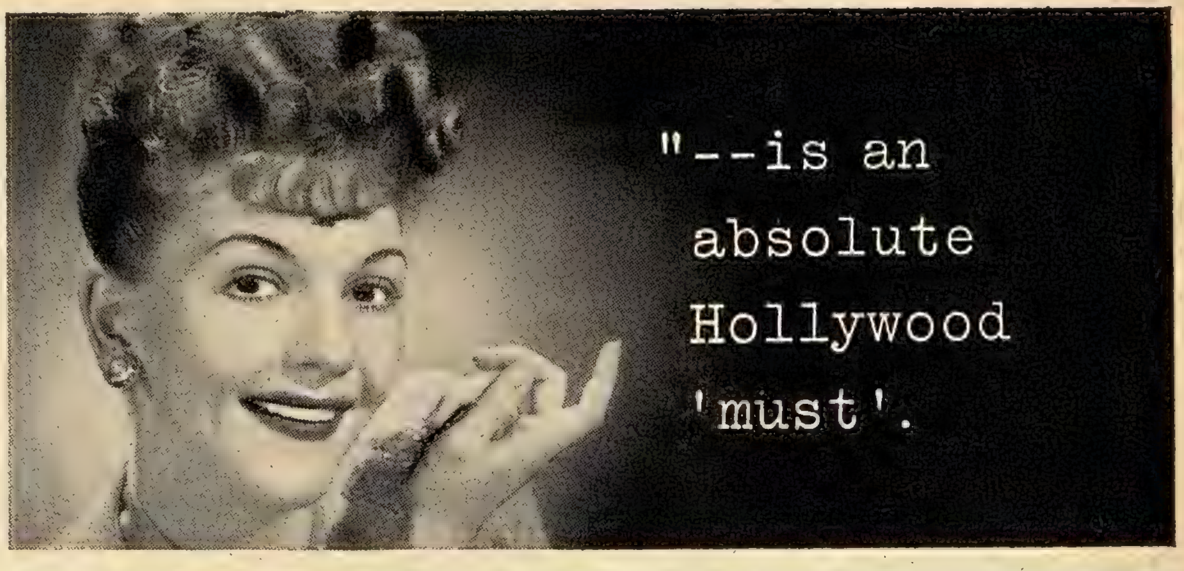
Our men are taught patience in training. They are taught the value of it and they are carefully rehearsed in it, but it is against their temperament. It takes about two days in the jungle for them to learn not to shoot unless they can see or have definitely seen what they are shooting at.

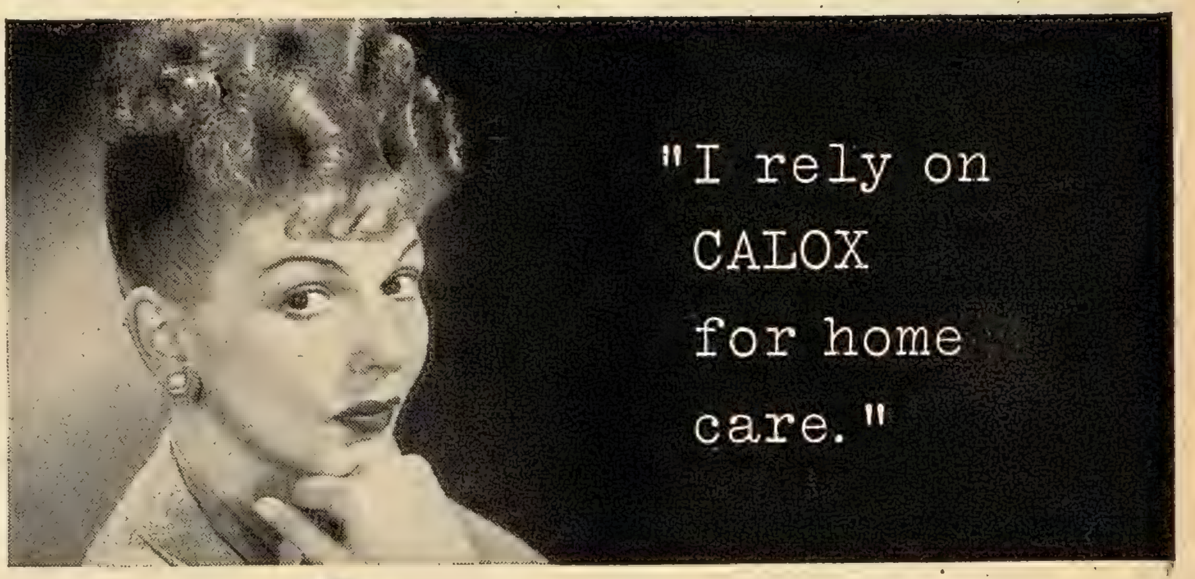
Yet what we lack in patience we make up for in other ways. Late in July on New Georgia, I remember, I lay in a shallow foxhole that had been turned into a command post, and watched an Army major arrange for a tank assault on some pillboxes about 100 yards ahead. A Jap sniper had been picking at us steadily for some time and finally began to get annoying. The major looked around and saw two Signal Corps men taking it easy. "Would you mind going

MARY MARTIN speaking:

*Star of "**TRUE TO LIFE**" a Paramount Picture.*




"--is an absolute Hollywood 'must'.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out and getting that baby, please?" he said. "If you don't mind—if you're not doing anything else at the moment?" The two lads crawled off impatiently.

I had nothing else to do at the moment, either—the tank attack had not yet been launched—and I watched the Signal Corps men at their hunt. They crawled about five yards to a fallen coconut log and began peering about cautiously. The sniper held his fire, but they did not have the patience to wait until he gave himself away. One of them took off his helmet and walked it alongside the coconut log with a slow, bobbling movement, the top of it sticking slightly above the log.

The sniper fired. The boy dropped his helmet. "Did you see him?" he asked excitedly.

His companion had not seen the sniper, but the sound of the shot, he said, had seemed to come from a clutter of trees, a flocked-together, swollen mass of them in which a single coconut tree stood like a needle in a haystack.

All the boys had to do was wait. They had located the general area, and if they held still awhile the sniper would shoot at something else and they could locate him more definitely.

So they waited. They waited about a minute, I think—certainly not two minutes. Then one of them used his helmet again to draw fire. The sniper had a choice of two actions. He knew now he was being hunted. He could remain quiet and outwait the hunter, or he could take a chance and try to kill him. The Jap elected the latter course. Under the circumstances, with an attack shaping up, time was against him, and perhaps he believed his hiding place was so secure it could not be discovered from the ground. So he fired again at the helmet—and missed again. Japs are poor shots.

THE two Signal Corps men decided the sniper was firing from the coconut tree buried among all the other trees. Then began a fight that was like a play in a foreign language but whose meanings are so plain that the language is no bar to understanding them.

The two soldiers were sprawled belly down behind the log, their faces blank as workingmen engaged on a familiar job, only their eyes squinting a little as they looked through their sights. They aimed at the fronds of the coconut tree and shot them off one by one. Beyond them I could see the jungle stretching dimly for perhaps thirty feet, piling up into a whole thunderhead of foliage. One of our rifles would speak with a real barroom roar. Then there would be an instant of silence while the echo of the roar would curl in my ears like smoke and drift slowly away. And as the echo cleared I could hear the slow scrape and hesitant slither of a palm frond falling heavily through the foliage to the earth.

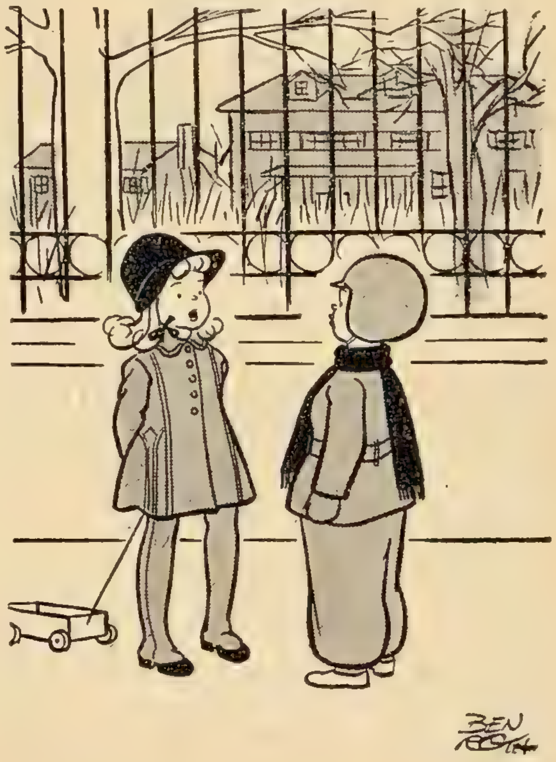
The Jap's automatic rifle would answer, terrified. It was a light rifle and had a high skinny whistle typical of Jap ordnance, and when it fired a burst it was like a chatter of teeth in fear. The bursts became longer and wilder. He had never expected the Americans to peel the cover from his hiding place. Now he was throwing away his life in paroxysms of fear. He couldn't even hit the log.

At last the two boys shot away enough fronds to see him. Then they killed him. I remember he fell like one of the palm fronds, with a scraping slither, leaves twirling slowly and silently downward for some time after his limp dead body had hit the ground.

Ingenuity had won out, the ability to think under pressure—along, of course, with the marksmanship a man can acquire in training. These had been enough to prevail over what might have been a fatal lack of patience.

Perhaps the most important quality in which we excel the Japanese jungle fighter stems from a feeling for machines—including the machines of war. We get it almost in the cradle, and grow up with it, so that when we are men it is deep in our reflexes. The Japanese do not have our way of life. When they get into the Army they are schooled in machines, very skillfully, too; but when the pinch comes and victory depends on a machine's doing more than the engineers built into it, the Japanese do not have the instinct or feeling that tells them whether to go ahead or not. They work by the book; when they do not, they suffer disaster. Our men throw the book away when necessary.

There are, in my experience, many examples of this quality. In fact, I owe what is left of my life to the feeling of a pilot in a Flying Fortress that he could extend his machine beyond the limits the engineers believed they had built into it. The Jap we were up against was resourceful and brave, but he wouldn't take his plane past the pages of the book of instructions. Our jockey did, and the Jap burned and we got home.



"Are you post-Pearl Harbor?"

Another time I watched marines "solve a problem" consisting of four Jap machine guns in a cluster that were holding up an advance of one of our companies. The colonel in charge of the operation worked like a surgeon probing for an ulcer.

The company lay pinned down only a little more than fifty yards from the machine guns. The men could not retreat or advance. They could not even lift their heads to throw a hand grenade, lest they have their heads shot off. For some reason there were neither mortars nor howitzers available immediately. I think they were being used elsewhere. Anyway, relief was needed at once, and the colonel decided to use what he had—75s, a battery of them known as "the George Battery" in token of the expression "Let George do it."

Because of the nature of the terrain—steep ridges separated by narrow draws—the 75s had to be pointed straight up into the air. The shells had to be lobbed up at an angle and dropped straight down. It was like shooting for a basket with a basketball. But there was a difference. The basket was four miles away —and a shot a millimeter of a degree off angle would kill Americans.

The 75 is a wonderful gun, but it was not built for that kind of shooting. I don't believe it would have occurred to the Japs to use it for that purpose. Or, if they had, they would have suffered a catastrophe. Guns undergo fractions of change from shot to shot, due to differences in temperature and expansion and contraction of metal under heat. These differences can't be measured. A man must have a feeling for them.

The colonel worked with two telephones. One connected him with a forward observation post right on the line of fire. The other connected him with the "George Battery." He let an operator talk to the battery and he himself talked to the forward observation post. The lad there was very nervous.

"Now just take it easy," the colonel said soothingly. "You're not expected to do anything more than the best you can."

I could hear the man's nervous voice come squeaking back over the telephone. "Yes, sir," he said, and gave a target from his grid.

"Tell 'George' to use the same gun all the time," the colonel instructed the operator.

We waited a moment, and heard a distant explosion. Then, overhead, came the high feathered whistle of a shell on its way.

"Now watch carefully," the colonel said. "It's passing over my head now. It ought to land in about three seconds."

UNFORTUNATELY

The man who makes a girl regret
Is not a man that girls forget.

—SIS WILLNER.

I had my watch out. The seconds passed very slowly. On the third one, I jumped. There had been an explosion very near by.

"How was that?" asked the colonel into the telephone.

"Try —," came the squeaking voice, giving another number on the grid.

In all, there were four ranging shots fired. Each time the procedure was the same—the observer making the gun overshoot a little less as he "walked it" slowly back toward the target; the colonel soothing him and announcing the shells as if they were trains going by; the men back at "George" working with their instincts and praying for the best.

"On target, sir," squeaked the boyish voice in the telephone after the fourth shot.

"I am going to tell 'George' to let go with a salvo," replied the colonel. "One salvo, now. Watch for it."

There was a rumbling, bursting boom back of us, like a brass-lunged giant clearing his throat. The feathered whistles of the shells passing overhead were all run together. The explosion of them was like one long explosion.

"Do you want any more?" asked the colonel.

"That's enough, sir," shrilled the observer exultantly.

THE END

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LITTLE WHEELS KEEP THE BIG ONES ROLLING

Continued from Page 23

on his own track and send it out across the country. It will cross the tracks of a dozen other roads, mingle with the cars of all other roads, yet weeks or months later it will find its way home. The system by which this is accomplished is little short of uncanny.

The handling of freight cars is carefully regulated by rules of the Association, and their movements are watched by the Car Service Division of the Association. These rules govern the use of cars for loading, the return of empties, and the payment of fees for service obtained from cars belonging to another railroad. If nature were allowed to take its course with the freight-car traffic, all the cars in the country would wind up in huge jams on the two coasts. The rules provide that, as long as a car owned by one railroad is on the track of another road the latter must pay the owner one dollar a day. Each railroad is required to load up cars belonging to other operators and send them back in the direction from which they came as quickly as possible. Or, lacking a load, the cars must be returned empty without delay.

Freight trains move on regular schedules, some of which rival passenger speed. A long train loaded with trucks which had to make a convoy leaving a Pacific Coast port was started from the East on a Monday night and reached the other coast on Saturday morning. And during the East Coast oil crisis solid trains of tank cars from the Southwest ran on schedules closely matching those of passenger trains.

Our food situation would be much more serious were not the railroads able to meet rush orders often calling for thousands of freight cars. When the Maine potato crop was ready for shipment last year, growers reported that they had raised 80,000 carloads—or double the normal yield. Storage bins were full and it was estimated that the railroads would have to haul 500 carloads of spuds a day if the crop left in the ground was to be saved.

USUALLY potatoes move in refrigerator cars, but orders went out through the East calling in also all available boxcars. But loading was slow and the 500 carloads a day weren't getting out. Cold weather was coming, and with it the danger that potatoes shipped in boxcars would freeze. The boxcars were allowed to go back into regular service and the railroads gathered in refrigerator cars by the hundreds. Soon these cars were streaming out of Maine at the rate of 500 a day. The crop was saved.

Even under the most favorable circumstances, freight cars may get tied up somewhere or be diverted from the places where they are needed most. To break up such situations, the Association has what is known as the Goon Squad—a group of rough-and-ready experts who can untangle any snarl in freight. They watch the ebb and flow of the millions of cars and when they see a jam developing they move it.

Recently it was noticed that open-top cars, used for hauling steel girders and the like, were gradually becoming scarce in the East, where they were badly needed. The Goon Squad discovered that they were in service on the West Coast; they had been found handy for wartime operations there. The Goon Squad started them back home in a hurry.

Freight cars which stand idle on a siding for more than twenty-four hours attract as much attention as a sweater girl in an Army camp. In 700 principal shipping centers there are car efficiency committees organized by shippers. These committees get after shippers who hold up cars unnecessarily. If that doesn't work, the Goon Squad may move in. Shippers who won't unload are usually threatened with an embargo—and that gets action. While a shipper is embargoed the railroads won't haul any freight to him.

"You can't embargo me," one shipper insisted. "I'm doing war business."

"We embargoed the Aberdeen Proving Ground," replied one of the doughty Goons, "and they're not exactly in peacetime pursuits."

As soon as the tracks are cleared the embargo is lifted, but usually the threat itself is enough to start the cars rolling. The Goon Squad found some refrigerator cars that had been held up too long for unloading by a meat packer on the West Coast. The packer said there were no men available to unload.

"Well, if that's the case there's no use in letting more cars come in," said the chief of the Goons.

"You mean you're going to embargo me?" asked the packer.

"If you don't have those cars unloaded by Monday, we'll have to."

It was Friday. On Saturday the packer had his entire office force—bookkeepers, salesmen, and all—out unloading cars. On Monday the empties rolled away.

NO freight car in the nation strays far from the watchful eye of some official. As the cars are transferred from one railroad to another a record is made, so it is always possible to find out where a car was last seen. Sometimes it is necessary to cut one or two cars out of a slow freight train. If the Army finds that it needs certain materials to load on a convoy, and those materials are in the middle cars of a train creeping across Kansas, then the needed cars will be cut out and hitched onto a fast freight. Needed materials may even be taken off freight cars and loaded onto baggage cars in a passenger train. Once, machine-gun parts were taken off a train and loaded on a plane. This close check on the whereabouts of all freight prevented what might have been a series of disasters on one occasion. A call came on a Sunday night to the home of one of the Car Service Division men. The caller was a government official.

"Listen closely," the official said. "Here are five cars I want you to locate immediately. They left the West Coast last week en route to New York. I don't know what road they were shipped on or what day.

"The cars are loaded with barrels containing a chemical mixture. We've just had word that the chemical is defective and that it'll blow up your railroads unless you find the cars and punch holes in those barrels."

Within an hour all the cars had been located. One was in New York, another in Chicago, a third in Omaha, a fourth in Reno, and the last in Roseville, California. Police duly shot holes in the barrels, although in Omaha a chemist said the stuff couldn't blow up. He changed his mind when a slight explosion occurred as the holes were shot.

In this all railroad men saw a moral: You can't run a railroad with talk.

THE END

ALASKA, THE LAND UP OVER

Continued from Page 17

The founder of aviation in Alaska was Colonel Carl Ben Eielson, a young, clean-cut World War I flyer who moved up from North Dakota in the early '20s to teach at the Fairbanks high school. Life on the ground was too slow for Ben Eielson. He persuaded a group of Alaskans to buy a $500 Jenny and pay $1,500 to have it shipped north. They flew it off the ball park, landed it on river bars, and the Territory's first air line, the Fairbanks Airplane Company, was soon opened for business.

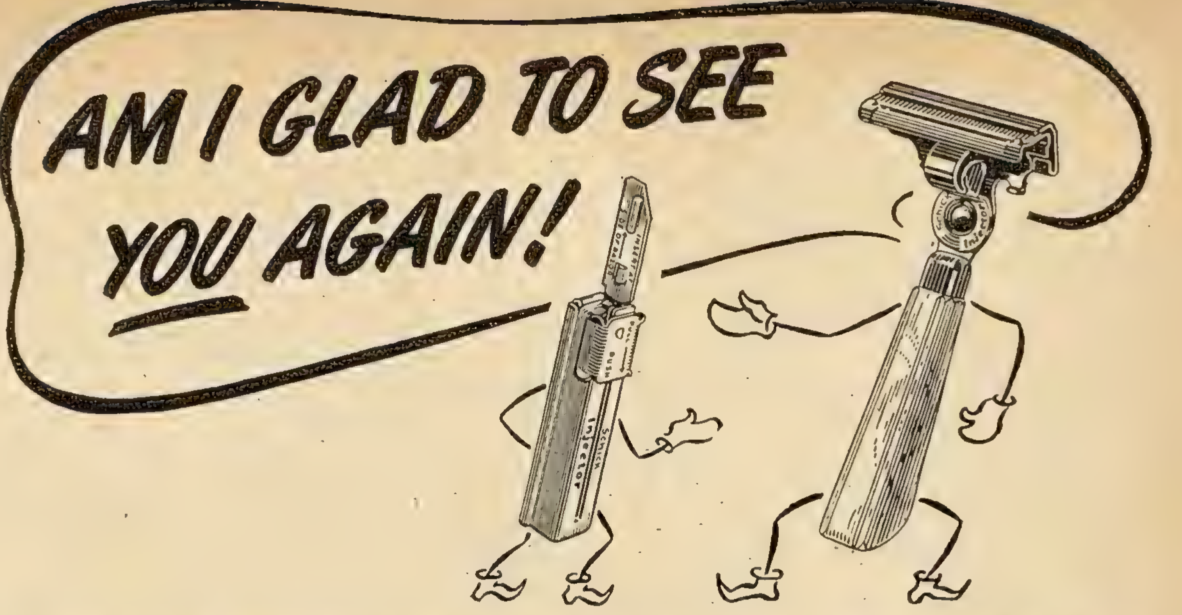
In 1928 Ben Eielson won the Harmon Trophy and the Distinguished Flying Cross when he flew the Wilkins trans-Arctic expedition from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitsbergen. Killed in a crack-up in Siberia the following year, Eielson was mourned from one end of the Territory to the other. Today the administration building of the University at Fairbanks bears his name, and his enthusiasm for flight has become an outstanding Alaskan tradition.

THE pilots are, beyond question, the Territory's most beloved and respected citizens. They are men like Noel Wein, who pioneered out of Fairbanks with Crosson and Eielson in the early days; Bob Reeve, adept "glacier pilot," who had flown the famous mail route across the Andes before he went north; the late Harold Gillam, who dared such menacing fogs and blizzards that Alaskans referred to storms as "Gillam weather"; Shell Simmons and Al Horning, accomplished "float" pilots of the coast; and Jack Jefford, today senior patrol pilot for the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

Across the untracked wilderness the pilots flew everything: gold and fur and schoolbooks and reindeer and mining machinery. They hauled Christmas trees to bleak towns along the Bering Sea. They took groceries to lonely trading posts along the Yukon. They flew cows to remote mining camps. Time after time, sighting distress signals, they came down to dangerous rescue landings on the rough terrain. Time after time they battled blizzards to take help to isolated frontiersmen. When Joe Crosson flew 500 dangerous miles with a load of serum for diphtheria-stricken Eskimos at Point Barrow, he was doing only what many other pilots, with the same matter-of-fact heroism, have done before and since.

The men who worked the fogbound, wind-swept southeast coast and islands faced some of the worst weather in the world in the crudest of equipment. Most of the Alaskans' planes were small single-motor craft. Until a few years before the war the planes carried no radios. They took along rifles and emergency rations, for a pilot leaving Fairbanks or Nome needed a sixth sense to find his course above the confusing pattern of unknown peaks and twisting rivers. His only navigation aid was the compass, and that, due to the nearness of the magnetic pole, was often erratic. Wheeled planes came down on river bars, beaches, or rough clearings. Even Juneau, the Territory's capital, had such a small field that Pan American found it necessary to build a new one for its Lodestars. A forced landing might mean weeks of solitary tramping to the nearest settlement.

Under these conditions Alaska's pilots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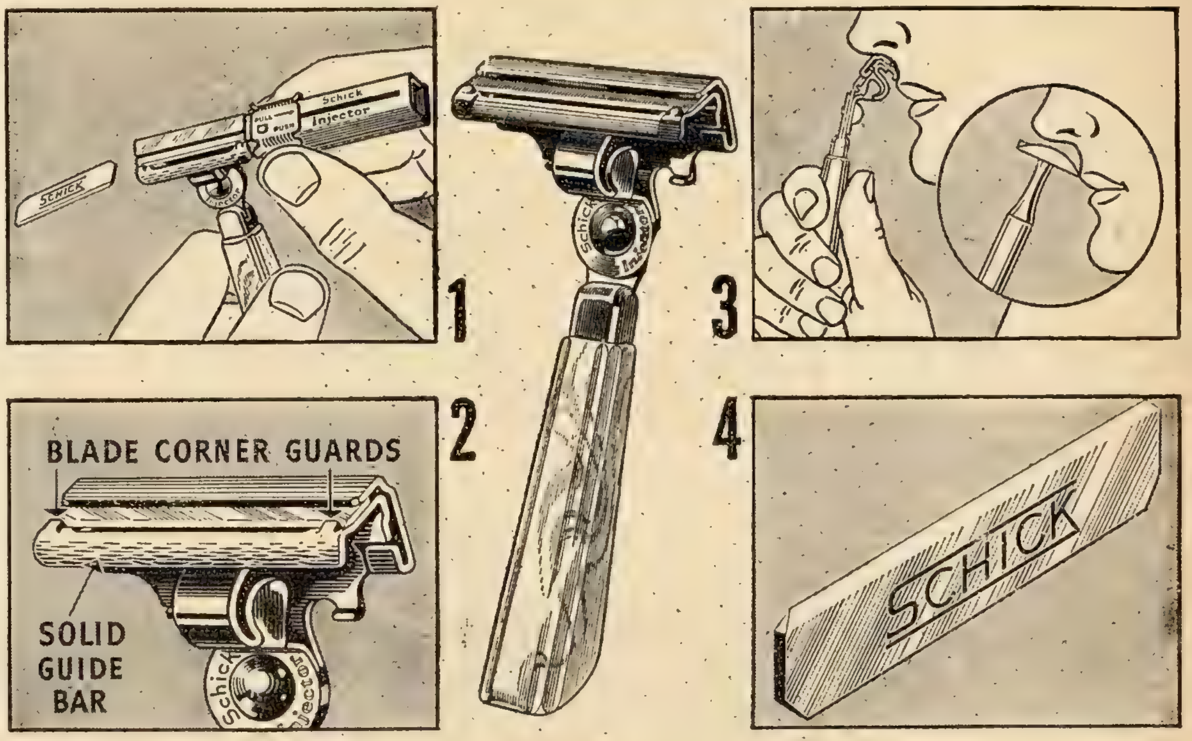
Anyway, it's mighty good news . . . and worth repeating . . . that keen-edged Schick Injector Blades are back!



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SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

developed skills that were hard to beat. They had amazingly few fatal accidents. When the government began military airport construction, some of the pilots were dubious. One, surveying a 6,000-foot runway, complained it was so long he would get lost trying to land. Another, scoffing at the radio beams, declared they would be unsafe to fly.

But most of these men realize that the primitive days are gone. They know that aviation is entering a new era in which small craft, flying feeder operations, will share the sky with great intercontinental transports. To the men who built the Alaskan airways system they accord the tough respect of fellow frontiersmen; for on the ground the Army, Navy, and Civil Aeronautics Administration have pioneered as successfully as have the pilots in the air.

The war-built runways, radio ranges, and communications stations have transformed northern flight. With the new airways, crossing the lofty Alaska Range is no more hazardous than crossing the Rockies. Pilots from "outside" are discovering that Alaska's bad weather has been vastly exaggerated. The inland climate is relatively calm and clear. Only the soupy, turbulent weather of the southeast coast and islands presents a difficult problem, and well equipped aircraft, flying the beams, are solving that. United Air Lines, operating under Army contract, is maintaining a schedule as regular as those it maintains in the States.

Alaska's airways system has been built in less than four years. Work proceeded twenty-four hours a day, in dark subzero winter and in blazing hot summer. Civilian engineers and common laborers have contributed as much to the war on this front as have men in uniform. Theirs was no ordinary task. Only one road and one railroad of any length existed in the entire Territory. Transport problems faced by the Army and Navy on the Aleutians were perplexing enough; on the mainland the difficulties looked insoluble.

CONTRARY to general belief, most of the mainland fields and facilities were built not by the military but by the Civil Aeronautics Administration, the efficient, hard-working agency which operates the airways system of the States. The job that faced the CAA was formidable. No man had ever crossed the lake-puddled, spruce-patched tundra to many of the remote field sites. Building a station on the Arctic coast, CAA men clad in Eskimo fur garments worked hard and long in forty-below-zero weather. "We never had a meal sitting down," one reports. "We all crowded into the mess tent and ate our food off the stove. If we'd taken it outdoors it would have frozen solid." Down on the warmer south coast and islands, workers faced the same "williwaw" winds, the same drizzling fogs, that plagued the pilots.

Before they could begin work on one station, construction workers had to dig down through eight feet of muck and decayed vegetation. Across the inland plains CAA men solved a problem seldom if ever faced by Americans: how to build an airfield in a land of perpetual frost. Alaskans have built roads across the top layer of tundra, but beneath lies ever-frozen subsoil, and stripping and filling operations were performed to lay down runways stable enough for heavy aircraft.

The speed with which the Northland has been developed into an air base is one of the great accomplishments of this war. Not only has Alaska itself numerous airports, but a chain of new and enlarged fields, built under the auspices of the American-Canadian Joint Defense Board, leads up through western Canada to join the Alaskan network.

This airway may well prove more important in postwar years than the much-publicized Alaska Military Highway. Commercial use of the road is highly dubious. The airway has a certain future. Transports will fly passengers and light high-value freight both to and through Alaska, linking its towns with major world capitals.

Aviation-equipped, the Territory has become a powerful force for war or peace. Not only are Alaska's airfields the nearest ones on American soil for an offensive blow against Japan; they are also close to the land of our Soviet ally—so close, in fact, that Alaskan and Russian flyers met and became friends as long as nine years before this war. Whenever an American pilot crashed on the Siberian side of the Strait, Russians joined the search and rescue as if he were one of their own. In turn, Americans came to the help of the Russians when Arctic disaster struck.

Joe Crosson first met the Russians in 1929, when Ben Eielson crashed to his death near East Cape, Siberia. Eielson disappeared on a flight from Nome early in November in an old Hamilton, and not until two months later did Crosson sight his wrecked plane half buried in snowdrifts. The Russians sent planes to aid the Alaskans when Washington was unable to help, and most of the work of extricating the wreck in bitter Arctic weather was done gratuitously by Eskimos from Siberian villages.

* * *

Love is the delusion that one woman differs from another.

—*H. L. Mencken.*

* * *

The bodies of Eielson and his mechanic, Earl Borland, prepared for burial by a Soviet doctor, were wrapped in homemade American flags sewn by Siberian Eskimo women. Russians and Americans stood with bowed heads as big blond Pilot Maurice Slepnov, speaking through an interpreter, expressed his country's sorrow. Pilots of the two lands flew their ships in funeral formation back across Bering Strait to Alaska.

Alaskans and Russians met again several years later when the famous Chelyuskin expedition of Soviet scientists was rescued from an Arctic ice floe. The Russians bought two planes in Alaska, hiring Pilot Bill Lavery and Clyde Armistead, then young Fairbanks mechanics, to service them. Lavery and Armistead were later invited by the Soviet government to accompany the Russian flyers back to Moscow.

"They were treated like Lindberghs," says Crosson. "Every time they went into a theater the Russians would stamp and cheer. They met Molotov and were decorated with the Order of Lenin." Further, the Soviet government gave them lifetime honorary pensions.

At the conclusion of the Chelyuskin rescue, some of the Russian pilots visited Fairbanks, where a banquet was held in their honor. One of the Russians present was Maurice Slepnov. Pilots Crosson, Harold Gillam, and Ed Young gave him a gun inscribed with their names, and he presented them with a medal received from his government for extensive Arctic flying. Beside the hammer-and-sickle emblem was engraved, "To Ed, Joe and Harold—my brothers."

Tragedy brought Russians and Alaskans together once more in 1937, when Sigismund Levanevsky, the Soviet Union's most popular Arctic flyer, was lost in an attempted flight from Moscow to Fairbanks across the North Pole. The Lavanevsky search developed into a great international project. The Soviet Embassy in Washington asked Vilhjalmur Stefansson to organize American help. For many months Russia, Canada, and the United States worked as one team. American planes, led by Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins, scanned 170,000 square miles.

Although the ship was not found, the expedition made a lasting contribution to international good will and to science. Most of the regions searched had never before been seen by human eyes. Captain Wilkins, paying tribute to the Russians, declared: "Their efforts, more than those of any others, will inspire the development which eventually will open the shortest routes for aerial transportation between the big cities of the Northern Hemisphere."

THE shortest of all routes to much of Europe and Asia lie across the Arctic, many of them across the polar region. American aviation men predict that this will be a thoroughfare of the future for passengers and high-value freight. Weather presents little obstacle. According to the late Dr. Willis Gregg, who was chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, "Conditions *within the Arctic* are quite favorable for flight, far more so than over the North Atlantic, at any rate during winter."

As the transcontinental airliner developed out of the last war, the giant globe-encircling transport is emerging from this one. Planes already in production have ample range for transpolar flight, but still larger craft, more powerful motors, and new designs are required before these routes may be flown with profitable pay loads. For many years to come international routes are expected to follow existing trade centers and airway facilities.

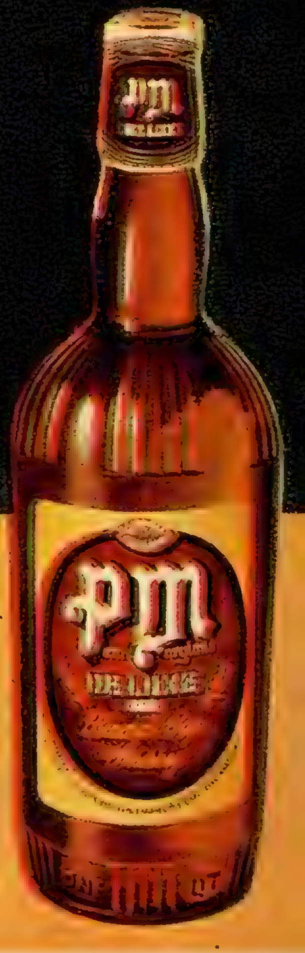
It may be a long time before Alaska serves as a hop-off point for transpolar service. However, the Territory is expected to become important immediately after the war as a commercial route to eastern Asia, assuming that reciprocal arrangements can be worked out with the Russians.

Pan American is not the only company planning service through Alaska to Asia. Northwest Airlines already has applied to the CAB for permission to fly from Minneapolis to Calcutta by way of Fairbanks, Nome, and Chunking. It has also asked for an Aleutian route from Seattle to Manila. Chicago and Southern has applied for a route from Chicago to Batavia, Java, by way of Winnipeg, Fairbanks, Nome, Vladivostok, Shanghai, and Singapore. Inland Airways and Western Air Lines have applied for routes from Great Falls, Montana, to Anchorage and Nome. The race to Asia has only begun. In turn, after the war commercial airliners from Russia, China, and other lands may become a familiar sight in airports of Alaska and the States.

Eventually the Alaskan pilots may receive the national recognition that is their due. These men are among America's foremost pioneers. Alaska, the frontier they risked their lives to develop, may soon be one of the great aviation centers of the world.

THE END

What whiskey is so supremely fine that it has come to be associated with Nature's loveliest flower… the Gardenia?



ANSWER: **PM** DE LUXE

Always remember that PM means in whiskies what the gardenia means in flowers . . . *perfection*!

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Rye or Bourbon Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 49% Neutral spirits distilled from cane prod

STEADFAST HEART

Continued from Page 24

neither cleared nor convicted Paul. They found, of course, absolutely nothing that could sustain a charge of disloyalty. However, a clumsy agent, attempting to tap the telephone wires of Paul's home, had fallen out of a chinaberry tree into Mrs. Daphne's back yard and broken his hip. This gave rise to a whole new crop of rumors, more fantastic than any which had preceded them.

WHEN Paul's number in the draft came up and he was rejected at the induction center because of his old chronic asthma, he found his situation unimproved. In fact it was growing worse. Old friends cut him on the street and the Banner ran an editorial about the need for cleaning "Yankee-born pro-Germans" out of Riverton schools.

It was an ancient pattern, as old as war; he ought to have perspective on it. He had none. He had reached the point now where he could draw a curtain in his mind and shut the thing away—most of the time. That was enough. He was stubborn about leaving Riverton. He was innocent and he would not slink away. He would not even alter his lectures by a word or an inflection which might be misinterpreted, now that everything he said was misinterpreted anyway.

Until today the times he spent near Rita in the hotel coffee shop, a world and a generation and a counter between them, had been moments of utter joy. Now the town, with its senseless hate, was invading this last sanctuary. Paul resisted the invasion.

He slipped the book toward her across the counter. The book was Of Human Bondage.

She picked it up, eyes alight.

"I saw the picture," she said.

"No, you didn't."

"But I did, Booksy. It was a pretty good picture."

"You may have seen some Hollywood story and it may have been an entertaining story. But you didn't see a picture of what happens inside the human spirit. That's what this book is about—and it could no more be photographed than"—he blurted it— "the way I feel about you could be photographed."

She sucked her breath in, suddenly reached out and put her hand over his.

"Booksy, you're cute. You've shown me a lot of new things. I never knew reading a book could be exciting, except maybe a mystery story. I like it, Booksy, and I like you."

His glance encircled her, hugged her tight. Since the first day that he had seen her, on fire with youth behind the coffee-shop counter, he had had a feeling about Rita and himself. After he got to know her, the feeling increased. It was that they were starting out together, he with a whole heart, she with an untouched mind. He had been married for nine years, and when his wife died he realized that he had never been in love at all. The exciting thing about Rita was that he could say to himself, The age business doesn't matter. We're both really whole and beginning together. It was like being poor together, or rich together—and yet he had never seen her outside this room.

Now she twinkled away with soft merriment.

"Booksy, I get off at seven. Don't you want to come take me for a ride or something? After all, except for reading all those books, I don't know you, do I?"

"No—" He tingled all over. His scalp prickled. His heart was a bell clap. But he said, "I'd better not. I don't want to mix you up in all this thing that's happening."

"I'm not afraid of what people say. Maybe you just don't want to."

She withdrew a little.

"I'll come," he said wildly. "I'll come at seven."

"Don't come here, Booksy. Come get me where I live—at seven thirty." She plucked a pencil from her upswept hair and scribbled on the back of a counter check. "It's not a very nice neighborhood, but I'm poor, Booksy."

He snatched the slip of paper and walked fast toward the door to the hotel lobby. He wanted to get out before he changed his mind, before he did the gallant and sensible thing. He would call her later and break the date. But he could live with it a while.

The ancient and rather dilapidated lobby was deserted except for Joe Donaldson, the clerk, who was drowsing over a pulpy and very lurid magazine; and Chip Tutt, who was at this moment progressing unsteadily across the tile floor toward Paul. Chip was a young man of pink and rat-sharp visage who lived with and on his widowed mother; he was chiefly notable in that he had never in his life held a regular job and for contriving to remain drunk almost continuously.

"Look, Chief—evidence!"

Paul moved to one side to let Chip pass. Instead, Chip flashed him a snaggle-toothed smile, saturnine and vague, coming to a full stop and clicking his heels.

"Heil Hitler!" he cried, shooting a palm up.

Paul would have ignored the man and walked on, but Chip had placed himself squarely in the way.

"Come on, don't be a hypocrite," Chip drooled. "We all know you love Hitler. Heil him then!" His hand was still upraised.

Now anger struck Paul out of a floodgate, heating him all over, dissolving prudence. He swung his open hand with all his might and caught Chip squarely on one cheek. The smack rang loud as a firecracker. Joe Donaldson jumped up bug-eyed from his seat at the switchboard as Chip, never too steady, lost his footing under the slap and sat down hard. He promptly commenced to blubber as he rubbed a bright-blooming cheek.

Paul stared at him a moment, panting. Then he stepped around the figure on the floor and walked out of the hotel.

CLOUDS had rolled in from the south; a hot haze choked the quiet town. A truck loaded with sad-eyed mules clattered by, followed by Dr. Doolittle in his coupé. And the bombers. A flight of four made a monstrous thunder as they flew low, at perhaps two hundred feet, along the river which bordered Riverton's main street. Paul wondered why the incessant planes distressed him so; their tumult never failed to constrict his heart. And he wondered also at the whim which had led him to settle eleven years ago in this tired hidden little town, which had seemed so picturesque and friendly then. He might have spent those eleven years in the clear dry air of Arizona instead of the smothery heat of Riverton. Or anywhere else.

Paul crossed the new stone bridge to East Riverton and walked the two blocks to his cottage, swinging along fast, trying not to think. As he reached the house he regarded the modest structure with distaste, the weathered white paint, the covered drive-in where his cheap car stood forlornly hoarding its worn tires and A sticker; the narrow screened porch smothered in kudzu vines. He speculated wryly on whether the F. B. I. agents had made a note of the kudzu vines. Ha! Japanese!

The tiny living room was cool and dark, with the characteristic semitropical aroma—an aroma hard to describe, somewhat like mingled vanilla and damp concrete—of all closed shadowed places away from the sun in the Deep South. Except for that, the room made no impression on his senses, his mind, or his memory. It had no past. It was not home. The nine years in this house with Marybelle were vacant—sterile as new gauze. The high school, his photographic darkroom, his desk under the green-shaded lamp had formed his world—and the books which climbed to the ceiling on shelves occupying every foot of wall space around him. Life had been a series of dates and old battles, of the high emprise of other people, generals and

SUCCESS
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"My wife sent it to me. She wants a new fur coat."

kings and the protagonists of novels. They had been enough. They had been more vivid than the shadows called living people—until suddenly he had walked out of the cloister by the simple expedient of opening the door to admit some one else—a nineteen-year-old waitress with a tingling pristine beauty and a hungry unused mind.

HE was not really too much older than Rita. He had been delayed. Life was ready to open up now, unfold gloriously. He had only just come of age. If it weren't for the war, if it weren't for the footless horror closing down upon him, if it weren't for the redheaded sergeant . . . Somehow he kept overlooking the sergeant. But he was there. He was the biggest reason of all why nothing was going to come of all this dreaming. He was too late. He had had his chance with Marybelle when they were young together. He had drawn a blank—not quarreling, not "incompatibility" of the familiar divorce proceedings, not the old triangle; but nothing, just nothing at all. A wan friendship perhaps, the adjustment of mutual toleration, but nothing to warm him when he was old. Nothing like the high wind of sweet insanity which blew through him on occasion in the coffee shop of the Riverton Hotel. But you could not go back. The sergeant was right for Rita. It was ridiculous, Paul decided, to assume that Rita might be in love with a man of his age, a colorless high-school professor. She simply found him odd, and she was curious about him—and probably sorry for him too.

But maybe, having made up his mind, no harm would come of seeing her this one evening. He had to have something. He had to carry something away.

Once again the close, aimed thunder of the bombers growled down, reached a crescendo all around him in the little room. He got to his feet with a sharp sense of peril. He was afraid. He did not know what he feared. The feeling passed as the roar diminished, the same as always. But it seemed to him that the planes flew lower and lower, their wings almost brushing the rooftops.

He picked up a magazine, gazed vacantly through the type, put it down. He must get out of here. He must walk. He'd walk for miles and think about tonight at half past seven; about the things he'd say to Rita and about the answers that would come from the deeps beyond her proud young eyes, whether she said them or not.

He clapped his hat on his head and walked out the door again and down the front steps. Then he saw it. He had missed it coming in. Near the front steps, on the sidewalk leading to his door, was a crudely scrawled swastika in chalk.

Paul looked at it with narrowed eyes, as he might have regarded a dead snake. The anger Chip Tutt had made him feel pumped up again to the muscles of his neck. Then, as he scraped off the marks with the sole of his right shoe, he stopped being angry but knew instead a bank of cold around his heart.

When the swastika was erased, Paul walked tiredly back inside the house. He continued through the dark hall off the kitchen into his den, sat down under the green-shaded lamp, fumbling for paper and a pen.

The note to Rita was brief. He was careful that nothing in it might compromise her if it fell into other hands. He wrote simply that he would be unable to keep his appointment "to bring you the book" tonight, that he might go away for a while, that she should keep the three books of his she had, and that it had been a great pleasure to go with her a little way as guide into the country of the imagination and the mind. "It's a fine big country," he concluded, "and I wish you many happy adventures."

He wasn't satisfied with the note. It offered, really, no explanation at all; but perhaps she would understand. He addressed it and sealed it and went out to his car.

MRS. BLAKE'S boardinghouse was a ramshackle structure in need of paint. It was in the old section of town called Frenchman's Hill and it stood in a block which contained a Chinese laundry and a colored saloon. As Paul peered through a patched screen door into a dark hallway beyond, he wondered about the mystery of Rita. Actually he knew next to nothing about her.

She had simply appeared for work one morning in the coffee shop. She had told him her birthplace was Idaho. But how had so much beauty come to roost in this gray backwash of life?

He knocked and the screen door clattered. Presently a hoarse voice answered from the regions upstairs:

"What is it?"

"I want to leave a note for Miss Rita Munson."

"First door to the right. Somebody's home."

Paul knocked at the first door. It warmed him to be near the place where Rita slept and had her being for part of each twenty-four hours. There was no response, and he knocked again. He was about to slip his note under the door when it opened.

In the threshold stood the redheaded sergeant.

Paul gaped at him foolishly.

"Hello," said the sergeant, stretching. "I was taking a nap."

Paul said, "Hello. I have a note for Rita. Will you give it to her?"

"Sure. Won't you come in?"

"No. Thanks."

He handed over the note, bowed idiotically, and stalked back to his car. He was sweating and cold when he drove away from the curb. He wished that he had taken the trouble to learn more about life and people. He was an innocent at thirty-six. He felt wholly vulnerable. He had only begun to live—and he had begun all wrong.

His own dark and musty living room seemed strangely hospitable when he entered it, almost a refuge in storm. He wanted to hide somewhere in the dark anyhow. He sat down in the worn leather armchair and closed his eyes.

The phone pealed. He let it ring five times before he decided to answer it. He expected something inane and irrelevant. The voice was Rita's—cool and faraway, but urgent too.

"Booksy! I'm so glad you finally answered."

"What's the matter? Are you in trouble?"

"No, Booksy. You're in trouble—bad trouble."

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does. Listen. I just jumped in to the pay station; can't stay long. After you left some men came in and got to talking about you. There's a story that you beat up Chip Tutt because he wouldn't salute Hitler with you."

Paul sighed bitterly. "I know. That would be the story."

"But, Booksy, it's serious! They talked a long time and they got madder and madder. They're planning to hurt you. Rex Liddle and Peak Zimmer, Tobey Squires, people like that. They say"—her cool small voice moved in toward his ears like a face in a movie enlarging; and the voice grew breathless—"they say, Booksy, that if the law won't deal with you, they will. They're gathering now at the courthouse square and they plan to ride you out of town on a rail, or maybe something worse. Oh, Booksy, beat it and lay low a few days, will you? Slip away *now*, please!"

"No."

"But you've got to. You—"

"I'm coming in town, to the courthouse square. Thanks for calling, my dear. Now I've got to hang up. Please excuse it, Rita."

He placed the receiver slowly back on the hook. Her voice tinkled on into a minute squeak and then clicked out.

It was perhaps three quarters of a mile from Paul's home to the courthouse. He could walk it without haste in fifteen minutes. He stepped out into the hot cloudy afternoon once again as the clock in the tower of the church tolled the hour of four. He was pale but he was very calm. His head was high, his eyes burned straight ahead, and he had the self-possession of a man who has decided to search life out in its lair and court large decisions. He had no notion of what he was going to do or say when he reached the courthouse square; but he felt good now. This foolishness had gone on long enough. He hoped his mood would last until he got to town.

On the bridge he looked up and down the sluggish river. A fish jumped. There was so little movement on the main street of the town paralleling the river just beyond, that it might have been a painted backdrop. Then the bombers came again. He saw them now, a flight of four B-25s, swooping in low from the airfield beyond Mrs. Mustapha's corn patch two miles downstream. Why did they fly so low? Wasn't there a regulation, a law? One was even lower than the rest. This one seemed to be flying queerly. Its wings were wobbling; he knew they often went through odd maneuvers for training purposes. Although eyesight was deceptive in these matters, it did not seem possible that this plane could clear the high line which crossed the river just below the bridge. It was not possible. Paul stopped and stared as the big ship's wing, banking, slewed into the wires. There was a flash, a burst of white flame. The bomber straightened, headed straight at the bridge, missed it by feet, lost altitude quickly, and hit the soft bank of the river at two hundred miles an hour. It bounced once, hit again, and nosed over. A plume of black oily smoke snaked upward.

Paul began to run back toward the nearest terminus of the bridge. He felt strangely lightheaded and happy as he ran. Usually a short sprint left him gasping, but now his lungs were strong and quiet. He took the steep bank downward in long strides. The plane, on its back and smoking fiercely now, was a hundred yards away.

When he reached it, he realized that he knew nothing of planes, and if the doors were locked he had no way of forcing an entrance. He could see nothing but blank fuselage on the nearest side. He ran wildly around the tail and a crumpled wing, and came up to the inverted cockpit again. On this side the force of the crash had blown open an entrance door so that it hung ajar and twisted. As he took it in both hands and pulled, the heat licked out at him.

HE crawled into an inferno of huddled inert bodies and choking smoke. He unscrambled one head and khaki-clad pair of shoulders and got a grip under the armpits. Somehow he pulled the man out of the opening and, sweating heavily now and gasping, he hauled him clear of the plane and down to the river bank. Then he went back in.

This time the heat was unendurable. He went in anyhow. He decided that he had stopped breathing altogether. The second man was heavier. As he pawed and tugged at the body, something struck him in the face and upper body that was like fine sand fired out of a shotgun at close range. He did not know that it was a jet of flame from burning oil.

Once again he lugged his burden to the river bank. Now his breath came in screaming wheezes. As he let the soldier drop finally, he was aware through a flaming screen of pain that there were sergeant's stripes on a brown arm. That was fine. He knew now that he was performing no act of mercy. He was committed to a sacred duty. He was fighting, not against fire and death, but for the blue blonde freshness in a girl's eyes, for the unexpected and intact qualities in the mind of a nineteen-year-old waitress at the Riverton Hotel, for youth itself and in expiation of his own crime of never having had any. And he was fighting for sergeants, for all young sergeants everywhere in the world, loved and loving.

Now he was conscious of people standing about and somebody shouting: "Don't go back! It's going up!"

Beating his way into the expanding aura of hell around the plane, he thought how silly it was of any one to warn him that the plane was going up. It wasn't going up ever any more.

The third soldier was conscious and screaming. To get to him Paul had to invade the very flame itself. His face, arms, and back didn't hurt any more, but his skin seemed to resist stretching like new leather when he moved. Only his lungs and throat hurt, with the sort of pain that transcends mere agony and becomes a classic taste of purgatory itself. . . . With his burden he stumbled finally once again toward the river bank, beating out the tiny flame on the soldier's collar with his hand after he was at last deposited. Another sergeant.

Then a kind of hurricane blew him down with a smack. He did not remember any more.

The plane had gone up after all.

THERE were rhythmic inundations of pain and sleep for a long time. He lived in an aseptic darkness. Then consciousness returned fully and the pain was such that he did not care where he was or whose voices murmured at intervals near by.

Then one day he discovered that he had an eye that could look up at a white ceiling. The other eye was covered, like most of his body, with bandages. And there came a time when a face moved into the line of vision of his eye, a blonde face with a blue crinkly stare. He smelled violets and freshly done laundry, or thought he did.

"Booksy."

He tried to speak but his lips wouldn't open.

"You're a hero, Booksy. You ought to know Riverton is for you. These little towns—they're a card, Booksy. Lynch you one day, love you to death the next. Rex Little says he is forming a committee to recommend you for the Congressional Medal of Honor—or the Carnegie medal at the very least. His son was in the plane and you saved him. You saved all three. They're not as bad off as you. You'd have saved the whole crew if you'd had time."

She paused and her face grew blurred so that he had to blink his eye. He didn't care about Riverton or medals or being a hero.

"But, Booksy, you are such a fool. My brother—you know, you met him, gave him that silly note—says you're kind of nutty. You need a sane person to look after you."

He wished mightily to tell her she was the one to do the looking after, but what he saw beyond her blue proud eyes made him know it was unnecessary. He saw once again the pristine mind, opening up into great adventures with him; but he saw more than that. The ghostly starting gongs sounded in him deep. After all, he had never had anything to offer her except a whole heart—and his wasn't whole any more. Not now it wasn't.

THE END

THE BRUMMELL PLAN

Continued from Page 15

The kid slams the phone down like it'd just bit him.

"Rocky," he says, "this is murder."

"Wasn't that the little O'Meara girl?" I says.

"Yeah."

"She sounded real nice."

"Oh, she's O. K.," the kid says, "for a girl."

Herbert's so upset I outflank him and wipe out all his medium tanks. His heart just ain't in the fight.

Next day I'm down at the City Hall press room, cleaning up some odds and ends for the Sunday bull so I can settle down to a quiet game of pitch with the boys, when Kate calls, and her tone of voice suggests maybe the house is on fire.

"Rocky," she says, "you've got to come home right away."

"What's the trouble?"

"Herbert. He's locked himself in his room and refuses to come out, and his little guests will be here any minute."

"You stall the little guests with quips and card tricks," I says, "and I'll handle Herbert."

When I get home I find the living room overrun with the Meadow Park younger set. I slip past the company and beat it upstairs to Herbert's room. I rap on the barricaded door.

"Herbert," I says, "it's me—Rocky."

Silence.

"Look," I says. "I'll make a deal with you. How'd you like to go through the county jail?"

More silence.

"I could get our county courthouse man to take you through."

I hear the key turning in the kid's door. It opens a crack, and out pops Herbert's rumpled head.

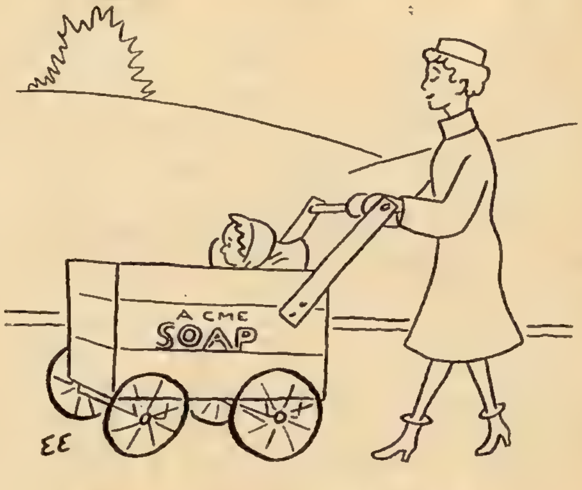
"Really, Rocky?"

"Sure," I says. "The whole works."

The kid brightens. I ease through the door, park myself on a corner of his bed.

"Can I talk to some of the mobsters?" the kid says.

"You can talk to 'em all." I slip out a cigarette and make a great fuss of lighting it. "Of course," I casually add,



WEDDING BELLES

You'd think the lack
Of baby carriages
Would soon hold back
These wartime marriages!

—ERIC ERICSON.

"you'll have to wear your new suit to the party."

Herbert shakes his head at that. No dice.

"Too bad," I says, "because there's a guy down at the jail you might like to meet—the Silver Lake Hatchet Killer."

"Gee!" says the kid. "The bird that carved up all them dames?"

"He's *one* of the current guests," I says. "They've also got those two fellows who knocked over the Security Bank last week."

"Aw, Rocky," the kid bleats, "do I *have* to wear the suit?"

"That's part of the deal."

I start toward the door, shaking my head. "They've got the hatchet down at the sheriff's office, too. But of course, if you're not interested—"

The kid peels off his Superman sweat shirt and starts climbing into the glad rags. I help him manipulate the new tie Kate bought for him, and I also give his face and the back of his neck a quick once-over with a damp washcloth. Then I brush his hair, and stand back to admire the general effect.

"Herbert," I says, "you take up where Menjou leaves off."

"No cracks, Rocky," the kid says, and I see him sneak a glance at himself in the mirror, then shudder.

KATE'S waiting at the foot of the steps, and when she spots Herbert all diked out, with his cowlick brushed almost straight, she gasps.

"Rocky," she says, "how in the world did you do it?"

"Kate," I says, "men know how to handle these things."

Herbert ducks into a corner of the hall, then peeks in at the parlor.

"Go on in, Herbert," Kate says. "All your friends are waiting for you."

The kid takes another quick gander. All the little girls are bunched together in the center of the living room, cute little starched dolls in fluffy dresses, airing their best company manners. They whisper and snicker, and keep glancing over their shoulders at the boys. But the stag line shies away like the dolls were mined.

"Happy birthday!" the girls sing out when they spot the host.

Herbert shrugs off the welcome. Just stands there buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, drawing in his shoulders, trying to shrink out of sight. He acts like a plucked poodle.

"Hello, Herbert," coos one little blonde pigeon. It's the O'Meara girl, a tiny thing in a crinkly blue dress with a wide sash and a pert blue bow in her hair. Miss 1954.

"'Lo," Herbert mumbles.

The kid's eyes dart wildly around the room. He's trapped. I'm looking for him to turn and run, when a couple of his Commando pals, Dinky Phelps and Joe Varney, untangle themselves from the crowd and clap Herbert on the back.

"Whyn't you check the loot?" Dinky says, nodding at the table where Herbert's presents are stacked.

"O. K.," Herbert says, swaggering over to the table, with all the social small fry swarming around him.

Herbert's knee-deep in tanks and games and toy submachine guns when the doorbell rings and in breezes Irving Jenkins. Herbert frowns, and goes to hitch up his pants, but his new city jeans don't hitch like his cowboy outfit. The best he can do is work up a Bela Lugosi sneer. Irving's toting his black fiddle case in one hand and a birthday present in the other. He's sporting his party finery and his face is scrubbed cleaner than a peeled potato, but his eyes still show a few greenish-purple traces of his recent discussion of fighter planes with Herbert.

"I brought my violin, Mrs. Ford," Irving says, "because most places they always want me to play."

"Oh, that's fine, Irving," says Kate.

After Irving parks his fiddle by the piano, he saunters across the room. He's one of those swell-headed kids who grow up to be elevator starters.

"Rocky," says Kate, "I wish Herbert would take after Irving. He's got such lovely manners."

"Any time Herbert takes after Irving," I says, "it will be strictly for purposes of pugilism."

Irving hands Herbert his present, trying to be casual about it, like it was nothing really, just the Hope diamond. Herbert ignores the offering.

"That's *my* present over there," says the little O'Meara.

Herbert tries to be offhand about picking up the box and sliding off the striped ribbon. He reaches in, then his eyes just about pop out of his noggin.

"Gee!" He whistles.

"Is it all right?" says the third-grade pin-up, nervously fiddling with the floppy bow of her sash.

"It's swell," Herbert says, lifting it gently out of the box. It's a perfect wooden model of the P-38, camouflaged and exact in every detail. The kid runs an awed finger over the two booms, then he gives the propeller a whirl, touches the machine guns in the nose.

"He just likes it 'cause it's Helen's present," says a gossipy doll, and the other girls giggle and beam at Herbert. The kid's face gets tomato-colored.

"I didn't know whether to get the P-38 or the C-47," says the little O'Meara; "but I thought you liked fighters best."

"Sure," Herbert manages to blurt out. "Them C-47s ain't nothing but flying freight cars."

I'm not one of those birds that can sniff a romance at fifty paces—the way Kate can, for instance. I could live around Romeo and Juliet for twenty years and never even guess they were pitching woo. But even I can see that Irving wants the O'Meara for his girl, and he doesn't like the play she's making for her host.

"Hey," says Irving, "you didn't open *my* present."

"That so?" says Herbert.

"You wanta make somep'n out of it?" says Dinky, edging up to Irving.

"He opened all the others," says Irving.

"Maybe he just didn't wanta open yours, see," says Dinky.

"It's a fine book," says Irving. "The Lives of the Great Composers."

"It's Herbert's party," butts in the little O'Meara, "and he can do what he wants to."

A critical situation seems to be shaping up. Fast.

"Kate," I says, "I think this'd be a good time to make with the games."

Kate passes out pencils and paper, and when she gets the guests seated in a circle she gives them a list of scrambled letters they're supposed to make words out of. I can't help noticing that Herbert, Dinky, and Joe are off in a corner whispering instead of trying to make G-R-O-C-E-R out of RGOCRE. Herbert's got that ear-to-ear grin on his face that makes his freckles all run together, and he's so deep in the huddle he doesn't even stir when Irving finishes first and cops the prize.

Kate hauls out a new game, an up-to-date version of pin the tail on the donkey, only instead of a donkey it's a Flying Fortress.

"Now, who'll be first?" says Kate.

"Herbert," says the O'Meara.

Kate ties a blindfold around Herbert's eyes, going easy on the left peeper, which is still a trifle touchy.

"Aw, kid stuff," sneers Herbert, bumbling off in the wrong direction.

THE little O'Meara takes hold of Herbert's arm and heads him toward the right wall.

"That's cheating!" pipes up Irving.

"It is not," says the O'Meara bunny.

"This is a cinch," says Herbert, starting across the room. He's just hitting his stride when Irving's right foot gets tangled in Herbert's legs. Herbert sprawls flat on the broadloom.

"You tripped him!" says the little O'Meara.

"Aw, he fell," says Irving. "He was—"

That's as far as Irving gets, because he's suddenly on the floor, completely surrounded by Herbert. The girls screech and a couple excitable chicks hop up on chairs and grab hold of each other, like the place was crawling with mice. Dinky and Joe Varney clear a ring, at the same time shouting murderous suggestions to Herbert.

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"O. K., boys. Servicemen pass free!"

"Rocky," Kate shrieks, "do something!"

I do something. But first I wait till Herbert's had time to settle things with Irving.

"Herbert," Kate says, when I've managed to separate the two featherweights, "you apologize to Irving."

"I ain't apologizing to rats," says Herbert, and then the little O'Meara comes tripping up, sweet as fresh vanilla icing, and she sings out, "Really, Mrs. Ford, it wasn't Herbert's fault."

"You keep outta this," Herbert says. "I don't need no dame to square things for me."

"Herbert," says Kate, "that's no way to talk to Helen."

"Oh, Helen doesn't care," pipes up a redheaded chick. "She's got a crush on Herbert."

"I do not," insists the O'Meara.

"You do too."

THE two kittens get ready to claw each other, and Kate has to separate them while I'm getting Herbert and Irving to neutral corners.

"Kate," I says, "pass the ice cream."

Kate leads Herbert out to the kitchen, steering him by his left ear. The little O'Meara, still bristling, plunks herself down on the ottoman, and when Irving waltzes up and starts to sit down beside her, she huffs around and says, "I'm saving this seat for a friend."

Herbert helps Kate hand out the ice cream and cake, then the O'Meara sings out, "Herbert, I saved a seat for you."

Herbert parks by the doll and starts lapping up his ice cream. Irving's face has got that tattletale gray.

"You can have my cake, Herbert," the O'Meara says.

"I got cake," Herbert says.

"But you can have mine, too. I can't eat chocolate."

Kate links her arm through mine, beaming at the parlor vignette of happy pink-cheeked faces.

"Look at Herbert now," she says. "You see, he *can* behave like a little gentleman when he wants to."

I nod. I'm worried. I don't see Dinky and Joe anywhere about, and it's not like them to bow out before the ice cream.

"I think he likes the little O'Meara girl," Kate whispers.

I spot Dinky and Joe sneaking in through the kitchen, looking so innocent I'm sure they're up to something. They give Herbert the eye, and the kid eases slyly off the ottoman and quietly edges over to them.

"And now I have a wonderful surprise," Kate announces. "Irving has promised to play his violin for us."

The girls applaud politely, the way they've been brought up to do—all except the little O'Meara. Irving lifts his fiddle out of its case and makes a big show of tuning it up while Kate gives him his A on the piano. This Irving is pure pork.

"Now then," says Kate, from the piano bench, "everybody sit down and make yourself comfortable."

Dinky and Joe suddenly spring up and help seat the company. They bring chairs in from the dining room, fetch pillows for the girls. They give particular attention to the comfort of Irving's pals—a charitable streak as phony as movie eyelashes. Herbert pitches in, too, and I am surprised to see him dragging up a chair for the redheaded geranium who made the catty dig about the O'Meara. When Irving puts his fiddle down for a minute to adjust his music rack, Herbert even starts helping him. Then he drops something on the floor, and has to root around Irving's feet to find it.

I have to blink a couple times to be sure this helpful busybody is our own little Herbert.

"For my first selection," says Irving finally, "I'm going to play Flight of the Bumblebee, which is very hard and my teacher says she's never heard anybody play it as well as I do after only eight and a half months."

Herbert spots Dinky and Joe across the room, and he makes an O of his thumb and forefinger, the Prairie Patrol sign that everything's proceeding according to plan.

"Just shut your eyes," says Irving, tucking his handkerchief under his chin, then fitting the fiddle in place, "and imagine you see a great big bumblebee."

The big bumblebee has hardly gotten off the ground before Irving begins to squirm. He digs the toe of his right shoe into the calf of his left leg, then *vice versa*. The bee begins to buzz a bit unevenly, like it was having engine trouble.

Suddenly the little redhead also starts scrunching around in the big chair Herbert lugged in for her. She claws at the back of her pinafore, grinds her shoulders, rubs her bare arms against the arms of the chair. Then all of Irving's pals begin to fidget, first with a little light scratching, polite and furtive, then with a digging routine. The scratch-free guests begin to snicker.

Kate goes merrily on, tapping out her piano background for Irving's bee solo, while Irving keeps stooping lower and lower to get more leverage in his leg-rubbing, then works the base of the fiddle into his throat to ease the attack in that sector. It's the first time I've ever seen a fiddler do the Bumblebee with real bee gestures.

He manages to fight his way through a couple more pages, although he's twisting around like a rope swing. His forehead is covered with sweat and his hands are trembling, but he seems determined to stick it out. The bee is soaring wildly, dipping and banking and climbing. Suddenly it gives a tenor wail and plops to the ground.

"What's the matter, Irving?" says Kate.

Irving doesn't say a word, just puts down his fiddle and starts scratching with both hands and feet. He claws at his neck, frantically rubs the toe of one shoe up and down the other leg, then reverses the process.

Kate spins around on the piano bench, takes one look at the party, and gasps. The itching guests squirm to their feet. They're wiggling, weaving, bending; they're clawing, grinding their shoulders, rubbing their backs against the furniture.

"MRS. FORD," says the anti-O'Meara, "I got to go home. Quick."

The kitten leaps up and tears out of the room, one hand still clawing at the back of her pinafore.

"I better go to," says a towheaded tyke who pals around with Irving.

He stumbles out of the room, scratching his spine up under his coat, while two angry chicks toddle after him.

"Maybe they got fleas," Herbert suggests.

"That's it!" screams Irving. "Flea powder. You put some on Mary Carter yesterday!"

The little O'Meara pops up from the ottoman, marches across to Irving, and stomps her foot.

"Tattletale!" she snaps.

Irving's too busy scratching to take up the fight. He plunks himself down on the rug, loosens his tie, rolls up his pants, and goes to work with both hands.

"We can take care of squealers," says Herbert, and he dumps the rest of the itch powder smack on Irving's head.

Irving stiffens, clamps both hands over his noggin, scratches the powder into his scalp. The more he scratches, the worse he itches. He cuts loose with a terrific howl, springs up, and roars out of the house.

"Kate," I says, "I think the party's about over."

We trundle the rest of the guests to the front door. Kate manages to keep up a reasonable facsimile of a smile until the hall is cleared of company. Then she lets go.

"Rocky," she says, "he's disgraced me."

"Kate," I says, "a polish job like this is tough. It takes more than one application."

"Polish," says Kate. "You might as well try to polish a porcupine."

KATE marches toward the parlor with that now-young-man-I'll-settle-with-you look. Then she stops short, her mouth dropping open.

There's Herbert down on his hands and knees, picking up bits of ribbon and tissue paper, while the little O'Meara girl tidies the presents on the table.

"There's a piece of string, Herbert," says the little cupcake.

"I'll get it," Herbert says, pouncing on the string like a fox on a plump hen.

"Now we'll put the chairs back," says the little O'Meara, and Herbert grabs a couple dining-room chairs. Then he turns around and spots Kate and me. He stops cold. Then he grins his freckles all together, tries to bluff his way back into his rootin', tootin', shootin' routine; but in his fancy new get-up he can't quite bring it off, and he stands there, looking like the auditor who has just discovered the second set of books.

"Kinda cleaning up," he mumbles.

Kate's too dazed to say anything.

"And we're going to do the dishes, Mrs. Ford," Helen says. "I'll wash and Herbert will dry."

Herbert nods his noggin, gulping like he was swallowing a potato whole.

"Why, that's real nice of you," Kate says, "but I wouldn't want you to spill anything on your party clothes."

"Oh, we'll put on an apron," the O'Meara says, toddling past us, gathering up Herbert on the way and leading him out to the kitchen. We hear them turn on the hot water, and Helen gets to giggling and whispering. Then Herbert comes back to the living room. This time the shock's too much for Kate. She slumps down in the big easy chair, gaping.

There's Herbert, with his hair slicked down, wearing his junior executive suit, and around his neck Helen's tied one of Kate's checked gingham aprons. The kid's face is redder than a batch of meat coupons. He stares at Kate, tries a couple times to say something, manages an E-for-Effort smile, then suddenly pokes out a freckled hand.

"Thank you for the nice birthday party, Aunt Kate," he says.

Kate shakes his hand, pulls him over against her side, and begins to rumple his carroty hair. She kisses his cowlick, then turns him and shoos him back to the kitchen with a little flat-handed slap on the seat of his new trousers. When I park myself on the arm of her chair, she reaches up and gives me a courting kiss.

"Kate," I says, "you don't have to worry about Herbert. He'll get a polishing all right. Just give nature time—and a blonde."

Kate snorts. Kate's a brunette.

THE END

Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU'VE HEARD people say "I can't afford to buy an extra War Bond." Perhaps you've said it yourself . . . without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

Yet it *is* ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high . . . with people making more money than ever before . . . with less and less of things to spend money for . . . practically every one of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very *least* that *you* can do is to buy an *extra* $100 War Bond . . . above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, and check your expenditures, you will probably find that you can buy an *extra* $200 . . . or $300 . . . or even $500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you "can afford?" Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either . . . yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds . . . the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

Let's all BACK THE ATTACK!

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GATEWAY TO THE PROMISED LAND

Continued from Page 27

mond-cutting firms employing around 500 refugees at excellent wages. Diamond-cutting is the one bright spot in the refugees' economic life.

I spoke to one of them, a Hungarian boy whose last years in Europe had been spent as a medical student in Brussels.

"Life here is hell for people like us," he said. "The university won't accept us for professions which are overcrowded in Cuba—and all professions are—so we can't become students. My father, a psychiatrist, is not allowed to practice because of the excessive number of Cuban physicians. Most of the refugees are rich merchants—only about one tenth of them are intellectuals—and so those like us are spiritually lonely.

"What have I done? I've become a diamond cutter and I make $125 a week. I've abandoned medicine and almost all hope of getting into the States. Your country doesn't like to let intellectuals in."

I FOUND this curious myth current among many of the refugees: "The United States likes merchants—it doesn't want intellectuals." There is a story current of two German diamond merchants who were finally given visas from Cuba. Shortly after their arrival in New York they were arrested for shipping diamonds to the Argentine for resale to the Germans.

"You see?" the refugees nod. "Even Axis agents get in if they're of the merchant class. But no doctors. No artists. No lawyers." There is, of course, no truth in this legend.

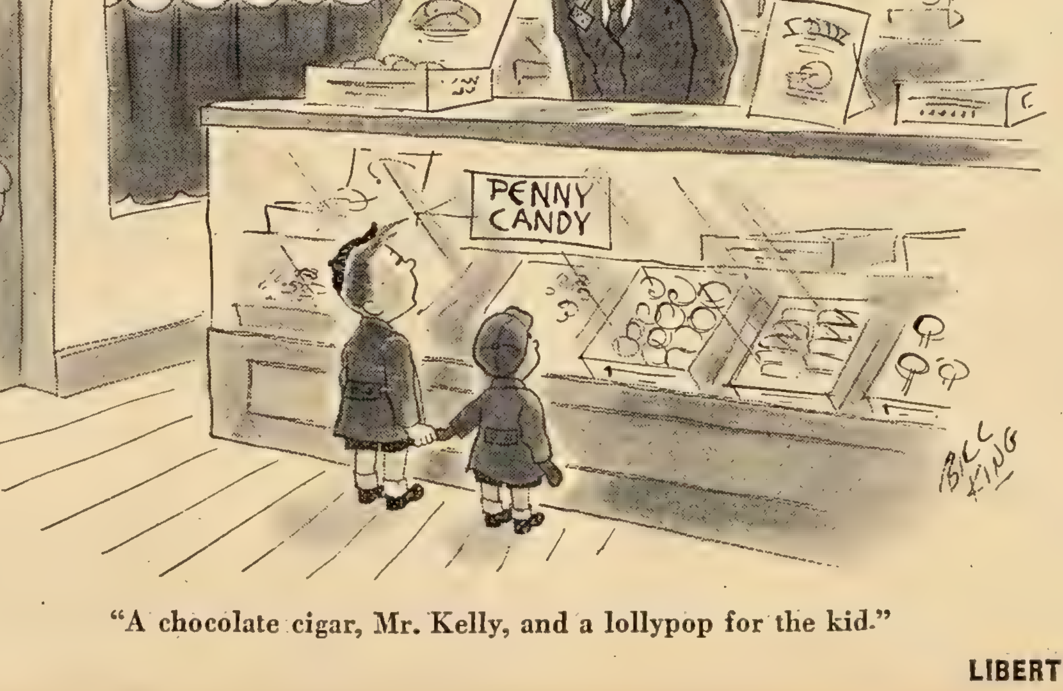
But why are all these people kept out of the United States? There are many reasons. Some of them come from countries whose quotas are filled. Others are politically suspect. Others have "sponsors" in America who have no kinship with them. (A type of professional bondsman for refugees has sprung up—Americans who sign affidavits by the dozen to help perfect strangers into the country. Their serious willingness to support these immigrants in case of need is always doubtful.)

The miracle, indeed, seems to be that *any one* ever reaches Miami. A long chain of circumstances is necessary to bring an individual from a remote town in Bohemia or Poland or France and set him down on a tropical island in the Caribbean. And after he arrives here, there are many hurdles still to jump. Only about two thirds of the refugees who arrived in 1941 have now been admitted to the States. At the present rate it would take twelve years for all the Europeans in Havana to reach Miami—if they were all acceptable. And competent authorities believe that perhaps half of them never will get in, no matter how often they may try and plead.

But heart-rending scenes like those described in the American consulates of Europe have been largely obviated in Havana by a new procedure. The applicant never visits the consul until his case has been approved in Washington —a process taking six to eight months. The sponsor first forwards all papers to a committee of our State Department which passes on them. If the case is refused, the sponsor is informed. The reason is rarely disclosed, but after a lapse of six months the refugee may apply again. Only when the case has been favorably reported is the American consul in Havana ready to interview the immigrant.

When such a refugee goes to the *consulado* on Obispo Street, his papers and passports and photographs are, of course, searchingly examined. The most interesting part of the interview comes when the consul asks, "How did you get to Cuba?" Most of the underground routes out of Europe are now well known to our State Department. If the refugee makes the slightest slip in explaining how he got to safety, the consul's suspicions are aroused: perhaps this is an Axis agent not quite well enough drilled in his part. And if the refugee says he got out by a completely unfamiliar route, the case becomes more interesting still; either a new underground has been formed, something our State Department wants to know about, or the man is lying.

Suppose that the refugee makes a good impression on the consul. His papers are in order and his sponsor is acceptable. He is next given a thorough medical examination and asked to produce papers from the Cuban authorities certifying to his good behavior during his stay. Then these reports are forwarded to Washington and a quota number is issued. The immigrant is given a farewell party by his envious friends. He starts for America.



"A chocolate cigar, Mr. Kelly, and a lollypop for the kid."

First, however, he is again interviewed by the authorities at the airport. If they do not like the looks of his affidavit, they may, at this late moment, cancel the entire arrangement. Suppose this hurdle too is passed. Then he must pay a 2-per-cent tax to the Cuban government on the money he takes out, collect his bond money—if he can—and step into the plane. In Miami another searching investigation and interview are necessary in the Immigration Office, and another medical examination. If all is well, a registration card is issued.

Now all the enemy alien immigrant needs is a special permit to travel—unless he wants to stay in Miami for the rest of his life.

All these regulations, in greatest detail, are printed in the refugees' Havana Guide, which optimistically describes American trains from Miami to New York thus: "Each car is provided with a roomy washroom."

The difficulties and delays have led a few refugees to do dangerous and foolish things.

Havana has been a smugglers' port since before the days of prohibition, and for many years owners of small boats have smuggled Chinese across to some barren key. Before Pearl Harbor more than one boatload of Europeans set out on this illegal venture. Now, with the Navy convoying Cuban waters, the traffic is unsafe for the captains and is no longer carried on.

FATIGUE FURLOUGH

I ain't blamin' no one for nothin',
I'm not sayin' furloughs ain't neat.
But I am sayin', brother,
Don't give me another
Until I get back on my feet!

They saved all their fanciest cookin',
They stuffed me with only the best.
Life was one rushin' chase
To each relative's place.
Now I'm back in the Army to rest!

—ROSA LEE LLOYD.

There have been a few—a very few—passport marriages in Havana. Not many of the refugees who reach the city are young enough or lonely enough to marry any passing American even to gain entrance to this country.

The difficulties of entering the States from Havana are probably intensified by the fact that Havana is one of the major spy centers of the world today. This small island is practically a suburb of the United States, but it receives boats from Spain and planes from all the capitals to the south—including surprisingly frequent ships from Buenos Aires, which is neutral. If you were Göring you could hardly overlook Havana as a handy place to plant a saboteur or a spy; with luck, you'd hope to get him to the States from there.

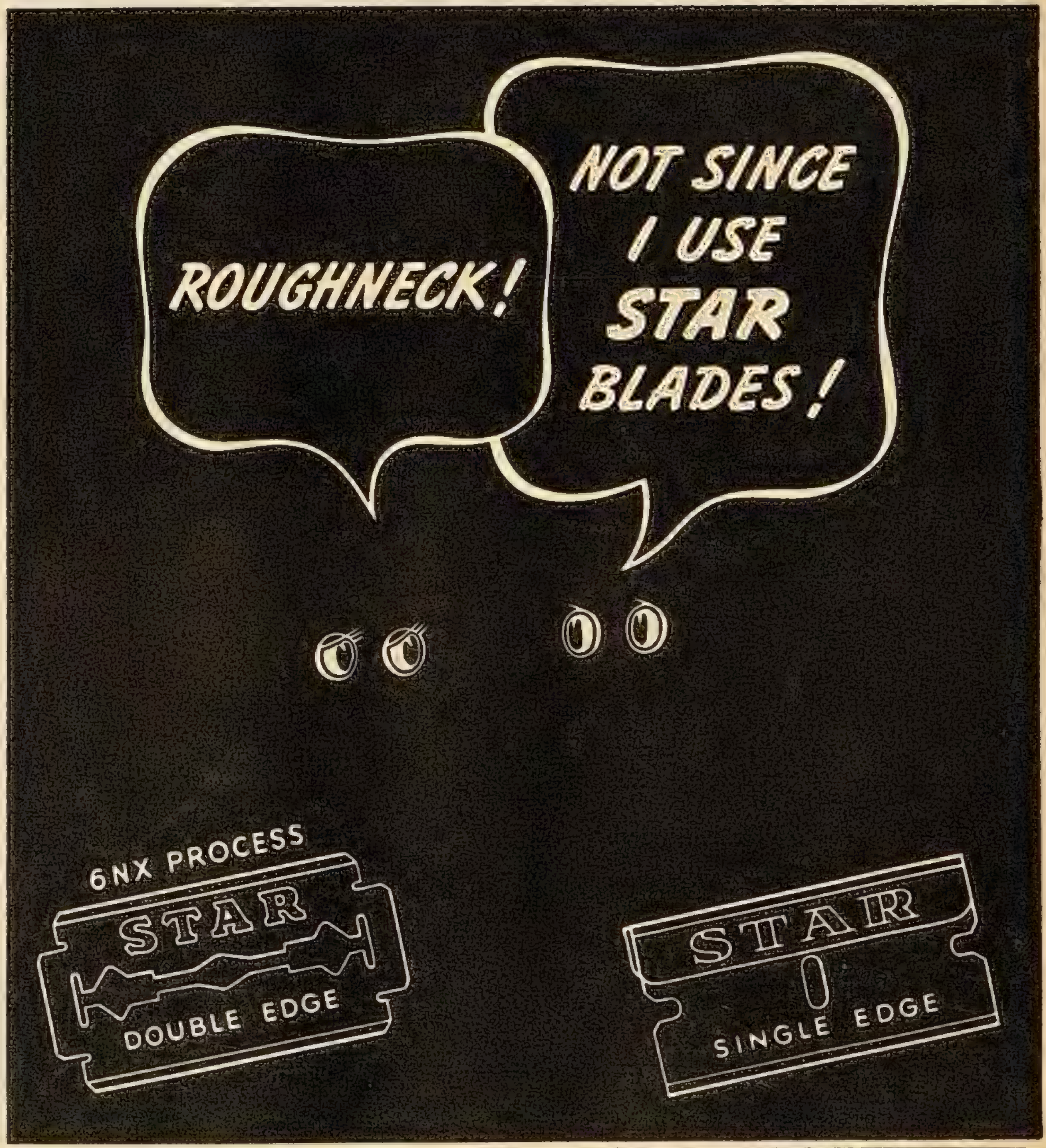
There have actually been a number of enemy alien spy cases reported in Cuba. A German, Heinz Luning, arrived from Europe early in 1942 and settled down in the Hotel Siboney. Luning spent much time at the Templete and Florida Cafés, overlooking the water front, where news of ship movements might come his way. In his room he had a powerful radio receiving set, but his outgoing information was sent by air mail to Lisbon. Unfortunately for him, this correspondence excited the interest of the British censors in Bermuda, and he was arrested, tried, and shot as a spy.

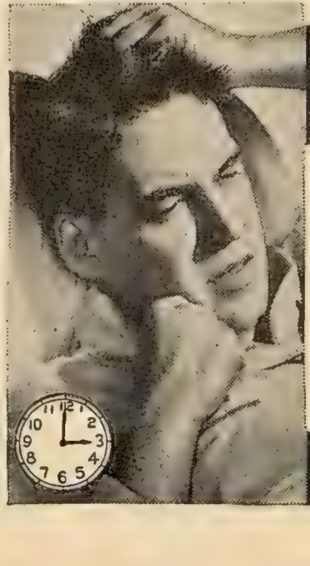
The local resentment of the foreigners is increased by this spy-consciousness. Enemy aliens were promptly interned as soon as Cuba declared war on December 11, 1941. As promptly, many of them bought their way out of internment camps. Thanks to some coaching from the American F. B. I.—now acting in an advisory capacity to the Cuban Police—the internment camp situation has been cleared up and those who are behind bars are the ones who *ought* to be, from the standpoint of Allied security. But a certain unease naturally prevails among the enemy aliens who are at large; they have found it unwise ever to speak German in a public place, for this may lead to a visit from the Cuban police.

Yes, Havana is getting the European-visitor jitters. And the situation does not bode well for the innocent refugees in her midst. Some of their problems are appalling, even as they stand today. Because the French, Dutch, and Belgian families form the most prosperous group, many were able to bring their children to Cuba with them. Some of these children speak four or five languages, all badly: they may have lived in France and Switzerland, Holland and Portugal and Cuba, all in a few short years. They cannot go to school in Havana unless they know Spanish. They are growing up as nomads, and unwanted nomads, too.

But the reputable refugees will get along a great deal better with the Cubans if they can attain a little Latin lightheartedness. They must learn to be *simpático*.

THE END

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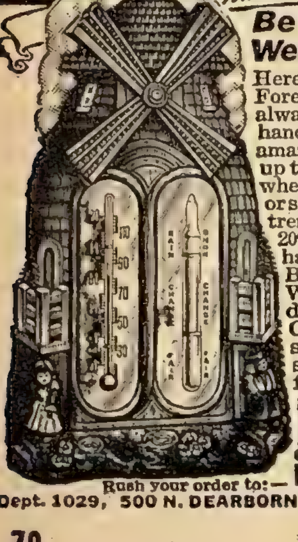

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

Inspector John Warwick shows Kitty through Scotland Yard's Black Museum.

THE LODGER

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar

IF you have nightmares for a week after seeing The Lodger, don't run for the nearest psychiatrist. He may have seen it too.

A famous year in the history of crime was 1889. It was then that a mysterious maniac, known as Jack the Ripper, wandered through London's foggy streets slashing and murdering women indiscriminately. Terrified Londoners turned their homes into barricaded fortresses, but nobody ever saw him and he was never caught.

Twentieth Century-Fox has managed to capture enough of the horror of the case to make The Lodger (adapted from Marie Belloc Lowndes' classic) a very scary picture indeed . . . a thriller you're not likely to forget for a long time.

A bloated psychopath who calls himself Mr. Slade (Laird Cregar) rents a room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burton (Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Sara Allgood). Slade's midnight meanderings leave no doubt in your mind that he is the Ripper, but it takes the folks on the screen several anxious reels to get suspicious. When he finally begins to ogle the pretty neck of Kitty (Merle Oberon), the Burtons' actress niece, you'll want to yell "Watch that guy!"

Cregar is sufficiently terrifying as the Ripper, and Merle Oberon wears (and uses) her cancan costume very advantageously. George Sanders and the rest of the supporting cast help make The Lodger a corker—but leave the kids home.

"Mr. Slade," John, and Kitty discuss the identity of the mysterious Ripper.

"Three Russian Girls"
An United Artists Release
TAMARA MALKO
RED CROSS NURSE
BORN-1921
KILLED IN ACTION
1942

THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS is an engaging remake of a famous Russian film, the Girl from Leningrad. In simple unpretentious terms it tells the story of a corps of Russian nurses who fight the Fascists at their hospital and with the ski troops at the front. Several striking scenes from the original picture and a number of newsreel clips lend a startling reality to the film. Anna Sten and Kent Smith are the stars, but watch little Cathy Frye. She steals the picture. (United Artists.)

ANOTHER bunch of celluloid orchids is tossed at the Marine Corps in this record of Carlson's Raiders who made life so unpleasant for the Japs on Makin Island a while back. Randolph Scott, Alan Curtis, and Noah Beery, Jr., are convincing leathernecks and their exploits during the tough training and actual combat often seem as authentic as if they were newsreel shots. It's not a great war movie but it's a good one. (Universal.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
CRY 'HAVOC' (M-G-M). Margaret Sullavan, Joan Blondell, Ann Sothern. Drama.
DESTINATION TOKYO (Warners). Cary Grant, John Garfield. War Drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
JANE EYRE (20th Cent.-Fox). Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles. Drama.
LOST ANGEL (M-G-M). Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt. Drama.
MADAME CURIE (M-G-M). Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson. Drama.
NO TIME FOR LOVE (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. Comedy.
STANDING ROOM ONLY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard. Comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.

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A legend currently circulating among airmen reveals that when General Chennault, commanding his Flying Tigers, climbed into the cockpit of a plane he said,

★ ★ ★ ★

"When I'm at the stick I'm just a guy named Joe."

M-G-M presents Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in Victor Fleming's production of "A Guy Named Joe".

★ ★ ★ ★

With Van Johnson, Ward Bond, James Gleason, Lionel Barrymore, Barry Nelson, Esther Williams.

★ ★ ★ ★

Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

★ ★ ★ ★

Irene Dunne surpasses her best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth".

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

★ ★ ★ ★

Two lovers with stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

★ ★ ★ ★

A story of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

★ ★ ★ ★

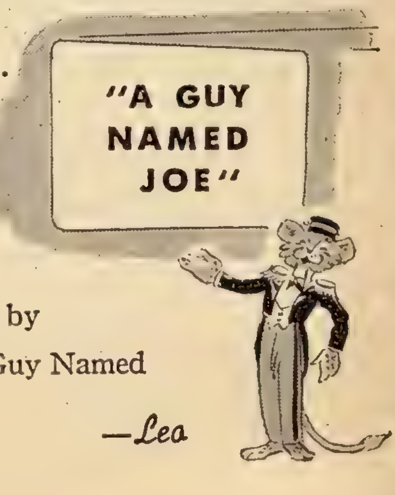
M-G-M is as proud of this one as of "Madame Curie" which has met with such acclaim throughout the country.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you care to listen in to a first class radio program try "The People's Reporter" on the Mutual Network. Need we tell you the sponsor?

★ ★ ★ ★

But it's hard for us to mention the air without coming back to . . .



Presented by

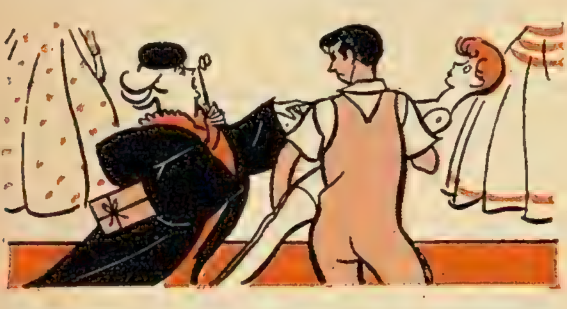
A Guy Named

—Leo

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

THAT WAS NO LADY: In a Fifth Avenue department store in New York a young man, en route to rearrange a window display, was accosted by an overstuffed dowager, who demanded an explanation as to why he was not in uniform. "Because, madam," he replied succinctly, "my heart is only slightly better than your manners." Whereupon he marched directly to the store president's office to report the cozy little chat before somebody else got there ahead of him. It seemed to him more dignified to be fired in person than by a slip in his pay envelope. P.S.: He kept the job. Prexy thought Madam Snoop got what was coming to her.



FEARFUL FIGURES: More than forty million people in Europe and Asia are homeless because of war, or are in Axis labor gangs or prisons, according to Francis B. Sayre, special assistant to the Secretary of State. They present a problem in human misery such as the world has never faced before. . . . The costly conquest of Tarawa took a Marine Corps toll of 1,026 dead and 2,557 wounded in seventy-six hours. On Guadalcanal in *six months* the U. S. forces had eighty-six fewer casualties. . . . Secretary of War Stimson reported total casualties of all our armed forces at 131,098 from the beginning of the war to December 15. . . . Bennett Moore, vice-president of Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, declares there were 182,000 Americans killed on the home front in the first two years of war. Which is another forceful reminder not to leave baby's toys on the stairs to trip grandma, or fiddle with electric lights while standing in the tub, or cross against a red light to save a split second, which may cost a split skull.

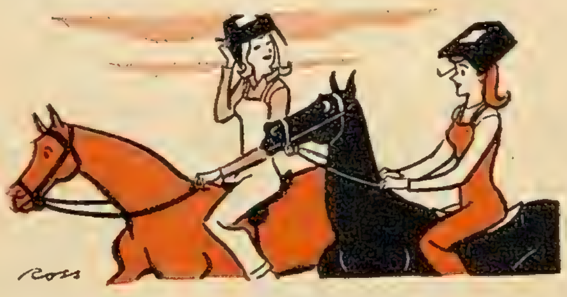
PORTRAIT OF A LADY: In a Madison Avenue (New York) millinery shop a girl about town sat at a table doggedly trying on hats so that she could listen in on an elderly customer's valiant struggle to get what she wanted. Despite her repeated pleas for something strictly tailored, the sales clerk kept bobbing back cheerily with screwy spring trifles composed of birds, flowers, and other flora and fauna. In desperation the lady finally exclaimed with pardonable firmness, "See here, young woman, I'm a Congregationalist, I come from Boston, and I wear drawers. Now go get me a hat!"

WORKING WOMEN: Thyra Samter Winslow, having polished off a frivolous short story, said it wasn't the kind she enjoyed doing—she prefers to write about "women who weep and brood. 'Shall I kill him or shan't I?'" We were walking along Thirty-fifth Street from Madison to Fifth Avenue, my Tarzan roistering in his stroller, when we saw a well turned-out lady holding a batch of papers on which she made fascinating checks after interrogating passers-by. We lurked about, hoping to be plied with the questions we could not overhear. But no. She would have none of us. Goaded beyond endurance, Thyra frankly begged, "Why don't you ask us what you're asking all these other people?" The lady replied coldly, "I'm interested only in working women." Thyra *did* look relaxed and sumptuous in her silver fox jacket, but after she explained that the typewriter was a pitiless slave driver, and Tarzan gave me a clean bill of health as a working woman, the lady told us her questions were, "What papers do you read?" and "Where did you buy your last dress?" We parted, still incensed that we had been discriminated against, and not identified as working women. For, as Thyra sadly observed, the best dressed women are working women.

MATRIARCH

She "lives for her children,"
She always has said.
They wish she'd oblige
Some one else's instead.

THEY GET AROUND: Miss Minnie Sperla and Miss Rose Kurek, war-plant workers, went to Los Angeles from Buffalo by horseback. The trip took six months. They needed a warm climate—Miss Sperla had contracted ear trouble, and Miss Kurek a throat ailment. Miss Sperla added, "I sold my car and bought the horse so I wouldn't have to fuss with gas coupons." Miss Kurek had traded her apartment furniture for a horse. . . . Mrs. Patria Ball of 195 Stockholm Street, Brooklyn, New York, drives a ten-ton fuel-oil delivery truck for the Major Petroleum Corporation. She services stores, movies, and houses, if the customer takes at least 100 gallons of fuel. In addition to driving the truck, she pulls out the hose, attaches it, and collects the dough. Her husband was killed in action last year, and she has a son overseas in the Navy. She says she feels she's doing something necessary. She adds she's happy when she's busy, and inasmuch as she also does all her own housework in a five-room house, it looks as though she manages to keep happy. A great girl. More power to her!



HOME GIRL: A year ago, Mrs. Edward Beale McLean, famous Hope diamond Washington hostess, gave her Massachusetts Avenue garage as a club for women war workers. Furniture from her own houses has made it a charming and homelike oasis where girls can study, sew, entertain, and cook for their beaux. On the club's committee are several of Washington's most prominent women.

NOVEL BUT GAUDY: In a beauty parlor, I asked Betty, the manicurist, if she had ever tried putting a different shade of liquid nail polish on each fingernail to get a rainbow effect. She looked alarmed, and hastened to finish before I could insist on the experiment.

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!

USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches, now 43 inches. I feel like a new person; I like the taste also. My doctor says it was O. K."

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U.S. military hospital and a state public health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: For lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure.

Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR at health food and drug stores.

- ● *NO EXERCISE!*
- ● *NO REDUCING DRUGS!*
- ● *ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!*

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR a special introductory can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you direct, post-paid, FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out the coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE. Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

CAL-PAR Dept. 10B
685 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can, to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C. O. D. orders accepted)

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY ....

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	■
12				■	13							14
15			■	16				■	17			
18			19				■	20				
	■	21				■	22				■	
23	24				■	25				■	26	
■	27			■	28				■	29		
30			■	31				■	32			■
33		■	34				■	35				36
	■	37				■	38				■	
39	40				■	41					42	
43					44				■	45		
■	46								■	47		

HORIZONTAL

1 What's eruption juice?
5 In what city (now called Nablus) is the holy well of Jacob still used?
12 What cheese is made backward?
13 The "Cork" in Tommy the Cork stands for what?
15 Who wants but little here below and usually gets it?
16 What do sailors in this war resent being called?
17 On what solemn occasion is it permissible to make whoopee?
18 Who is the Crown Prince of Italy?
20 On what do wide-open spaces shrink to arm's length?
21 Which were the tough guy Indians?
22 How was a famous cupboard found?
23 What ain't hay?
25 What kind of guy eats spikes and spits nails?
26 Complete: "— love, — nothing, till my baby comes home"!
27 Quizzical exclamation
28 Who's known as Leetel Leelee?
29 What's light and good for what ails you?
30 What's the chief ingredient of Martinis?
31 Who invented the revolver?
32 In defense cities, what's often shared by two roomers?
33 England's first line of defense (abbr.)
34 What and baking soda make an excellent homemade dentifrice?
35 Cabbage is about 90% what?
37 What word's screwy?

■	W	A	F	F	L	E	■	O	R	C	H	I	D	■
S	I	B	E	R	I	A	■	R	I	O	T	O	U	S
A	S	■	V	E	E	R	■	I	N	T	O	■	R	T
T	E	P	E	E	■	P	R	O	S	E	■	W	A	R
A	G	A	R	■	W	H	A	L	E	■	M	I	N	E
N	U	T	■	S	H	O	N	E	■	D	O	N	T	S
■	Y	E	L	L	I	N	G	■	H	I	N	G	E	S
■	■	■	E	A	S	E	■	M	A	S	T	■	■	■
A	C	K	A	C	K	■	B	U	T	C	H	E	R	■
F	L	A	S	K	■	D	O	L	E	S	■	D	I	M
R	I	T	E	■	D	R	Y	E	R	■	L	A	V	E
I	M	E	■	W	R	I	S	T	■	G	A	M	U	T
C	A	■	S	H	O	E	■	E	A	R	S	■	L	E
A	T	C	H	O	O	S	■	E	X	I	S	T	E	D
■	E	X	E	M	P	T	■	R	E	P	O	R	T	■

Last week's answer

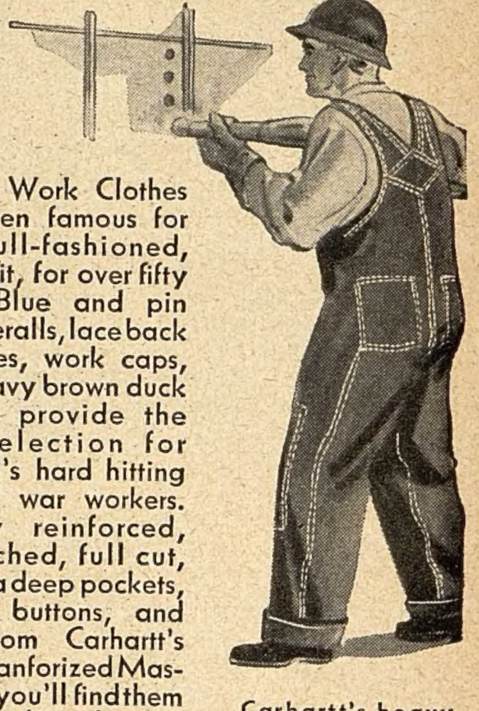
38 To sweat, dogs do what?
39 What drive defeated the Axis without firing a shot?
41 What are the coal carriers on trains called?
43 What did they call the ancient hogcaller?
45 Man's No. 1 enemy is really the what?
46 Who was punished by fruit and water receding when he tried to reach them?
47 Johanna Hoffman was a famous what in this war?

VERTICAL

1 What are aye-ayes, pottos, indris and ringtails?
2 Who's known as the Papa Progenitor?
3 A President of the U.S.
4 When's the graveyard shift? (abbr.)
5 Bruce, Burns and MacDonald were all whats?
6 Despite the manpower shortage, who is still with us, happily unemployed?
7 What would you call bitter plugs?
8 A couple of hundred?
9 What American playwright was killed by a tractor he was cranking?
10 Wipe it out
11 What active verb has taken on a modern romantic meaning?
14 Holding a telescope over his blind eye during a naval battle who claimed he couldn't see a signal to retreat?
16 Who was our last ambassador to Japan?
19 That Greenland town?
20 "Lend me your ----"
22 What word means to diet and lose weight?
24 What Man is built like Dashiell Hammett, his creator?
25 Name a former isolation senator from W. Va.
26 So-called Venus at the Pump is a famous what?
28 What in Greek means many?
29 What Red Dogs squat at their work?
30 Dried what is said to have the highest food value?
31 What household furnishing is a symbol of censure?
32 You'd look for a celesta in a what?
34 Who is Marcel Proust's famous hero?
35 What are supernatural batons?
36 What's a nickname for a redhead?
37 Celeste Aida's a what?
38 What S. A. country's known for its montaña?
40 Weight (abbr.)
41 Complete: Am --- and ---
42 What's an uncomplimentary statement of personal criticism
44 Exclamation

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Carhartt
QUALITY
For Wartime Wear



Carhartt Work Clothes have been famous for their full-fashioned, quality fit, for over fifty years. Blue and pin stripe overalls, lace back dungarees, work caps, extra heavy brown duck overalls provide the right selection for America's hard hitting army of war workers. Heavily reinforced, lockstitched, full cut, with extra deep pockets, non-rust buttons, and made from Carhartt's famous Sanforized Master Cloth you'll find them economical and comfortable for war time wear.

Carhartt's heavy brown duck overalls are built for the toughest jobs.

HAMILTON CARHARTT OVERALL CO.
Detroit, Mich. Carhartt Park, Ky.
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Carhartt
UNION MADE WORK CLOTHES
50 Years a Friend to Organized Labor

SINUS HEAD COLDS CATARRH
SINASIPTEC flushes nasal passage, relieves and soothes. At drug stores everywhere.

Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during wartime. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

Grand Relief for Redness of
ECZEMA
Due to External Causes
To ease that fiery redness and relieve the unbearable itching, apply Sayman Salve directly on the affected areas tonight. See if this grand medicated ointment doesn't help to promptly curb the itching, relieve the soreness and help to soften and soothe the scaly skin. Use it also for relief of chafing, galls, rough, red, chapped and cracked skin. Regular 1½ ounce size 25c—big 4 ounce Economy Size only 60c. All druggists.
SAYMAN SALVE

FEB. 5, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

The President and Prime Minister Winston Churchill at a joint press conference in the White House.

OUR FREE PRESS KEEPS OUR FEET ON THE GROUND

IF Hitler gets a chance to look back on his beastly career before either he puts a bullet through his head or his followers do it for him, he may recognize that one mistake did much to bring about his downfall. His biggest bloomer was to control the press.

Dictators are likely to hear only what their flunkies think they want to hear. Furthermore, they put their own interpretation on the information they get, without let or hindrance. Usually their "advisers" don't dare tell the big boy he is wacky and can't see straight even when this is obviously the fact.

Dictators fail to realize that in controlling the press in order to kid their public they are likely to kid themselves at the same time. They acquire an inexact appreciation of conditions in their own and other countries and tend to make decisions on hunch and intuition rather than on a precise knowledge of what is what.

This is not likely to happen wherever newspapermen are permitted to work freely and call the shots as they see them. Some may interpret matters differently than others, but in the end the precise truth will be ferreted out and clearly revealed.

If Hitler had permitted a free press in Germany, it could have told him before he ever started this war that England would fight if pushed around enough; that America would not stand by idly while his aggressions ran their course; that the Russians were not as dissatisfied with their government as he thought them to be and that the Soviet state would not collapse at the first push. Informed of the precise state of affairs throughout the world, Hitler might have modified his plans accordingly and achieved success. But because he believed what he wanted to believe and proceeded on "intuition" rather than true knowledge, he made the mistakes which are bringing about his downfall.

Fortunately, such miscalculations are unlikely to occur here or in any country where the people of the press may investigate, discuss, and publish what they believe to be the truth. Neither an American President nor a British Prime Minister can conduct the affairs of his country by hunch or intuition.

So diligent are our newspaper boys in digging out true information both at home and abroad that those who govern us would have to be both blind and deaf not to know what is going on. In fact, the truth is forced on them, no matter what preconceived notions they might hold. The freer our press is kept from control by any person, group, or faction, the better it will be for us.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

From old hand pumper to

Streamlined Hook and Ladder

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS
NORARY
CHIEF
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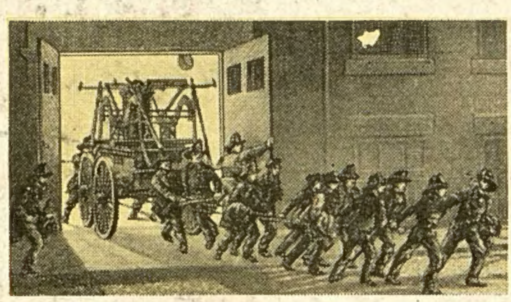
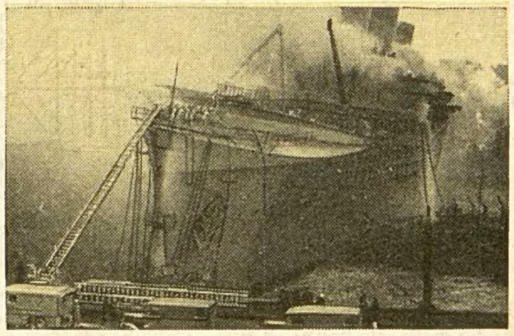


1871 **Chicago went up in flames,** fire brigades were in the thick of it. Hand pumpers, pushed along smoking streets by volunteer firemen, often provided storage space for distilled spirits. In the days of this great fire Corby's reached its thirteenth year of whiskey fame.

1906 **In San Francisco,** after the earthquake, three-horse teams pounded from fire to fire, drawing steam pumpers with bells clanging, big plumes of smoke pouring from stacks. This great earthquake and fire occurred in Corby's 48th year as a respected whiskey name.



1942 **All available apparatus** is called out as the Normandie burns at her New York pier. Motorized equipment, throwing huge quantities of water at high pressures, saved the ship from complete loss. This fire was major news in Corby's 84th year as a symbol of fine whiskey.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Back the attack—
BUY WAR BONDS

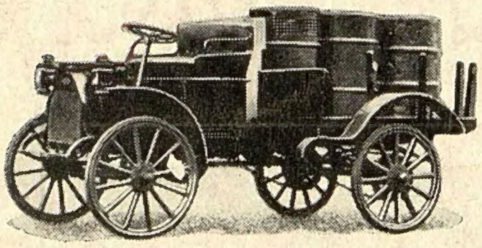
Fire fighting equipment is kept on constant alert in wartime America. And today's job for Corby's distilleries is the production of alcohol for war chemicals. This limits supplies of the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. You will find it possible to buy a "sample" pint of this light, sociable blend occasionally. And it is well worth trying, for *even an occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory.*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd., Peoria, Ill.

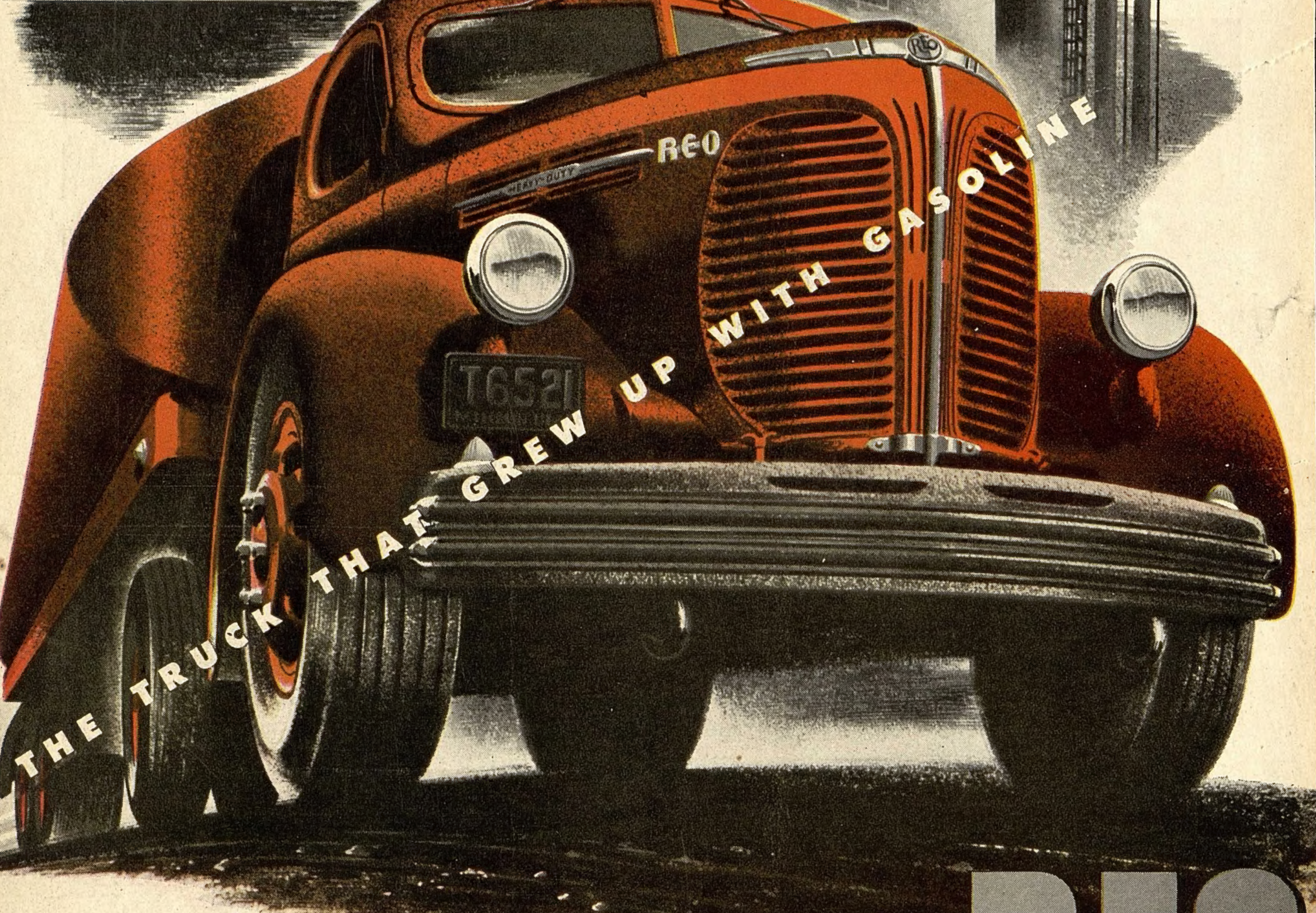
PROGRESS IN AMERICA

1904 1944

Reo—a name as old as the trucking industry—was born in 1904. The first of the famous Reo Speedwagons, shown here carrying drums of oil, was built in 1908.



BUY MORE WAR BONDS!


THE TRUCK THAT GREW UP WITH GASOLINE
REO
HEAVY DUTY
T6521

On the toughest jobs in the petroleum industry—as in many other fields—the name Reo has meant top truck performance for 40 years. • In 1904—when the "horseless carriage" was a sputtering infant, the United States produced 117 million barrels of crude oil. By 1941 production had reached 1½ billion barrels annually. • Through all those years Reo has grown up with gasoline! • ***The famous Reo plant is now at war, but a limited quota of medium and heavy-duty Reos has been freed for civilian use during 1944. Your nearest Reo dealer can give you full details.***

Reo Motors, Inc., Lansing, Michigan • Makers of America's Toughest Truck

REO